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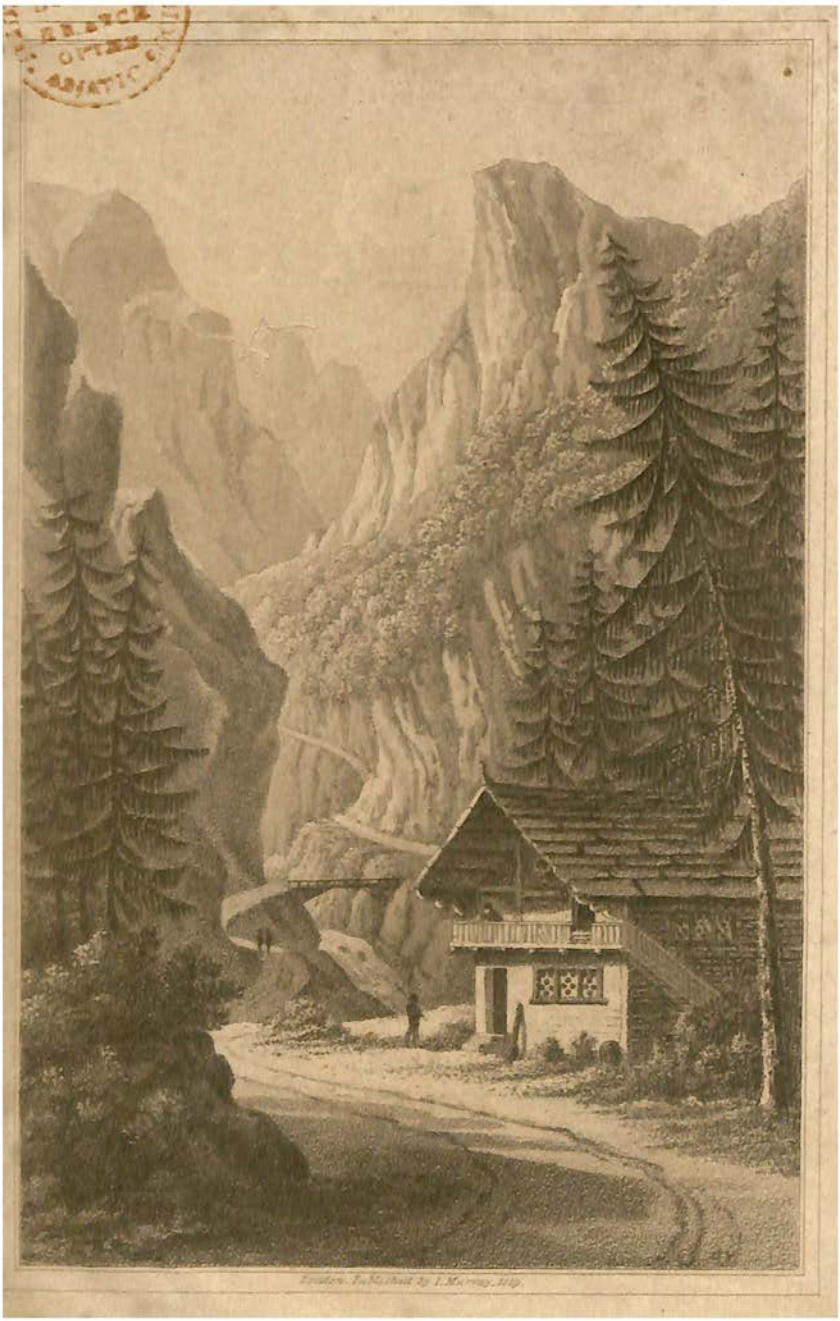

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

ON

A TOUR UPON THE CONTINENT

IN THE SUMMER OF 1818,

THROUGH PARTS OF

FRANCE, ITALY, SWITZERLAND,

THE BORDERS OF GERMANY,

AND A PART OF

FRENCH FLANDERS.

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BY MARIANNE BAILLIE.

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE-STREET.
1819.

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LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

TO

ONE OF THE MOST VALUED FRIENDS OF HER EARLIEST YEARS,

THE RIGHT HON. JOHN TREVOR,

THE AUTHOR

INSCRIBES THE

FOLLOWING LITTLE WORK,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF AFFECTIONATE RESPECT AND ESTEEM.

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PREFACE.

IN perusing the following pages, it will I hope be believed, that they were not originally written with any view to publication: circumstances have since occurred, which induce me to alter my first intention, and to submit them to a more enlarged circle, than that of a few intimate friends, to whose eye alone I had once thought of presenting them.

In committing my First Impressions to so fearful an ordeal as the opinion of the Public, I feel oppressed by a sense of their various imperfections, and by the conviction of their trifling value as a work of the sort; yet I still flatter myself they will

be received with forbearance. I had much amusement in attempting this little sketch, and I most sincerely entreat that it may be considered as what it is, a sketch only. My friends will not, and readers in general must not, look for fine writing from the pen of such a novice as myself; nor ought they to expect me (labouring under the twofold disadvantage of sex and inexperience) to narrate with the accuracy and precision of a regular tourist, the history (natural, moral, political, literary and commercial) of all the places we visited: still less, that (in compliment to the lovers of the gastronomic art) I should undertake to give the bill of fare of every *table d'hôte* or *traiteur* that we met with in our progress.

Among the many fears which assail me, there is one that recurs to my mind with more pertinacity than the rest; that I may be taxed with having bestowed too

warm and glowing a colouring upon some objects of natural beauty and sublimity. Formerly, indeed, I believe I was in danger of leaning towards romance in describing scenes which had particularly impressed my imagination or interested my feelings, and of attempting to imitate, with too rash and unadvised a pencil, the fervour of a Mrs. Radcliffe, although to catch the peculiar charm and spirit of her style I felt to be (for me) impossible. But notwithstanding that I still remember with complacence the time when the vivid imagination of very early youth procured me the enjoyment of a thousand bright and lovely illusions, and cast a sort of fairy splendour over existence which was certainly more bewitching than many realities that I have since met with, I at present feel (as better becomes me) more inclined to worship at the sober shrine of reason and judgment. This, it will be easily conceived, was likely to render

my Tour a more faithful picture, than if it had been undertaken some years ago, and I can safely affirm, that I commenced it with a determination to observe all things without prejudice of any sort, not even that of nationality; for prejudice is still the same irrational and unworthy feeling, in every shape and under every name. I was much hurried at the time of writing this Journal; but a greater degree of subsequent leisure has enabled me to add some few notes which may, I hope, amuse and interest my readers. In these I acknowledge with gratitude the occasional assistance of a partial friend.

April, 1819.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

ON Monday, August 9th, we embarked from the Ship inn at Dover, for Calais, on board the Princess Augusta packet. The passage was dreadful, the usual miseries attended us, and at the time I am now writing this, viz. August 13th, we are still suffering from the effects of our voyage. I will not make my readers ill by recalling the disgusting scenes which we there encountered, suffice it to say, that the bare remembrance of them is sufficient to overwhelm my still sick fancy, and to render the very name of the sea appalling to my ears. Upon landing at Calais, however, we contrived to raise our heavy eyes, with a lively feeling of curiosity and interest, to the motley crowd assembled on the beach to view us come on shore. I was pleased with

what we are taught to call the habitual politeness of even the lowest order of French people, evinced in the alacrity with which twenty hands were held out to support me in descending from the packet, and in the commiseration which I plainly discovered in many a sun-burnt countenance for my evident indisposition. The hotel (Quillacq's) is excellent, and the attendants remarkably civil and active. The style of furniture is superior to that of the best English hotels; and for a dinner and dessert of the most superior quality, we did not pay more than we should have done at an ordinary inn in our own country for very common fare. The dress of the lower classes here is rather pretty; the circumstance of the women wearing caps, neatly plaited, and tolerably clean, together with the body and petticoat of different colours, gives them a picturesque air: the long gold ear-rings, also (universally worn at this place, consisting of two drops, one suspended at the end of the other), contribute greatly to their graceful effect. The men do not differ much in their appearance from those of

the same rank in England, but I think the animation universally displayed in the countenances of the fairer sex particularly striking, and certainly preferable to that want of expression so often to be found among my countrywomen.

When we first started from Calais for Paris, with post-horses, I could not help a little national feeling of complacency upon observing the slovenly, shabby appearance of their harness and accoutrements, compared with those of England. From London to Dover, we had bowled away with ease and rapidity; the carriage seemed to cut through the air with a swift and even motion. Now we crawled and jumbled along, as it pleased the fancy of the horses and driver, upon the latter of which no remonstrance of ours would have had any effect. The costume of the post-boy (who drives three horses abreast, a fat, full-sized beast in the middle, his own rather smaller, and the off horse always a ragged flap-eared pony, looking as if he had just been caught up from a common) is whimsical enough; it is universally the royal livery: a shabby,

dirty, short-waisted blue jacket, turned up with crimson, and laced sometimes with silver; boots resembling those of our heavy cavalry, and a thick clubbed pigtail, swinging like a pendulum from beneath a rusty japan hat. It was not till we had reached the distance of Abbeville that we met with the celebrated genuine *grosses bottes*, whose enormous size put me in mind of my nursery days, when I used to listen to the wonderous tale of the giant-killer and his seven-leagued boots. The lash of the post-boy's whip is thick and knotted, and they have a curious method of cracking it upon passing other carriages, to give notice of their approach: this saves their lungs, and has not an unpleasant effect, the cracking sound being of a peculiar nature, double, as if it said "crac-crac" at each stroke. It is not every post-boy, however, who manages this little implement in the true style. They all carry the badge of their profession upon the left arm (like our watermen), being a silver or metal plate with the arms of France upon it. From Calais to Hautbuisson the country is extremely flat, barren,

and uninteresting, like the ugliest parts of Wiltshire and Sussex; and the straight line in which all the French roads are cut is tiresome and monotonous to a great degree. The case is not mended even when you advance as far as Marquise, and I began to yawn in melancholy anticipation of a similar prospect for nearly a hundred and eighty miles, which yet remained to be passed ere we reached Paris; but upon coming near Beaupres, we were agreeably disappointed, finding the surface of the country more undulated, and patches of woodlands thinly strewn here and there—it is amazing how greatly the eye is relieved by this change. The hamlets between Hautbuisson and Boulogne much resemble those in the west of England; we were perpetually fancying ourselves in a Somersetshire village as we passed through them. On the road-side it is very common to see large crucifixes, raised to a considerable height, with the figure of our Saviour the size of life. We remarked one in particular, painted black, and the image flesh-colour, with the drapery about the middle gilt; another was

inclosed in a small railed space (like a village pound), surrounded by four or five clumsy stone images, which I rather imagine were meant to represent the holy women who assembled round the cross during our Saviour's last moments. As we approached Boulogne, we met several old peasants: they all wore cocked hats, and a suit of decent, *sad-coloured* clothes, not unlike the dress of our villagers on a Sunday.

The entrance to Boulogne is very picturesque: the fortifications are crumbling a little beneath the touch of time, and the walls are partly overgrown by trees and lichens; but a very little exertion would render it formidable enough, I imagine, to besiegers. We dined here at an inn, where they thought they could not do us a greater favour than by sending up a meal in what they believed to be the English style of cookery; consequently it was neither one thing nor the other, and extremely disagreeable: amongst various delicacies, we had melted salt butter swimming in oil, and quite rancid, brought to table in a tea-cup, and a large dish of tough spongy

lumps of veal, which they called veal cutlets. As I sat at the window, which opened upon the principal street, I had an opportunity of remarking a specimen of true French flattery, but I was not quite so pervious to its benign influence as Sterne describes his ladies to have been in the Sentimental Journey. A little ragged urchin of about ten years old rather annoyed me, by jumping up and grinning repeatedly in my face: "Allez, allez, que faites vous là?" said I. "C'est que je veux dire bon jour à Madame!"—"Eh, bien donc, vous l'avez dit à present—allez!"—"Ah! mais que Madame est jolie! Mon Dieu! elle est *very prït*. Elle me donnera un sous, n'est ce pas?"

It was at Poix that we accidentally met a woman of Normandy upon the road. She was well looking, and the costume both singular and becoming: the snow white cap with a deep plaited border, and a crown half a yard in height, fastened on the forehead by a gold pin, the long drop ear-rings and gold cross in a heavy worked setting, suspended round the throat by a narrow black riband, white handkerchief crossed

over the bosom, and a body and petticoat of opposite colours, with full white shift sleeves coming over the elbows, formed a remarkably pretty dress.

I ought to have mentioned before now, that on the road between Marquise and Beaupres we were amused by observing an unfinished tower, erected by Bonaparte some years since, designed to commemorate his intended victory over the English, by invasion—a true *chateau en Espagne*. Wishing to refresh ourselves by leaving the carriage while the horses were changed, I entered a sort of rustic public-house, where I observed with much interest the interior of a French cottage kitchen and its inhabitants. A group of peasants sat round a wood fire, apparently waiting for their dinner, which, as a brisk lively *paysanne* took it off the embers to pour into a dish, looked and smelt most temptingly; it consisted of a mess of bread, herbs, and vegetables, stewed in broth: there was a member of this little circle who seemed to watch the progress of the cooking with peculiar delight; I mean a large, powerful,

yet playful dog, whose exact breed we did not discover, but we were informed he was English—doubtless he recognized his countrymen! The plates and dishes, utensils, &c. were ranged upon shelves from the top to the bottom of the little kitchen, and equally distributed on all sides, instead of being confined to the vicinity of the dresser, as is generally the case in England; they were chiefly of a coarse white clay, painted in a gaudy and sprawling pattern of red flowers: the old woman of the house apologized for their not being quite so bright as they ought to have been, but said the flies dirtied them sadly; however, every thing looked clean and comfortable. The costume of the men is not becoming; they all wear white coarse cotton night-caps, and smock-frocks dyed with indigo; their features and countenances much resemble those of a similar rank in England. It appears to me that the old peasants alone wear the cocked hat in this part of France: perhaps it is a remnant of the national dress in the time of the *ancien regime*. The young children, from one to five or six years of age, are

(generally speaking) very pretty, and some of them have the drollest little faces I ever saw, dark eyes and marked eyebrows and lashes, full of smiles and roguery; their hair is always allowed to hang at full length upon their shoulders, never being shorn and cropt. Having dined at Boulogne, we proceeded on our journey as far as Samer, intending to sleep the first night at Montreuil; but a direct stop was put to any such project, by the circumstance of a total absence of post-horses; they were all too much fatigued to carry us farther, or were employed in the service of other travellers. Evening was now closing rapidly in, and we were really glad to comply with the urgent solicitations of a rural *fille de chambre*, who ran out of the little inn at that place (Samer), and assured us we should meet with very comfortable accommodations and be treated with every attention at the Tête de Bœuf, to which she belonged: "Ma foi, messieurs," said the postilion, "vous trouverez que cette demoiselle est bien engageante." When we entered the house (through the kitchen, which much resembled that of a large

cottage), we found a neat little parlour, the water ready boiling in the tea-kettle, excellent tea, bread, butter, and cream. The *demoiselle*, or *fille de la maison*, (being the daughter of the hostess), and her assistant (the before-mentioned *fille de chambre*, in her country costume), flew about, seeming to anticipate all our wishes and wants; every thing was ready in an instant, and all was done, not by the wand of an enchanter, but by the magical influence of good humour and activity, void of pertness, and free from bustle or awkwardness of any sort. *La jeune demoiselle* was a pretty, modest, well-behaved girl, of sixteen or seventeen, and the maid a merry, good-looking, sprightly lass, some few years older. She appeared to enjoy a joke to her heart, and returned a neat answer to our laughing questions more than once, and this without being at all immodest or impertinent. Mr. B. asked her if she was married: "Pas encore, Monsieur," (said she, looking comically *naïve*), "mais j'espère toujours!" In short, her manner was something quite peculiar to the French in that class of society. An English maid servant

who had kept up this sort of badinage would most probably have been a girl of light character; but servants in France are indulged in a playful familiarity of speech and manner which is amusing to witness, and seldom (if ever) prevents them from treating you with every essential respect and attention. When we started the next morning, the demoiselle earnestly entreated us to breakfast at the Hotel de l'Europe, at Montreuil, which was kept by her sister, a young woman only two years older than herself, who was just married; and both she and her little maid added many a remembrance upon their parts to *la chere sœur*. Whether this was genuine sisterly affection, or the policy of two innkeepers playing into each other's hands, I really cannot take upon me to determine.

The country between Samer and Montreuil becomes far more agreeable than hitherto; one here sees hills and vales, and waving woods: we passed the forest of Tingri, but did not remark any large trees; they were chiefly of beech, with a great profusion of low underwood. We met

many waggons and carts upon the road which are all very different from those used in England, being much narrower, and lighter for the horses: they are usually open at the ends, and the sides resemble two long ladders. The wheat harvest in this part of the country was remarkably fine; oats were plentifully planted, but the crops were thin; the hay, clover, &c. were scarce also, and of inferior quality, owing to the long drought. We observed the women reaping quite as much as the men, and their complexions, poor creatures! were absolutely baked black by the sun. The road now led us though the heart of the forest of Aregnes: it is of large extent, but we observed the same want of fine timber as in that of Tingri; the reason of this is, that the trees are always cut down before they attain their full growth, for the purpose of fuel, as wood fires are universal in France. We admired, however, several "dingles green," and "tangled wood walks wild," which looked very cool and inviting, but I remembered with pride the "giant oaks and twilight glades beneath" of our

own New Forest, and this coppice made but a trifling appearance in the comparison. Emerging once more from hence upon the open country, we beheld in the distance a troop of English dragoons (probably from Boulogne) exercising their horses. What a singular spectacle in the midst of a people who so lately ruled the world, but who now are trampled beneath the feet of the stranger! The sight of the English, thus proudly paramount, must necessarily be revolting and galling to them in the highest degree: we should feel quite as bitterly, were it our own fate—more so, perhaps. Let us therefore be just, and make allowance for their natural disgust, while we condemn the vanity and mad ambition which has thus reduced them.

The approach to Montreuil is pretty; the character of the landscape changes, in a sudden and agreeable manner: in place of an uninclosed tract of land, resembling a vast ocean of waving corn, you now see verdant meadows and green pastures, refreshing the tired eye, and wearing the livery of early spring; this effect is produced by the fields

lying low, and by the practice of irrigation, which is an admirable substitute for rain.

Montreuil is a fortified town; we passed over drawbridges upon entering and leaving it; the houses are all very ancient, and the whole appearance is picturesque. Here we had a mental struggle between sentiment and good nature, for we wished to breakfast at the same inn where Sterne met with La Fleur, and yet were unwilling to disappoint the hopes of our little demoiselle at Samer, who had recommended her sister's hotel. Good nature carried the day, and we drove to l'Hotel de l'Europe, where we met with most comfortable accommodation, and were pleased by the young hostess's resemblance to her pretty sister, and by her civil, lively manner of receiving us. She sat during our breakfast in a neighbouring apartment, by the kitchen (like the mistress of the mansion in times of yore), working at her needle, surrounded by her hand-maidens, who were occupied in the same employment. They all seemed to be fond of her, and the light laugh of genuine hilarity rang from one to the other as they

chatted at their ease. The room in which we breakfasted had (in common with most of the French apartments, which are not paved with brick), a handsome oak floor, waxed and dry rubbed till it was nearly as highly polished as a dining-table; the walls were wainscoted in part, and partly hung with a very amusing paper, having groups of really superior figures stamped upon it, in the manner of black and white chalk drawings upon a blue ground; one space, which had been intended for a looking-glass, was filled up in this style, with a scene from the loves of Cupid and Psyche, executed in a classical manner. You would never see such a thing in any English country inn, and I consider the French in these sort of decorations to possess far better taste than ourselves. As we passed through the cornfields on our way from Montreuil to Nampont, we were saluted by the *ramasseurs* (gleaners), with a bouquet or two, formed of wheat, platted in a neat and ingenious way, which they threw into the carriage, begging a sous in return, which we bestowed with much good will! Some chil-

dren also began to sing and dance on the pathway by the road side, and I was surprised by observing that the tune was that of a quadrille, and that the steps were correct. I plainly recognized the *en avant* and the *rigadon*. Did this nation come into the world under the influence of a dancing star? I should say yes.

When the horses were changed at Nampont we disturbed the postillion at his dinner, who made his appearance devouring an indescribable something, which we afterwards discovered to be an *omelette aux herbes:* he deposited this occasionally on the saddle, while adjusting his harness.

The ricks of corn and hay here are constructed rather in a slovenly manner: the French farmers seem to have no idea of the neat method of the English, in this respect.

The road now led us by the celebrated Forest of Crecy, and the image of our gallant Black Prince rose vividly before my mind's eye. At Bernay we entered another peasant's cottage, where we (for the first time since our landing in this country) beheld real and positive beauty. Two lovely

girls with clear brown skins (through which glowed a pure and animated carnation), long, dark blue eyes, black fringed lashes, and oval faces, came out with their mother, (a hale, well-looking country woman), and a younger sister of six years old, whose infantine charms were full as great in their way. I asked if the latter was the *cadette* of the family? Upon which the rural dame, with infinite good humour and readiness, corrected what she termed my mistaken appellation, by informing me that it was only the second child which they called the *cadet* or *cadette**: the youngest was *le dernier*, or *la derniere*. We had much pleasure in remarking this beautiful trio, and the mother seemed not a little gratified at our evident admiration of her progeny.

The face of the country here again changed for the worse, relapsing into the same flat and monotonous appearance as at first, and it continued thus until within a mile of Abbeville, which is a very fine old

* I had reason, however, afterwards to doubt the accuracy of the rural dame's assertion.

town, with a cathedral dedicated to Saint Villefrond. The architecture is very striking, and the interior replete with the usual ornaments of superstition and idolatry: it was built by the English. My companions visited it, while I was resting quietly at the hotel, and saw several precious relics of saints departed. They found three very young devotees there, before a *Salvator Mundi*, who were much too merry to be very religious! I however met with quite an affecting spectacle when I went in my turn. Two poor *paysannes*, in the usual picturesque costume, were prostrate before the image of a dead Christ supported by the Virgin. They were praying with an expression of much earnest and sorrowful devotion: one of them had a sick child in her arms, for whom she appeared to invoke the divine compassion! poor little thing, the impression of approaching death was stamped upon its pale face, as it lay motionless, hardly seeming to breathe. The group struck my imagination so forcibly, that I afterwards attempted to sketch it from memory. Surely this religion, with all its faults, is

very consolatory; and the faith and piety of these poor women must be confessed to be respectable and praiseworthy, however mingled with the alloy of superstition and ignorance: Calvin himself might have thought as I did, had he seen them.

It was market-day at Abbeville the morning after our arrival, and we were much amused with the various costumes and faces assembled there. We did not, however, see one pretty woman during the whole of our stay, which was two nights and a day. We went one evening to the theatre, and observed the same dearth of beauty among the audience, which chiefly consisted of *petites bourgeoises*, and officers of the national guards. This theatre is a very inferior one, and full of bad smells. We were assured by our hostess that the company (from Amiens) was very good, and that the piece they were to act *(Les Templiers)* was thought highly of. We all found it extremely difficult to follow the actors, owing to their unnatural declamatory tones, and the mouthing manner of pronouncing their words: this I believe, however, is universally

the case, even with the first tragedians at Paris, *Talma* not excepted. How brightly do nature's favourite children, *O'Neil* and *Kean*, shine in comparison!

The inn at Abbeville, in which we took up our quarters (l'hotel de l'Europe), is most excellent: it is very large and roomy, and must once have been a handsome chateau. There is a delightful garden, which belonged formerly to a convent adjacent: the high walls covered with a profusion of delicious fruit. The trees in other parts of the garden also were bending beneath the weight of the apples and pears, plums, &c. Myrtles and rododendrons (the latter very large and fine) were placed here and there in tubs; and the fig-tree and vine overshadowed our bed-room windows, which looked upon this agreeable scene: the grapes were nearly ripe. The furniture of our bed-rooms was in a very superior style, though I have seen the same sort of things even in the most shabby looking little inns throughout France. Marble must be very common, and of a reasonable price, for we met with it every where, in chimney-pieces, slabs,

tables, the tops of drawers, &c. The little washing stand, in our room at Abbeville, was of fine carved mahogany, in the form of an antique altar or tripod; and the bason and ewer, of an equally pure and classic form, were of fine French porcelain.

As I have a great passion for seeing the manners of all ranks of people, I went down into a little room next the kitchen, to chat with the hostess, while she was shelling some *haricots blancs* for dinner. I found this lady very communicative and civil; and I won her heart I believe, by taking some notice of her daughter, about six years old (her farewel performance in the maternal line), a pretty, gentle, timid little creature, who was busily occupied in putting her doll to bed in a cradle. Several peasants came into the inn-yard as I sat on a bench there: I observed that all the women wore large crosses, of clumsy workmanship, chiefly of white crystal, or glass, and coloured ear-rings, but not so long as those at Calais. We went into a little jeweller's shop, and bought a couple of the silver rings, with curious ornaments, which the peasants

usually wear; their sentimental devices were very amusing.

Leaving Abbeville, we saw the common people employed in making ropes by the road-side, and remarked several large fields of hemp, and one or two of flax: the hemp, when cut, is piled up in sheaves, like corn. The country here is verdant, and rather woody: it lies low, and the river Somme winds through it, whose course may be plainly traced to a great distance by the willows which grow upon its banks, reminding me of parts of Berkshire. I ought not to omit mentioning the profusion of apple-trees which grow by the road-side, almost all the way to Paris: the trees were absolutely sinking beneath the weight of the fruit, and one or two of them had quite given way, and lay prostrate, training their rosy burthen in the dust. I am almost ashamed to say that my appetite was so much stronger than my honesty, that I could not be satisfied without tasting them; when I discovered that these fair apples were like those mentioned in the Scriptures,

bright and tempting to the eye, but bitter as ashes within! In short, they were not eatable, but entirely of the cider kind, which, as every body knows, are good for nothing in a natural state. There are quantities, however, of eating apples besides, in every cottage garden; and the favourite food of the peasant children appears to be coarse, brown, heavy bread, with these roasted and spread upon it, instead of butter. We saw large piles of roasted apples in the market at Abbeville for this purpose.

The country near Airaines again becomes tiresome, from its barren sameness. Passing a little public house, we observed the following somewhat selfish inscription over the door: "Messieurs! nous sommes quatres hussards, et nous disons, que pour conservir nos amis, il ne faut pas faire de credit." The weather was invariably delightful: a bright sun, with a refreshing cool breeze, and an elasticity and lightness in the air, gave animation and cheerfulness to us all. The sky was generally of a cloudless azure, and the nights almost as light

and as free from damps as the days: I never beheld the moon in greater majesty. Airaines is an uninteresting little town, not worth mentioning. Our postillion here was a most ruffian-like, cut-throat looking creature, all over dirt, and having a true jacobinical air. He cast several glances full of sullenness and malignity at my companions; so much so, that I felt very thankful we were in the cheerful haunts of men, and not in the solitary Alps, or the black forests of Germany, with such a conductor.

We dined at Granvilliers, where we were waited upon by a little girl of thirteen, fair and lively enough, with an English bloom. She spoke our language remarkably well, although she had only been six months *en pension* at Amiens, in order to acquire it! Her instructress was a French woman, which is singular, for she seemed to have given her little pupil a perfect knowledge of our idiom, and an excellent accent.

From Granvilliers to Marseille, the country rapidly improves in beauty. Just beyond the latter place we remarked a very fine old chateau, embosomed in extensive

woods: it must formerly have belonged to some of the rich noblesse, and perhaps does so still. Near Marseille, vineyards appeared for the first time. We now approached the town of Beauvais, which had a very pretty effect, surrounded by woods, with the cathedral standing proudly conspicuous over all. It just now occurs to me to mention (though not immediately *à-propos* to Beauvais), that the houses, in most of the French towns and villages we have yet seen, are numbered, and in a singular method; for the several streets are not allowed their numbers, separately reckoned, but they go on counting from the first house in the place to the last, so that it sometimes happens you might be directed to call upon a friend at number 1000, or 2000, and so on. In Paris they have another peculiarity, for the even numbers, such as 2, 4, 6, 8, &c. are all on one side of the street, and the odd ones, 7, 9, 11, &c. on the other.

Beauvais is a filthy town; the streets narrow and dark, and the houses very ordinary. The diversity of intolerable smells

here nearly overset me, and made me wish almost to lose the power of my olfactory nerves. The inn was miserable, dirty, inconvenient, badly attended, and noisy. The only good things we met with were beds; indeed we have been fortunate in that respect every where, and the linen throughout France is excellent and plentiful.

We had (with some difficulty) prevailed upon the awkward *Maritornes* of a *fille de chambre* to set a tea-board before us in the little chair-lumbered closet dignified by the name of a *salle a manger*, and into which three or four doors were perpetually opened *sans ceremonie*, when our Swiss travelling valet, Christian, came in to tell us of the hard fate of an English family who were just arrived, and whose fatigue obliged them to sleep here; but as the sitting-rooms were all occupied, they were under the necessity of taking their tea in the kitchen, which did not, alas! boast the cheerful and clean appearance of the cottage kitchens I have formerly described. Common politeness, therefore, laid us under the necessity of sending an invitation to these unfortunates,

to share our sitting-room, and join us at our tea. Accordingly, in came two ladies; one a fat, comely, masculine dame, of a certain age; the other lean, tall, plain, and some few years younger. In a few minutes they were joined by a large, gruff, sour-looking old gentleman (the husband of the elder lady), who, without attempting any salutation or apology to us, began to express his dissatisfaction at finding tea going forward, 'when you know (said he) I never drink any.' He then settled himself at a small table, and ordered a *pâté* for his supper. The style of the ladies may easily be guessed by the sort of language in which they described every thing they had seen. The younger, mentioning a tempestuous passage which they had encountered, from Dover to Boulogne, told us that the air smelt quite *sulphurus*, and the lightning *tizzed* in the water very frightfully. The old gentleman grumbled himself by degrees into conversation, and we soon discovered that he was a genuine Squire Sullen, and that his companions were fully aware of it. These poor people seemed to dislike almost

all they had met with in France; persons, places, travelling, &c. They beheld every thing *en noir*, and appeared to make mountains of mole-hills. Peace be with them! and a speedy release from each other's society.

We went (although the day was sinking into twilight) to view the magnificent cathedral, which for beauty of architecture I have seldom seen equalled. It is not finished. The different chapels of the saints, and the high altar, were very striking, seen through the solemn gloom of the fine old stained glass windows. Lights were burning before the shrine of one single saint, the patron of the town; they twinkled dimly through the Gothic pillars and tracery, and had a highly picturesque and singular effect*. Many peasants were kneeling round the altar at this shrine, and the old woman (our guide) informed us they were praying for rain, now the harvest was got safely in: we asked her if she thought the saint would

* The principal beauty of this cathedral is the choir, and it is also famous for Gobelin tapestry.

grant their prayers, and she replied she had no doubt but that he would. Prostrate on the steps of the altars, in the different small chapels of this cathedral, half lost in shadow, were several other devotees, who had come there for the purpose of confessing themselves previous to the great and solemn festival of the *assomption de la Sainte Vierge*, which was to take place on the morrow. Altogether the spectacle was interesting and imposing, nor could I find any disposition in my heart to ridicule a religion which seemed to be carried on with so much sacred solemnity, and in so awe inspiring a temple. Certainly the absence of pews in the body of a place of public worship is a great advantage, both in a religious and a picturesque point of view. There is something soothing and elevating to the imagination in the idea of so grand a building being open equally, and at all times, to the noble and the peasant, who, it might easily happen, may be seen side by side kneeling on the same steps of the magnificent altar, wrapt in devout adoration of that Being, in whose sight all men are

equal. In my opinion (and I have ever since I can remember, thought the same) a Gothic cathedral is the most appropriate style of building for a place dedicated to the worship of the Almighty, nor can I look upon the magnificent style in which the Roman catholics adorn their altars, and array their officiating priests, without some feelings of approbation and reverence.

We were right glad to quit Beauvais early the next morning; and, as we advanced towards Beaumont, were delighted with the beauty of its environs. The river Seine has a fine appearance here, although vastly inferior to our Thames; and we remarked a great number of chateaus rising among the woods, on every side: many of them, with their parks and domains, were really superb. Some peasants here attempted to impose upon us as foreigners, in a very disgusting manner, asking a franc for a couple of green gages, and three sous a-piece for pears, which they offered at the windows of our carriage. Our servant was very indignant at their impudence, and sent them off in a hurry, saying, "Dey ought to be

shamed of demselves." Upon entering Beaumont, we met the population of the place returning from mass, in their *costumes des fêtes*. Nothing can well be more sweetly pretty, and delicately neat, than the dress of the women! snowy caps, with deep lace or thin *linon* borders plaited, white cotton gowns and stockings, gay coloured cotton handkerchiefs crossed smartly over the bosom so as to display the shape to advantage, a large gold cross suspended from the neck by a black narrow riband, or gold chain, with ear-rings, and pin for the forehead of the same material. Some few wore a crimson apron and bib, over the white gown, and others crimson gowns, with aprons of a bright antique sort of blue —a mixture of colours which is for ever to be remarked in the paintings of the old masters, and which has a singularly becoming effect upon the skin. A little worked muslin *fischu*, with a vandyke bordering, is sometimes added, as a finish to the dress, worn over all.

We now came to St. Denis, and at length beheld Paris! We did not pass the heights

of Montmartre, &c. without emotion, when we recollected the memorable contest which so lately took place there between the veteran Blucher and the French! The country in the immediate vicinity of Paris is flat and ugly; but we thought not of nature upon entering this celebrated work and wonder of art. Covered with dust, and followed by the eyes of the multitude, who easily discovered our English physiognomies, we drove up to several hotels, at every one of which we were refused admittance for want of room to accommodate us, there being at this moment no less than thirty thousand English at Paris. At last, we were comfortably housed at the *hotel Rivoli* (near the *jardins des Tuileries)*, one of the best in the city, where we found abundant civility and attention, and every convenience.

Why should I attempt to describe Paris? It has already and so often been done by abler pens than mine, that the very school girl in a country town in England is perfectly acquainted with all its lions; I shall only say, that we spent so short a time there, and I was so afraid of exhausting my

stock of strength, which was fully wanted for the journey to Geneva, &c. that I did not even attempt to see every thing that might have been seen.

The extreme height of the houses, and narrowness of the streets, together with the inconceivable variety of horrible smells in all parts of the town, and the want of pavements for pedestrians, made an extremely unpleasant impression upon me. The gaiety and fancy displayed in the signs over the shops (every one of which has an emblematic device peculiar to itself) were very striking, however, as well as their markets, where Pomona seemed to have lavished the choicest treasures of her horn: indeed I never beheld such a profusion of exquisite fruits and vegetables, the cheapness of which astonished us natives of a more niggard clime not a little. The quantities of cooling and refreshing beverages, sold in every corner of the streets, were also quite a novel thing to us, as well as the circumstance of all the world sitting on hired chairs out of doors, sipping lemonade, or eating ices.

I did not remark, I must confess, that appearance of excessive animation and enjoyment, which I had been led to expect among the Parisians; on the contrary, I saw full as many grave faces as in *notre triste pays*, as they call it. The Palais Royal I thought a very amusing place; and the fountain in the midst is most beautiful and refreshing, throwing up a stream of water, which in its descent resembles a weeping willow. The fountain of the Lions, also, is still superior, and I think them among the most agreeable objects in Paris. The Boulevards are an airy, cheerful situation, and the moving scene constantly going on there put me in mind of a perpetual fair.

The gentlemen went to the Opera Françoise, where the splendour of the ballet, and the superiority of the dancing, struck them with astonishment and admiration. They visited Tivoli (which did not appear to them to be so good a thing of the sort as our Vauxhall); and I went one evening to the *Beaujon*, and *les Montaignes Russes*, in *les Champs Elysées*. Both the latter,

however, were shut; that is, no sliding in the cars was going on, for there had been so many fatal accidents lately, that the rage for this amusement was over. I did not like *les Champs Elysées* so well as our Kensington Gardens; the want of turf was unpardonable in our English eyes. *La place de Louis XV.*, opposite the Tuileries, where the unfortunate Louis XVI. was executed, is very superb in itself, as well as interesting from its melancholy legends. I was rather disappointed in *les jardins des Tuileries*, admiring the fine orange-trees in tubs there more than the gardens themselves. We saw the remains of that horrible monument of cruelty, injustice, and despotism, the Bastile; and drove past the entrance to the celebrated *Jardin des plantes*, which we did not enter, as I had already seen a very fine botanical collection at Kew, and a much superior set of wild beasts at Exeter Change.

To the Louvre, however, even in its present state of diminished splendour, no words of mine can do justice; its superb gallery far exceeded even my expectations,

which had been highly excited by all I had ever heard upon the subject: to see the paintings properly, one ought to go there every day for a week. We had only time particularly to distinguish several landscapes of Claude Lorraine, beautiful beyond all idea, and the set of historical pictures illustrative of the life of *Henri quatre*, by Rubens: I was much struck with the fine countenance and person of the gallant monarch. A Saint Sebastian also, by Guido, rivetted my delighted attention. A friend of ours has painted an exquisite miniature copy of it, with which I remember being greatly struck in England, but it was not until I had seen the original that I was fully aware of its extraordinary merit. The gallery itself is a most magnificent thing; it really is quite a long fatiguing walk from one end of it to the other; and the crowds of people of all ranks who are constantly to be met with there render it altogether one of the most curious and interesting spectacles in Europe.

I was much amused with the shops, particularly the confectioners; the ingenious

and endless devices into which they form their delicious bon bons and dried fruits are really surprising, and we purchased specimens of their different fancies, to astonish our English friends upon our return home. The *vendeurs des tisannes* (cooling beverages, something like *eau de groseilles*, or lemonade), going about with their stock in trade strapped to their backs like walking tea-urns, were curious figures. The vessel which holds the *tisanne* is not unlike a long violin case in shape, with a spout to it; it finishes at the top like a Chinese pagoda, and is sometimes covered with little jingling bells, and hung round with pretty silver mugs. The dress of the *petites bourgeoises* is quite distinct from that of every other rank of person; it is rather smart and neat than otherwise, but not at all picturesque.

I do not remember to have heard a single note of agreeable music while I was in Paris, except that which regaled our ears in an opposite hotel (belonging to Count S.) the second evening of our arrival. This nobleman (of an Irish family, but now a naturalized Frenchman) gave a grand din-

ner (in a temporary banqueting-room, built out upon the leads of the house *à la troisième étage)* to the English; and, during the entertainment, his band of musicians played several pieces, amongst others the celebrated national air, still dear to the French, of *Vive Henri quatre;* they then attempted God save the King, but made a dreadful business of it, which I attribute less to professional ignorance than to the impossibility of their being able to feel it, or to enter into the spirit of it *con amore!* The ballad singers (at least all of them that we had an opportunity of hearing) have harsh wiry voices and nasal tones; the latter circumstance, however, is almost inseparable from their language. I could not but be diverted with the *espièglerie* of the *fille de chambre* who attended me at the hotel de Rivoli: she was ugly, but shrewd, and very active and civil. I asked her if Count S. was a young man; upon which she hopped round the room in the most ridiculous manner possible, imitating the action of a decrepit old person. *Jeune!* (said she) *oh mon Dieu, que non! c'est un vieux Monsieur*

qui va toujours comme cela! I inquired if she knew why he gave this fête. *Oh, je n'en sais rien, mais, le pauvre homme, il n'a que tres peu de temps encore à restre dans ce monde ci, et je crois qu'il aime à faire parler de lui, avant de partir pour l'autre.*

As to the personal charms of the women here, they appeared to me to be very mediocre; we remarked three or four pretty faces, but not one that had any claim to superior beauty. The people were all civil to us, except one woman, who kept a little shop for *bijouterie* in *le Palais Royal:* nothing could be more pert and sulky than her language and manner; she looked as if she hated us and our nation altogether. We heard reports from other English people residing here, that it was very common for the lower orders of French to treat us with marked incivility and dislike; indeed that they should do so, under the present circumstances, ought not to be wondered at. The bronze statue of *Henri quatre* was erecting during our stay; we passed by the spot (close to the *Pont Neuf*), and beheld a mob assembled around it, with *gens d'armes*

on duty: we did not see the statue itself, it being at that moment covered with a purple mantle, studded with golden *fleurs de lis*. The various political parties speak differently of this affair: some say the brass of the statue will soon be converted into mortars, and others, that it is built upon a rock, and will stand for ever! The bridges appeared to us all vastly inferior to ours in London; that of Waterloo, in the Strand, makes them shrink into utter insignificance in comparison! but the palaces and public buildings are, on the contrary, infinitely finer than our own. Nothing can be more magnificent, or in a more noble taste! I was very much amused by the novelty (totally unknown to ladies in England) of dining at a *restaurateur's*. Curiosity induced me to accompany Mr. Baillie, and our friend, to *Véry's*, and the next day to *Beauvilliers'*, two of the most distinguished in the profession in Paris; and the excellence of the cookery almost awakened (or rather I should say created) in me a spirit of *gourmandise*. There were a few other ladies present, which was a sort

of sanction for me. A Russian or Prussian officer (by his appearance) sat at one of the little tables next to us, at *Beauvilliers'*, and very nearly made me sick by the sight of his long, thick, greasy moustaches, and his disgusting habit of spitting every instant upon the floor. I observed that the French people eat their vegetables (always dressed with white sauce) after the meat, &c. and as a sort of dessert or *bonne bouche* even after they have finished their sweet dishes: to us this seems an odd custom. We took our coffee and liqueurs at a *Café* near the Tuileries, and then, while the gentlemen went to the opera, I returned to the hotel, to go on with my journal.

One morning we devoted to an expedition to the interesting cemetery of *Père de la Chaise*, the celebrated confessor of Louis quatorze. The house in which he resided stands in the midst, and is preserved as a sacred ruin. Nothing can be more striking, and affecting to the imagination, than this place of burial; it is of considerable extent, with a well managed relief of shade and inequality of ground. The tombs and graves are kept

in the highest order and repair, and almost all of them are planted with shrubs and fragrant flowers, mingled with the mournful cypress and yew: the acacia tree also is planted here in great abundance, and the wild vine trails its broad leaves and graceful clusters over many of the monuments. We remarked several beautiful tombs; amongst others, a light Gothic temple, which contains the mouldering remains of Abelard and Eloise, brought from the former place of their interment to the present appropriate and lovely situation: their statues lie side by side carved in stone, in their religious habits, their heads resting on cushions, and his feet upon a dog. All this did him too much honour; as he was the most selfish tyrannical lover in the world, and quite unworthy, in my opinion, of the attachment of the unfortunate Eloise. Several of the inscriptions on humbler tombs were affecting from their brevity and simplicity; upon that of a man in the prime of life we read the following short sentence: *A la memoire de mon meilleur ami—c'étoit mon frere!* On another, *Ci*

git P— N—: son epouse perd en lui le plus tendre de ses amis, et ses enfans un modele de vertu. And upon one raised by its parents to the memory of a child, *ci git notre fils cheri;* a little crown of artificial orange blossoms, half blown, was in a glass-case at his head. We observed many garlands of fresh and sweet flowers, hung upon the graves; every thing marked the existence of tender remembrance and regret: it appears to me as if in this place, alone, the dead were never forgotten. I ought, however, to make honourable mention of a similar custom in Wales. A woman was kneeling upon one of the tombs (which was overgrown by fragrant shrubs), weeping bitterly, and I felt a great inclination to bear her company: the last roses of summer were still lingering here, and she was gathering one as we passed. There is a remarkably fine view of Paris from the mount on which the house of *Père de la Chaise* stands. I said it was preserved as a sacred ruin, but I, as a protestant, could not look with much veneration upon it, as the residence of the instigator of the re-

vocation of the edict of Nantes; that foul stain upon the character, and disgrace to the understanding of *le grand Louis*, which will ever be remembered with indignation by every candid and liberal Christian. But Protestantism has likewise its bigots, almost as remorseless, and equally blind! witness some sentiments discovered in the discourses of furious Calvin, and John Knox; witness the actions of Cromwell, and his fanatical roundheads; witness (alas! in our own days), the uncharitable and horribly presumptuous principles and tenets of the Methodists and Saints! But this is another digression: I return to the view of Paris. It is, as I said before, extremely fine; you have a bird's eye prospect of the whole city, with the proud towers of Notre Dame eminently conspicuous, and the gilded dome of *l'hôpital des Invalides*, glittering in the sun. A word (only one word) relative to the French custom of gilding so much and so gaudily; it quite spoils the dignified effect of some of their noblest works of architecture, and puts one in mind of a child who prefers the showy ostentation of gold leaf

upon his gingerbread to the more wholesome taste of its own plain and unornamented excellence. I have met with English people, however, who are vastly delighted with this false style of decoration.

Before I take leave of Paris, I ought in justice to acknowledge that I have not had an opportunity of enjoying its chief and proudest attraction; I mean its best society. Our time did not allow of any intercourse of this nature, and I regretted it much, because I have always heard (and from those most capable of judging rightly) that the tone of conversation in the upper circles here is remarkably attractive and delightful; and that lovers of good taste, high breeding, social enjoyment, and literary pursuits, would find themselves in Paris *en pays de connoissance*. Deprived of this gratification, we felt (at least Mr. B. and myself) no sort of reluctance or regret when the day of our departure arrived: for our friend Mr. W. I will not so confidently answer; he had been in Paris twice before, had met with many agreeable people there, and consequently felt more at home among them.

As for me in particular, I can only say that Paris made no great impression upon my fancy, and none at all upon my feelings; (always excepting the *Louvre*, the *cimetiere* of *Père de la Chaise*, and one or two other interesting spectacles): and that I was, as I before observed, so overpowered by its inconceivably filthy effluvia, and the wretched inconvenience of its streets (both for walking and going in a carriage), that I rather felt an exhilaration of spirits than otherwise when we finally bade it adieu.

On the morning of our departure it rained a good deal, and our postillion had taken care to fence himself against the weather; for he had disguised himself in a long shaggy dress of goats' skins, bearing a very accurate resemblance to the prints of Robinson Crusoe. We observed this done by others, more than once. The horses had little bells fastened to their harness; which practice is very common, we were told, both in France and Italy. All the roads in the former, and most of them in the latter country, are good; wide, smooth, and generally paved in the middle, which

has a noisy effect, but it renders the draught for horses much easier than the road, in wet weather, or when they work in very heavy carriages. Avenues are general; they improve the face of the country when seen at a distance, but are monotonous and tiresome in themselves. I used formerly to admire roads leading though avenues, but it is possible to have too much of this. Between Villejuif and Fromenteau we observed a pillar on the left with the following chivalrous inscription; *Dieu, le Roi, les Dames!* I was going to rejoice in this apparent proof of the gallant spirit of the nation, but I recollected the celebrated words of Burke, in his letter upon the French revolution, and sighed as I involuntarily repeated, "The age of chivalry is no more."

Just beyond Fromenteau, the country is really fine: woods, villages, chateaus were in abundance, and the river Seine appeared to much advantage; we remarked two stone fountains, one on each side of the road, with the *fleurs de lis* engraved upon them, built by Louis XV. The French mile-stones here have quite a clas-

sical air, resembling broken columns; they are not properly mile-stones, but serve to mark the half leagues.

At Essone, where we changed horses, the postillion came out in a white night-cap (or rather a cap which once had boasted that title of purity), loose blue trowsers reaching scantily below the knee, and sans shoes or stockings of any sort: upon seeing that his services were wanted, he threw on an old japan hat, jumped into his jack boots, and clawing up the reins, drove off with an air of as much importance and self satisfaction as the smartest-clad post-boy on the Epsom road during the race week.

In the stubble fields near Fontainbleau, we observed great quantities of partridges. The shepherds here sleep in little moveable houses or huts, upon wheels, somewhat inferior to a good English dog-kennel. At Chailly, we saw the Virgin Mary looking out of a round hole in the wall, and not at all more dignified in her appearance than the well-known hero of Coventry. We now exchanged our driver for a spirited old gentleman, who frolicked along beneath the burthen

of threescore or more, seeming to bid defiance to the whole collection of pains and HH's (vide Kemble's classical pronunciation). Perhaps, reader, I do not make my meaning perfectly clear; but that does not signify, the first authors write in this way; and besides, I know what I mean myself, which is not always the case even with them. We remarked in the course of our journey a great number of similar merry Nestors, and found, almost invariably, that they drove us faster, better, and in a superior style altogether to their younger competitors. I suppose they have a sort of pride in thus displaying their activity, which a middle-aged man does not feel.

We entered the superb forest of Fontainbleau just as the day began to decline; the sombre gloom and peculiar smell of the leaves were very agreeable. I have ever loved forest scenery, and would prefer a constant residence in its vicinity to that of mountain, lake, or plain: the trees here were chiefly beech, mixed with silver poplars, birch, and a few oaks. How was it possible to thread these mazes without

thinking of *Henri quatre*, and his famous hunting adventure in the miller's hut? I almost expected to see the stately shade of the noble monarch start from each shadowy dell. Methought the sullen, yet faithful Sully, emerged from the dark glades on the opposite side, seeking in vain for the benighted sovereign; and venting his affectionate inquietudes in the language of apparent severity and ill humour. I thought—but it does not matter what more I thought, in which opinion I dare say my reader will fully agree with me. We arrived at our inn *(la Galère)*, and well did it deserve that name, for never poor slave chained to the bench and oar suffered more severely from the merciless lash of his task-master than I did from the tormenting tyranny of the bugs, which swarmed in this detestable place. There was no sitting-room immediately ready for our reception, so we sat down in the old, lofty, smoke-stained kitchen, and amused ourselves with observing the progress of our supper, in company with a very sociable little dog, (who took a great fancy to me,) and *Monsieur le Chef*, an

appropriate name, invariably given to the cook in most parts of the Continent.

When we retired to rest for the night, no words can express the disgust which assailed us: finding it impossible to remain in bed, I was obliged to lie in the middle of the room, upon six hard, worm-eaten, wooden chairs, whose ruthless angles ran into my wearied frame, and rendered every bone sore before morning; but even this did not save me, for the vermin ascended by the legs of the chairs, and really almost eat me up, as the rats did Southey's Bishop Hatto*. My imagination for several days after this adventure was so deeply saturated with their nauseous idea, that every object brought them in some way or other before me.

Upon quitting Fontainbleau, we first observed the *sabots* (or wooden shoes) worn by the peasantry; they are of enormous size, and must, I should think, be very heavy and inconvenient to the wearer. A piece of sheep-skin, with the woolly side in-

* Vide Southey's Miscellaneous Poems.

wards, is often slipt between the sabot and the foot, to prevent the former from excoriating the instep.

At Moret, a dirty little town, we saw a whole row of women washing linen in the river; they were in a kneeling position, and beat the clothes with a wooden mallet; they ought all to be provided with husbands from among the linen drapers, as they are such admirable helps to the trade. We met several donkeys here, carrying rushes, piled up like moving houses, so high, that only the heads and hoofs of the animals were visible. Vast tracts of land, covered with vineyards, extended on every side, and the eternal straight road, where one could see for three or four miles the track one was to follow, began to be excessively tedious and wearing to the spirits: how different from the winding, undulating, graceful roads in England!

Country near Pont sur Yonne open, bald, and monotonous. The French vineyards when seen closely have a formal effect, being planted in stiff rows, like scarlet runners in a kitchen garden, but they much enrich

the landscape at a distance. The river Yonne is a pretty little stream, but the nymphs on its banks are not at all picturesque in their costume, which is by no means particularly marked, being dirty and unbecoming, and very much (I am ashamed to say) in the style of our common country-women about Brentford, Hammersmith, &c.

Sens is an ancient town: it has a handsome cathedral and gateway. The bread made here (as well as in most parts of France, except partially in Paris) is mixed with leaven instead of yeast, and is sour and disagreeable in consequence. We remarked many gardens richly cultivated, full of choice vegetables and fruit, by the side of the high-road, without the smallest inclosure; a proof, I should imagine, of the honesty of the country people. There are several English families resident here, as the environs are very pretty, and the town itself an agreeable one. We stopped to take our breakfast at *la Poste*, and bought excellent grapes for four-pence a pound English money. The late Dauphin, father of the present king, is buried in the cathedral of

this place, and the duke and duchess d'Angouleme, &c. come once a year to pray for his soul's repose.

Pursuing our route, we met many Burgundy waggons, loaded with wine; the horses were ornamented with enormous collars of sheep-skin, dyed of a bright blue colour: the *tout ensemble* had a picturesque appearance, and the waggons were the first we had seen in France which had four wheels, the weight being usually balanced between a pair. A sudden storm of rain now coming on, had a beautiful effect; the retreating sunbeams played in catching lights (to use the expression of an artist) upon the abrupt points of the distant hills, and partially illuminated their soft and verdant tapestry of vines. We particularly enjoyed it after the long season of heat and drought. Here are whole groves of walnut-trees, beneath which we met a group of five women belonging to the vineyards; they were every one handsome, with ruddy, wholesome, yet sun-burnt complexions, lively smiles, and long bright dark eyes and shadowy lashes.

Entered Villeneuve sur Yonne; saw loads of charcoal on the river, going to replenish the kitchens of many a *Parisian Heliogabalus!* this is also an ancient town, with two curious old gateways, but it appeared very dull. I admired some fine hedges of acacia, and four pretty, sleek, grey donkeys, who were drawing the plough. The road is winding here, like those of our own country, for which we were solely indebted to the turns of the river, whose course it accompanied.

Joigny. A handsome stone bridge seems its most remarkable ornament: the river is broad and fine, flowing through steep banks fringed with wood. We dined and slept at *les Cinq Mineurs*, and this in the same room. A most obliging, intelligent, young woman waited upon us, whose name was *Veronique*. After dinner we walked on the promenade by the side of the river, and saw the barracks, &c. My friends met with a little adventure in their rambles, while I was resting myself at the inn. Seeing a pretty little boy and his sister at play near the chateau, (belonging to the

ancient counts of Joigny,) they entered into conversation with them, upon which they were joined by the father of the children, a French country gentleman, who resided in a small house opposite the chateau: he insisted upon their coming in with him, and as the dinner was ready, much wished to tempt them to partake the meal: this they declined, and their new acquaintance proceeded to shew them his collection of pictures, *de très bons morceaux*, as he called them, but which did not rank quite so high in the estimation of his visitors. He unintentionally displayed, however, a much more pleasing possession; I mean that of an amiable and grateful disposition, for he said in the course of conversation, that he was always on the watch for an opportunity of shewing hospitality and attention to the English, as some little return for the kindness he had experienced from their nation, during a visit he had formerly made to his brother in Dorsetshire; this brother was one of the monks of the order of *La Trappe*, a small number of whom had been collected together, and who lived, in their

former habits of monastic gloom and austerity, at Lulworth castle in that county, under the protection of an English catholic (Mr. Weld), during the French revolution. He related some interesting anecdotes of this severe establishment; in particular, that of an Austrian general of high rank, who after enrolling himself a member of the community, and living some years in the practice of incredible hardships and privations, at length permitted his tongue to reveal his name and family, about ten minutes previous to his dissolution; faithful to the vow which is common to them all, of not speaking until the moment of death. I was not aware that such an institution existed in England, till this French gentleman related the circumstance, and it strengthened the sensations of mixed horror and pity, which I have ever felt for the victims of fanaticism, in every shape and in every degree. How incredible does it appear, (in the judgment of reasonable beings) that mortals should imagine the benevolent Author of Nature can possibly take pleasure in a mode of worship which

restricts his creatures from the enjoyment of those comforts and innocent pleasures with which life abounds, and for which he has so peculiarly adapted their faculties! Shall all created beings express their sense of existence in bursts of involuntary cheerfulness and hilarity of spirit, and man alone offer up his adorations with a brow of gloom, and a heart withered by slavish sensations of fear and alarm? but enough upon so sacred a subject.

On returning to their inn, the gentlemen met several teams of oxen, decorated with pretty high bonnets (*à la cauchoise*) made of straw: the natives here seem to take great pride and pleasure in the accoutrements of their cattle. An English family arrived at the *Cinq Mineurs* at the same time with ourselves; they were well known in London as people of some consequence and property. Their sensations on passing through France were widely different from ours, as they described themselves to have been thoroughly disgusted with every body and every thing they saw; had met with nothing but cheating and imposition among

the people; and had not been able to observe any pretty country, or interesting objects *en route*—yet they had gone over exactly the same ground that we had done. As they sometimes travelled all night, I conclude they slept the whole or greater part of the time; but there are more ways than one of going through the world with the eyes shut.

In the neighbourhood of Joigny, (on the other side of the town,) there is a great quantity of hemp grown; and all the trees are stripped up to the tops, like those in many parts of Berkshire, where the graceful is frequently sacrificed to the useful: they had a very ugly effect.

Approaching Auxerre, the cathedral looks handsome; there are three churches besides. The first view of Burgundy is not prepossessing; nothing but tame-looking hills, with casual patches of vines; the river, however, is a pretty object, and continues to bestow a little life upon the landscape. The same absence of costume continues. At Auxerre, we breakfasted at *l'hotel du Leopard;* the vines were trained over the

house with some degree of taste, and took off from the air of forlorn discomfort which the foreign inns so frequently exhibit. I was rather surprised at being ushered into the same room with a fine haughty-looking peacock, a pea-hen, and their young broood; they did not seem at all disconcerted at my entrance, but continued stalking gravely about, as if doing the honors of the apartment. The *salle à manger* was in a better *goût* (although not half so comfortable) than most of our English parlours; the walls were papered with graceful figures from stories of the pagan mythology and bold, spirited landscapes in the back ground, coloured in imitation of old bistre drawings; the crazy sopha and arm chair were covered with rich tapestry, of prodigiously fine colours, yet somewhat the worse for wear. This was our first Burgundy breakfast, and it evinced the luxuriance of the country, for it consisted (as a thing of course) of black and white grapes, melons, peaches, greengages, and pears, to which were added fresh eggs by the dozen, good *café au lait*, and creaming

butter just from the churn, with the crucifix stamped upon it. At all French *déjeunés* they ask if you do not choose fruit, and at dinner it is invariably brought to table in the last course, with a slice of cheese as part of the dessert. Mr. Baillie was not well, and starved like Tantalus in the midst of plenty, which was very unlucky.

Bonaparte on his return from Elba occupied this apartment; and the postillion who drove us was one of those who rendered the same service to him: we had also a pair of the same horses which aided in conveying him on towards Paris. He passed two days here, waiting for his small army of five thousand men to come up with him, as his speed greatly outran theirs. He had six horses to his travelling carriage, and gave each postillion ten francs a piece; "*Ma foi!*" (said ours in relating the circumstance) "*nous avons bien galoppé! quand on nous paye si bien, les chevaux ne se fatiguent jamais!*" There was some honesty as well as wit in this avowal.

Quitting Auxerre, we passed a large stone cistern, with a cross on the top; several

loaded donkeys were drinking here, and some women washing clothes; it was altogether a picturesque group, and singular to an English eye. Vineyards, vineyards, vineyards! *toujours perdrix!* I was quite tired of them at last. The country, however, now became much more hilly, and we used the drag-chain, for the first time, between Saint Bris and Vermanton; these hills were richly covered with vines, and woods began to appear, in the form of thick dwarfish oak.

Vermanton. This place is famed for wood and wine. We saw the *paysannes* here in deep gipsy straw hats, the first we had beheld in France among this class of people; for even in Paris, the *petites bourgeoises*, as well as the countrywomen, all walk about in caps, or the French handkerchief tied carelessly round the head. The country from hence again changed much for the worse, barren hills extended for several miles, now and then covered with partial spots of vegetation.

Close to the town of Avalon, we remarked a range of hills, one of which is of

great height, called Montmartre. We here bid adieu for some time to vineyards. Large extensive woods surround Avalon, from which the greater part of the fuel burnt in Paris is taken. Flocks of sheep were continually passing, numbers of black ones, and some goats always among them. There seemed to be few pigs any where, and all of them were frightfully lean: "as fat as a pig" is a term of reproach for which I have ever entertained a particular aversion, but I am now convinced that these beasts are much more disgusting when deprived of their natural *embonpoint*. I fancy the French people make too good a use themselves of what we should call *the refuse of the kitchen*, to have any to spare for the necessities of these their four-footed brethren. We now came into the neighbourhood of widely extended corn-fields—fields I ought not to call them, for there are no inclosures. We saw an old woman at a cottage door, with a distaff in her hand; the first I had ever seen except in a picture. She was a withered, grim-looking crone, but not quite sublime enough for

one of Gray's "fatal sisters." Scene the next, a pretty, green, tranquil glen, (where cattle were making the most of the unusually rich pasturage,) bounded by a steep bank, and copse wood; not unlike some spots in Surrey.

We drove on, through a shady wood, to Rouvray, passing on the road crowds of waggons drawn by oxen, loaded with empty wine casks, preparatory to the vintage, which was expected to be very fine this season: the waggoners almost all wore cocked hats, and we remarked that the oxen were yoked by the head. We met a *diligence* drawn by four mules, and observed many beautiful trees of mountain ash, with their bright clusters of scarlet berries, by the side of the highway.

Stopping for a few moments at la Roche en Berney, we joined a group of the most respectable *bourgeoisie*, (men and women,) sitting with the hostess on a bench at her door. They all rose up to salute us, and the men stood *sans chapeau* as we passed, with an agreeable expression of civil good will upon every countenance. Some of the ladies had little French dogs under their

arms. The country near this place is covered with wood, yet has notwithstanding a monotonous character; these woods however are worthy of remark, from their extent and duration, continuing on all sides without interruption for many miles.

We now arrived at Saulieu, where we supped and slept at *la Poste*. It was quite in the cottage style, which we all rather liked than not: we had a cheerful little wood fire at night (as the weather felt chilly), and sat round it talking of the adventures of the day, until the hour of repose. This town stands upon the highest ground in France; the snow was never entirely off the neighbouring woods during the whole of the last winter: vineyards will not flourish in so bleak a situation, and other fruits are very scarce. The hostess was a most loyal personage, for upon my observing a bust of *Henri quatre* over the chimney, and saying he was truly the father of his people, she exclaimed, *Oui, Madame! mais à present nous avons aussi des rois qui font le bonheur de leurs sujets.* The costume here still continues undecided, and devoid of taste.

Two very pretty, modest, rustic lasses waited upon us, named Marie and Lodine. Lodine was a brunette, with an arch, dimpled, comical little face, (round as an apple, and equally glowing,) teeth white as snow, and regular as a set of pearls; but I rather preferred the opposite style of Marie, who was slighter in her person, graver, and whose long dark eyes and penciled brows alone gave lustre and expression to an oval face, and a pale yet clear and fine grained skin: these eyes, however, were not so often illuminated by bright flashes of innocent gaiety as those of Lodine, but they made amends by the length and beauty of their soft black lashes. Lodine's admiration was prodigiously excited by my English ear-rings, and rings, &c. She took them up one by one to examine, and exclaimed frequently that she had never seen such beautiful things in her life. Poor little rustic! I hope no unprincipled traveller will ever take advantage of thy simplicity and love of finery, and persuade thee to exchange for toys of a similar description the precious jewels of innocence and good fame! Mr. W. went into

the market the next morning, before either Mr. Baillie or myself were up; and remarked that almost every woman there was well looking; he also saw some really beautiful girls among them. There are two neat churches here. The swarms of beggars which assailed us at every town, in this part of the country, were positively quite annoying; their bold and sturdy importunity made me recollect, with regret, the sensitive delicacy of Sterne's poor "Monk," and wish that they were as easily repulsed! Had this been the case, I dare say we should have given them every *sous* in our possession; but, as it was, I never felt less difficulty in steeling my ears and my heart.

The face of nature seemed like a map, the road was upon such elevated ground. But leaving Saulieu, our route was agreeably varied by a continual alternation of hill and dale; the foreground rocky, enlivened with purple heath and furze. We frequently made the remark, that we had not yet seen a single cottage which could be called pretty since we landed at Calais; and the lovely and picturesque hamlets of

the Isle of Wight, the neighbourhood of the New Forest, and of parts of Surrey, returned upon my imagination in all their force. There are woods of dwarf oak near this place, beyond which we caught, for the first time during our tour, the view of a mountain in the horizon. We changed horses at Pierre Ecrite, where we met with a postillion who was a living image of Don Quixote. I, who am such an enthusiastic admirer of the latter, could willingly have given a double fee for the pleasure I took in contemplating his faithful resemblance; the loose shamoy leather doublet, brown beaver Spanish-looking flapped hat; long, black, greasy hair, hanging in strings about his scraggy neck and doleful visage; the wild, eager, prominent, dark eyes, &c.—all was complete! The French drivers differ in many particulars from ours; in one respect alone there is a wide line of demarcation. The former talk a good deal (*en route*) to their horses, while the latter confine themselves to the mute eloquence of the whip and spur.

The country now assumes a totally new

character! The hills rise into the dignity of mountains, and are entirely barren, save in the immediate vicinity of a little valley or two which smiles between them, when their rough granite sides are clothed with partial underwood; these valleys have a verdant and cultivated effect, from being well wooded, and also from the unusual practice of inclosing the fields with hedges. Indeed the whole scene for three or four miles before you come to Autun is bold, rich, and beautiful. We were told that the people here and in the South of France were (generally speaking) extremely well-disposed towards the Bourbon government, disliking the remembrance of Bonaparte.

Autun, an ugly town, yet most romantically situated at the foot of three mountains covered with superb woods. Here are some fine gateways of Corinthian architecture, baths, and a cathedral. We went to look at the latter, and saw several women there telling their beads, who cast an eye of curiosity upon us in the midst of their devotions, while their fingers and lips continued to move with great rapidity. I

peeped into several vacant confessionals, which resembled little sentry-boxes, partitioned into two apartments, in one of which there is a seat for the priest, and in the other a grated aperture through which the penitent breathes his communications.

The tomb of the president Jennin and his wife is shewn here. It was, I believe, concealed during the fury of the revolution, in common with many similar and sacred curiosities. He was one of *Henri quatre's* ministers, and a man much esteemed by that sovereign. He cannot have a higher professional eulogium. The costume both of the president and his dame is quaint in the extreme, and the length of her waist is quite ridiculous. Our inn (*la poste*) was comfortable and reasonable. For five francs a-head, they sent us up for dinner (I will for once say what we had for dinner) some capital soup *au ris*, a magnificent jack, a duck stewed with pickles, a fowl, white and delicate as those of Dorking, a ragout of sweetbreads in brown sauce, a large dish of craw-fish, potatoes drest *à la maître d'hotel*, Guyere cheese, and four baskets of fruit.

The latter evinced the coldness of the climate here, for the peaches were diminutive, crude, and colourless, the grapes rather sour, and the cherries hard, tough, and not bigger than black currants.

Leaving Autun, we passed over a very steep granite mountain of that name, covered in the most luxuriant profusion with trees of every sort, but chiefly oak; the road wound round the sides till it reached nearly the summit of this mountain in graceful sweeps. It rained during our ascent, and the groups of women emerging at intervals from the woody recesses in the steeps above us, with their gay coloured cotton handkerchiefs held over their white caps, to shelter them from the scudding shower, looked highly picturesque. The male costume here becomes marked; it consists of a very large black hat, (with a low crown and an enormous breadth of brim,) round which is sometimes worn a string of red and white beads; a dark blue linen jacket and trowsers, coloured waistcoat, white shirt, with a square deep collar thrown open at the throat, and *sabots*. We could

plainly hear the babbling of the brook which runs among these sylvan retreats. My husband gathered me some blackberries in the woods, and I longed to accompany him in his rambles, instead of remaining in the carriage. Altogether it was the most romantic scene I had ever beheld, and my exclamations of admiration reaching the ears of the postillion, (who was easing his horses by walking by their side) he came up to the window, to ask me if I had ever seen such a beautiful thing in my own country? I assured him I had not, and he graciously added that he would shew me a very grand plain also in a few minutes. Our Swiss attendant, however, (Christian) did not seem to approve of all these commendations, and could not refrain from throwing out a hint, that we should see much finer things in *his* country. This mountain is covered with wild strawberries in the season. Bonaparte intended to have made a wider road through it, had not the Fates thought proper to cut short his plans when he least expected it. The view of the promised plain was fertile as that of Canaan;

the glimpses of it caught occasionally through the openings of the rocks were charming. I liked the national pride of the postillion; applied thus to the beauties of nature, it had almost a character of refinement: he was a good-humoured, merry-looking, ugly fellow, who seemed as if he had never known a care in his life; but (the truth must be told) he was a great admirer of Bonaparte, and said he should live and die in the hope of his return. He had laid by his green jacket and badge in his box, thinking it not impossible that he might want to wear it again one day; at all events he trusted to see the young son upon the throne, and spoke of him with much affectionate emotion. Bonaparte had been driven by this man (upon his flight from Elba,) and this puts me in mind, that I omitted to mention the circumstance of my having slept in the same bed which he then occupied at Autun; I think he must have left his troubled spirit behind him, for my dreams were perturbed and melancholy in the greatest degree! There are plenty of wolves and wild boars in this

neighbourhood; five of the latter were killed the week before. I expected to have met with gipsies, but neither here, nor in any other part of the continent, had we yet encountered one of the race.

At St. Emilan, (a small village) we stopt to breakfast: it was a merry, cheerful meal. We sat round the blazing faggots in the cottage kitchen of la Poste, and boiled our eggs in a vessel which I believe was an old iron shaving pot; the milk (for our coffee) was served up in a large earthen tureen, with a pewter ladle; and the cups were of a dirty yellow cracked ware, that I am sure my cook would not suffer to be exhibited in her scullery. The bread was sour, and so was the fruit, but I never remember to have enjoyed a breakfast more thoroughly; so true is it, that hunger is the best sauce. The host (seeing that we were English) asked if we would not choose our *pain* to be *grillé?* and was proceeding to broil it accordingly, instead of toasting it, if we had not preferred the loaf in its natural state. We were somewhat surprised at seeing a print over the chimney of Dr.

Nicholas Saunderson, Professor of Astronomy at Cambridge. An obscure village kitchen in the heart of France was the last place where one would have expected to have found such a thing. The hostess had bought it many years since at a sale of the property of the celebrated Buffon.

Seeing some cows ploughing in the fields here, which was what we had never before witnessed, our servant Christian gave us an account of the manner of conducting that operation in Switzerland; "de only difference is (said he) dat dere de *cows* be all *oxes*." The costume of the *paysannes* is very picturesque; a straw hat, of the gipsy form, and large as an umbrella, rather short petticoat, gay coloured handkerchief, deep bordered white cap, and *sabots*. The landscape was rather pretty for some distance beyond St. Emilan.

We now began to meet with vineyards again, as we descended from these bleak and elevated regions. A brook wound through the lowlands, fringed with willows, by means of which we could as usual trace its course for miles. I forgot to mention

the *cajôleries* made use of by a set of little beggar children, the preceding day. The white beaver hats worn by my husband and Mr. W. struck their fancy not a little, and they ran after the carriage with incredible perseverance, calling out, *Vivent les chapeaux blancs! Vivent les jolis messieurs! vive la jolie dame! vive le joli carrosse! vive le roi, et vive le bon Dieu!* We were engaged in lamenting the drawback of a *goître* (or swelling in the throat) to the beauty of a very pretty woman, whom we had just seen, when in going down a steep hill we met with an accident, which might have been serious. The harness (made of old ropes) suddenly broke, one of the horses fell down, the postillion was thrown off, and the other horses continuing to trot on without stopping, we felt the carriage go over some soft substance, which we concluded to be the person of their unfortunate driver. Both the gentlemen involuntarily exclaimed "he is killed!" when we were relieved by seeing him running by the side of the animals, very little the worse

for his fall. The poor horse was the greatest sufferer, as the wheels went twice over his neck! however, even he was not much hurt, and was able to rise and go on with his work in a few seconds. The great creature in the middle was an old, scrambling, wilful beast, who liked his own way, and I believe he would never have stopt, had not his bridle been seized by a man in the road. I was very much alarmed for the moment, and so I rather suspect was our trusty valet, who presented himself at the door to inquire if "Madame was frighted," with a face as white as his own neckcloth. This *contretems* would not have occurred had we not changed our horses and postillion a few moments before it happened, with those belonging to another carriage which we met on the way. The country continued rather pretty, and was also inclosed; were it not for the vineyards, it would be like many parts of England. We saw a little insignificant chateau or two, and that reminds me of the very dull effect of all the houses in France when seen from a distance

they have universally the air of being shut up, owing to the *jalousies* being painted white instead of green."

Chalons sur Saone; rather a pretty town: there is a stone fountain here, with a statue of Neptune, well executed. We stopt at the hotel du Parc, a reasonable and tolerably well appointed inn, though by no means deserving of the pompous commendation bestowed upon it in the printed Tourist's Guide, where it is mentioned as being the best in France. Mr. W. suffered some annoyance from bugs, which I must ever consider as great drawbacks to comfort. We were attended at dinner by the first *male* waiter we had seen since leaving Paris, from which Chalons is about two hundred miles distant. The people in the town stared at and followed us about in rather a troublesome manner; I believe they were attracted by the white hats, and my travelling cap, so different from any of their own costumes.

People talk a great deal about the warmth of the South of France, but all I can say is, that as soon as we approached it, we ordered

fires, while we had left our countrymen in frigid England fainting with heat! I may as well indulge myself in a few more desultory remarks while I am about it, particularly as our narrative just now is rather bare of incident. The first is, the great inferiority of the French cutlery to ours: all their knives are extremely coarse and bad; and with regard to the forks and spoons (both of which, to do them justice, are almost always of silver), they do not seem ever to have come in contact with a bit of whiting or a leather rubber since they were made! Plate-powder of course is an unknown invention here. How would our butlers at home (so scrupulously nice in the arrangement of their sideboard) have stared, could they have beheld these shabby appurtenances of a foreign dinner table! They are not less behind-hand also with respect to the locks of their doors, all of which are wretchedly finished, even in their best houses. Their carriages are generally ugly, shabby, badly built, and inelegant; and they have some domestic customs (existing even in the midst of the utmost splendor

and refinement,) which are absolutely revolting to the imagination of an English person, and to which no person who knows what real cleanliness and comfort means, could ever be reconciled; but the French are, beyond all doubt, an innately filthy race,—with them *l'apparence* is all in all.

Leaving Chalons sur Saone, we observed large fields planted with Turkey wheat, called here *Turquie*; they mix it with other flour in their bread. There is nothing but barren stubble for a length of way, and we should have found the prospect excessively wearying and tiresome, had not a bold hill or two in the distance afforded a slight degree of relief. We saw a man sowing among the stubble, which they plough up after the seed is sown, thereby saving the labour of the harrow; the practice is not general, however.

About three miles from Tournus, we ascended a very steep hill, covered with underwood and vines, and were refreshed by the sight of a little pasture land. From the summit a surprisingly fine country burst upon us—the river Saone leading its

tranquil waters through a rich plain, the town of Tournus with its bridge and spires, and the chain of Alpine mountains bounding the distant horizon, were altogether charming; the latter appeared like a continued ridge of gray clouds, Mont Blanc towering far above them all. We formed some idea of the magnitude of this hoary giant from the circumstance of our being able thus to see him at the distance of a hundred and fifty miles! He looked, however, like a thin white vapour, rising amid the lovely blue of the summer sky.

At Tournus, where we stopt to breakfast, the *maîtresse de la maison* was a very pretty woman, but I cannot praise her taste in china ware; the cups she set before us were of a most disgusting shape and material, and of enormous proportions; they resembled our coarse red flower-pots glazed, and it was with difficulty that I could prevail upon myself to taste the tea or coffee (I forget which) that they contained. The women in this neighbourhood wear a singular head-dress, a black beaver hat, of the size and form of a small soup

plate, placed flat upon the crown of the head, with three long knots of broad black riband, hanging down, one behind, and one on each side the face. They have a little white cap, called *la coquette*, under this, with a coarse open lace border, standing stiff off the temples, something like that of Mary, Queen of Scots. This place is celebrated for its pretty women, and we remarked many ourselves. I took a hasty sketch of one as we changed horses. There is a great quantity of hemp grown here. The weather now began to be intensely hot; and we did not wonder at this, as we were in the same latitude as that of Verona and Venice. The former chill, which I mentioned upon first approaching the south of France, was quite an accidental circumstance, partly induced by our being at that time upon extremely high ground, whereas the temperature of the valleys is very different.

We saw the peasants making ropes by the side of the road; one man carried a distaff in his hand, much bigger than a large stable broom. I bought of a *villageoise* at Macon

one of the little hats and caps before mentioned. She attempted to impose upon me as to the price; but, I do not consider this at all as a national trait. I am afraid an English countrywoman would have been equally anxious to make the best bargain she could, fairly or otherwise! The cap was really very becoming, even to my British features. I saw in one of the cottages a loaf of their bread: it was extremely coarse, and as flat, round, and large as a table. There is a grand chain of mountains on the right, called the *Charolais*. We again observed cows ploughing in the fields: they had all a curious head-dress, a sort of veil or network, to preserve them from the flies, like the military bridles of our dragoon horses. Most of the cattle hereabouts (and we had seen quantities) were of a cream colour. The country is luxuriant, full of chateaux, fertile, and cultivated, more so than any we had yet observed, and it is allowed to be the finest part of France. Mr. W. examined the nature of the soil, and found it fat and rich in the highest degree. I must once more repeat

my admiration of the frequent and great beauty of the young children in this country, more particularly in these parts. I saw several with cheeks like the sunny side of a peach; little, round, plump faces, and delicately chiselled features, with a profusion of luxuriant hair hanging in natural ringlets upon their shoulders: the mere babies also are very interesting. The parents throughout France are remarkable for love of offspring*.

About three or four miles from Macon you enter the department of the Maconnais, and afterwards that of the Jura (so called from the mountains of the same name), but formerly known by that of the Lyonnais. We saw at St. George de Rognains a most beautiful woman, a *villageoise*; her proportions were fine, and rather full; her face very much in the style of our well-known English belles, Lady O. and Mrs. L.; but she was not so large as either of them. She wore the usual costume of her native place, which was more peculiarly

* Vide Spurzheim's Craniology.

marked in the cap. It is extremely becoming, and pretty in itself. I know not how to describe it exactly; but it is flat upon the crown, with a good deal of coarse transparent lace, like wings, full every where but on the brow, across which it is laid low and plain, in the style of some antique pictures I remember to have seen. This superb woman's fine features set it off amazingly. She also wore a flowered cotton gown (of gay colours upon a dark ground), a crimson apron and bib, with a white handkerchief. What a charming portrait would Sir Thomas Lawrence have made of her, and how she would astonish the amateurs of beauty in England, were she suddenly to appear among them! I am thus particular in describing costume, to please the readers of my own sex. We met here some *religieuses* walking in the road, belonging to a convent in the distance. Their habit was not very remarkable, except that they wore black veils, with high peaks on the front of the head, and long rosaries by their sides.

Villefranche; a populous old town. It

was market day; yet not one instance of intoxication did we see, neither here nor in any other part of France through which we had passed. Certainly drunkenness is not the vice of the nation, although they have a due admiration for strong beer, which is sold under the name of *bonne bierre de Mars*. There is a fine church here, of Gothic architecture.

We did not reach Lyons until late at night; and, as I was very much fatigued, and longed to get into the hotel, I thought the length of the environs and suburbs endless. However, we arrived at last, and after a refreshing sleep, were awakened the next morning by the firing of cannon close under our windows. It was the fête of St. Louis, which is always celebrated with particular pomp and splendour. It was also the great jubilee of the Lyonese *peruquiers*, who went in procession to high mass, and from thence to an entertainment prepared for them. The *jouteurs* (or plungers in water) likewise made a very magnificent appearance. They walked two and two round the town, and after a famous dinner (laid out for them in a

lower apartment of our hotel) proceeded to exhibit a sort of aquatic tournament, in boats, upon the river. This is a very ancient festival, and is mentioned (if I recollect right) by Rousseau. The dress of the combatants (among whom were several young boys of eight and five years old) was very handsome and fanciful, entirely composed of white linen, ornamented with knots of dark-blue riband. They had white kid leather shoes, tied with the same colours, caps richly ornamented with gold, and finished with gold tassels. In their hands they carried blue and gold oars, and long poles, and upon their breasts a wooden sort of shield or breastplate, divided into square compartments, and strapped firmly on like armour, or that peculiar ornament, the ephod, worn by the ancient Jewish high priests. Against this they pushed with the poles as hard as possible, endeavouring to jostle and overturn their opponents; the vanquished, falling into the water, save themselves by swimming, while the victors carry off a prize. We went down stairs to see these heroes at dinner, and one of them

civilly invited us into the room, to observe every particular at our ease.

The military were all drawn out this morning, and I thought there never would be an end of their firing, trumpeting, &c.; the whole town resounded with noise, bustle, and gay confusion. We distinguished the Swiss guards, who wore a red uniform, like the English troops; a fine regiment of chasseurs, green, faced with red; a troop of lancers, on beautiful spirited black horses, uniform green and orange; the national guards, dark blue and red, with cocked hats; and, lastly, the foot guards, in white: the officers of the latter really looked like London footmen; nothing could be more ugly and ungentlemanly than their costume. All these were reviewed in *la Grande Place*, built by Bonaparte, who laid the first stone. The houses there are very handsome, and some of them rise to the height of seven stories. A steep hill, covered with vines, and crowned by buildings like castles, forms the background of this fine *place*, at the bottom of which rolls the grand and magnificent Rhone.

Our inn (*l'hotel de Provence*) stood here. It is a very comfortable, excellent, well-ordered establishment: the apartments assigned for our particular use put me in mind of the old state-rooms in our shabby palace of St. James. The furniture was of crimson and white satin damask, and the beds of rich crimson damask; Lyons, as all the world knows, being famous for its rich silks. The ancient arm-chairs were studded with gilt nails, and the brick-floors carefully rubbed and polished till they resembled marble. That of the *salle à manger* was of curiously inlaid oak. The attendants were all men: one of them made my bed, and was perpetually frisking in and out (in his department of housemaid), rather to my annoyance and surprise. The first night of our arrival, I was shut up (as I thought) in my own room, unpacking my *sac de nuit*, when, upon turning suddenly round, I saw the great rough figure of our postillion, who had entered without knocking, and was standing much at his ease, expecting to be paid. The *garçon* who waited at dinner was a fine specimen of the honest,

cheerful French peasant lad, his countenance and manner the perfection of good humour and simplicity.

The promenade of the town (a walk of shady trees in the midst of *la Grande Place*) being filled with gay groups in every possible variety of costume, offered a most amusing spectacle to a stranger's eye. We sat there some time upon the hired chairs, which are in as great request as at Paris. Here we found booths, kept by venders of tisanne, lemonade, &c. who were, some of them, niched in little covered tubs, like Diogenes. We were much stared at; but not with any rudeness or incivility. We even imagined that we saw a more favourable expression of countenance in the people of Lyons (while gazing upon the English) than in those of Paris. In the latter we certainly did now and then discover the signs of unequivocal hatred and dislike; and although they never gave vent (in our hearing at least) to their ill-will in words, there was a mute eloquence of eye, which it is difficult to mistake.

But to return to the promenade, &c. my petticoat of moravian work seemed to catch

the admiring observation of all the females who passed; and indeed I ought, in justice to our British needlewomen, to remark, that their performance is rarely equalled, and assuredly never surpassed, by their continental rivals, however highly French work may be praised and sought after by our capricious leaders of *ton*.

The confluence of the rivers Rhone and Saone here is reckoned to be one of the finest things of the kind in Europe. We went to see it, but were rather disappointed in its effect; for the late uncommonly dry season had greatly diminished the pride of both these celebrated streams. It takes place at a spot about half a mile distant from the town, and we drove thither in a ridiculous hired vehicle, called a *carriole*, very like a long four-posted bedstead, on wheels, with coarse linen curtains for summer weather, and black shabby leather ones for winter. A seat, resembling a mattrass, was slung on the inside, upon which the people sit back to back, like those in an Irish jaunting car. The driver is upon a seat in front, and manages two horses, which

are generally ornamented with frontlets, and knots of gay riband and bells. Our coachman was quite a coxcomb, sporting smart nankeen trowsers, gaiters, and yellow shoes of washed leather.

The women at Lyons struck us as remarkably ugly, and we actually were unable to discover a single pretty face among them. We met a country dame, stumping into town to partake in the gaieties of the fête, dressed in a bright yellow gown, tucked up at the pocket-holes, so as to display a full rose-coloured petticoat beneath, white stockings, black slippers, a deep gipsy hat of Leghorn straw, and a white handkerchief with the usual flowered border.

Nothing can be handsomer than this town: it much resembles Bath, particularly in its environs, which are built upon hanging hills, and embosomed in woods and vineyards. The convent of St. Michael, rising among them, is very ugly, however, reminding one of a large Birmingham manufactory. Here dwell *les Sœurs de la Charité*, and we were informed that they really are of great use, and do much good

in their generation, which cannot, alas! be said of the regular nuns, poor victims!

At night we went to the *comedie*. The theatre was dirty, and somewhat shabby; all the light thrown exclusively upon the stage, as usual in foreign theatres. The actors were really extremely good, and the audience seemed a loyal one upon the whole, which was discoverable by their seizing and duly applauding the several claptraps which occurred in the piece they were exhibiting. It was *La partie de Chasse de Henri quatre* —the first scene a beautiful part of the forest of Fontainbleau. The story, though familiar to every body, seemed to interest all hearts, ours among the rest. I confess that, for my own part, I was surprised by feeling the tears coursing each other down my face, when I least expected it; and yet I was a stranger and a foreigner! How must the French, then, feel in the recollection of this and all the other thousand acts of benevolence and magnanimity of their glorious monarch, whose now beatified spirit seems to shed a guardian glory around the heads of his descendants! We returned

home immediately after the representation of this piece, not staying the farce; and after taking coffee, once more sallied forth to view the beautiful illuminations which were displayed in honour of the day. The night was clear, warm, and balmy, and the whole population of the city (a hundred and nine thousand persons) seemed to be walking about, enjoying themselves completely. The effect of the lights reflected upon the distant vine-clad hills was singularly beautiful. I admired the costume of many of the children here; they wore large shepherdess-sort of Leghorn hats with very low crowns, wreathed with pretty roses, which harmonized with their little innocent round faces remarkably well. The soldiers, *paysannes*, and some of the *bourgeoises*, were dancing quadrilles under the trees of the promenade, which was lighted much in the manner of Vauxhall. There was a busy hum of voices in the air, swelling upon the breeze, mixed with notes of animating music, and occasional bursts of mirth and laughter, which, I believe, might have been heard for miles. In short, the

scene was a perfect carnival. On reaching our inn, we saw the officers of the foot guards (who had been dining together in the same apartment occupied by the *jouteurs* in the morning) dancing waltzes to the loud music of their own band, in which the brazen tones of the trumpet were painfully pre-eminent. For want of female partners, they had, some of them, taken off their coats, and dressed themselves up in mob caps, shawls, and petticoats made of the dinner napkins. In this strange costume they tore about the room, swinging each other in a manner that disgusted while it made us smile. The master of the house, who seemed to think all this very fine, wanted to know if *Madame* would not join in the merry dance? (meaning me); but Mr. B. quietly declined the obliging proposal, saying, "I was not quite strong enough for such an attempt just now." Upon which *Monsieur* came behind me, and, supporting me under both the elbows, almost carried me up the stairs to the door of our apartment; so obsequious are the French to all women. There is a proverb relative to our sex,

which observes, that *Paris est le paradis des femmes, le purgatoire des maris, et l'enfer des chevaux.* I, as an English wife, however, can imagine no place to be a paradise for me, which is at the same time a punishment to my husband; neither could I taste perfect felicity, if it was purchased at the expense of my brute fellow-creatures. But I do not mean tediously to moralize upon a little *jeu d'esprit*, which has some wit and truth in it, after all.

Determined to make the most of our short time, we went the next day to see the cathedral, which is of Moorish architecture. Within we found a singular mixture of orders; the Corinthian, composite, Gothic, Saxon, and a sort of nondescript, which (as we were none of us particularly learned on the subject) we concluded to be the regular Moorish. The whole body of this fine building appeared glowing with the rose and purple tints of sunset, and the gold ornaments upon the high altar actually flamed resplendent in this lovely light, as if they had been formed of solid fire! The effect was produced by the stained glass of the

windows, of every possible variety of colour, magnificent beyond all idea, and far different from any which we had ever seen before; indeed, in attempting to describe their peculiarity, I feel that I have done foolishly, as it is impossible to give my readers any adequate notion of their extraordinary splendour and beauty. We did not so much admire another curiosity exhibited here, which is a clock, from a niche in the front of which, when it strikes the hours, a figure of the Virgin suddenly protrudes, and makes a gracious inclination of the body; while in another recess above there is a very paltry and shocking representative of the Father, who also leans forward in the act of giving his benediction. The attempt thus to embody the inconceivable glories of person belonging to the unseen God is both absurd and impious; yet surely not so much so, as the wish and endeavour of some fanatics to shroud the ineffable mercy and benevolence of the same being beneath a dark, chilling, and repulsively gloomy veil of severity, wrath, and implacability. In both cases, the true

features of the Divinity are shamefully and ridiculously misrepresented. We also saw two fine white marble statues of St. Stephen and St. John, both spoilt by crowns of trumpery artificial flowers and tinsel, which gave them the air of our "Jacks in the green" on May-day.

We returned to our hotel, when, after an excellent dinner, we tasted for the first time fresh almonds, brought up in their outside rinds; they resemble small withered peaches in a green state, and I believe, speaking scientifically, that they are in fact a species of that fruit, and are classed accordingly; we found them very good, resembling filberts in flavour, and they are eaten with salt, in the same manner.

The next morning we bade adieu to Lyons; on the road from thence, at a place called St. Laurent des Mures, we saw the women as well as the men threshing corn, and this in the open air—a strong proof of fine climate: we afterwards remarked the practice universally. There are many walnut trees about here, but the country was flat and dull for some miles. We now

however passed over a heath, (where, as Shakespeare expresses it, "'the air smelt wooingly,") enriched by wood, and banks of waving fern, bounded by some near mountains; there was a picturesque view of a castle, upon the summit of a hill, embosomed in trees. These objects were a great relief to the eye, after the eternal stubble fields near Lyons. Here we observed ploughing performed by mules, which I approved of much, when compared with the use of cows for these sort of labours; the latter, poor things, are of such inestimable value in other respects, that surely it is very unfair to require their services as beasts of burthen. The roofs of the buildings in this neighbourhood now first began to assume an Italian character, and to harmonize with the ideas I had formed of the vicinity of the Alps, which were visible in the distance; but the latter did not improve the landscape so much as my hitherto untravelled eyes had expected, for they were so far off, that they resembled clouds, for which I should certainly have mistaken them, had I not been told what they really were. We here en-

countered a peasant, who was thin enough to have passed for the Death in Burgher's "Leonora:" his face was a mere skull, with a sallow skin strained over it; his black eager eyes deep sunk in their immense sockets. I was quite afraid of dreaming of him.

For several days past, we had taken leave of the peculiar costume of the postillions, which is not much retained on this side of Paris. Cattle now were seen of all colours; the country became more undulating and woody, and the vineyards wore a very different and much more graceful appearance, being trained far higher, not formally planted, (as I have before described) but frequently twined around standard apple and other trees, from which they hung in light and careless festoons, forming altogether a singular effect of blended foliage. They are universally trained in this manner in Italy; the French pretend that the produce is thereby rendered less plentiful, and that what is gained in beauty is lost in value: I cannot pronounce upon the truth of the assertion. The walnut-tree grew here in increased profusion, mixed frequently

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with the mulberry, forming an agreeable shade to the road.

We breakfasted at Bourgoin, where they gave us good provisions, but charged in a most extravagant way. There is a great deal of marshy land, and the inhabitants look unhealthy: some of them have *goîtres* (or glandular swellings) in consequence of extreme relaxation from the moisture of the air. Two filthy girls waited upon us at breakfast: they wore no caps, and their hair was in a most disgusting condition. We afterwards remarked numbers of women, equally devoid of coifs and cleanliness. *Apropos* to the former, I certainly greatly incline to prefer them to the more classical and simple fashion of wearing the head wholly uncovered: there is something very feminine and pretty in a white, neat, well-plaited cap, set off by a bright coloured riband and smart knot; and I really think the French *paysannes* knew what they were about, when they so universally adopted that costume.

The country shortly changed to a scene of wonderful richness and beauty, resembling

the finest parts of Devonshire; but the view of an immense crucifix rising picturesquely amid the woods gave it a foreign character at once. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of this part of France; it is indeed exquisite, and doubly pleasing from its rarity. The unusual heat of the late summer (felt as sensibly as in England) had dried up most of the smaller rivers and brooks hereabouts, and the dust was actually flying in their sandy channels. We were now in Dauphiny.

A few miles before we entered Beauvoisin (which divides Dauphiny from Savoy), a very grand amphitheatre of the Savoy mountains rose suddenly upon us. The sight was peculiarly striking to me, as I had never yet seen the effect of this sort of scenery. We frequently observed buildings here of the *pisè* or mud, very neatly finished; indeed we were surprised to perceive how much they had contrived to make of so base and common a material. We met some countrywomen riding astride, which had a very odd appearance—*odd* is a vague term, and rather an unclassical one:

I am perfectly aware of its defects, but I cannot at this moment think of any other which would so well express my meaning; yet confound me not, kind reader, with that mass of ignorant and conceited persons, who always call every thing *odd* which they themselves either cannot understand, or to which they happen to be unaccustomed. Such, for instance, whom I have heard designating Byron's grand poetical conceptions as *odd fancies*, or the exquisite sketches of Westall's imaginative pencil as *odd things*, or calling the truly enlightened and liberal theological sentiments of Paley, Watson, Fellows, &c. *odd opinions*. But I have rambled strangely from the point; the little countrywomen and their nags completely ran away with me! In spite of the *oddity* of their position, I am ready candidly to allow that there is a great deal of safety in it.

Beauvoisin is in the near vicinity of prodigiously fine scenery. We passed through groves of the grandest chestnut trees, loaded with a profusion of fruit, and the whole face of nature afforded such a superb union

of the beautiful and sublime, that we thought all we had previously seen in France paltry in the comparison. The silkworm is much cultivated here, and we saw many of the peasants employed in spinning both silk and flax with distaffs and wheels; multitudes of women and girls were seated at their doors, as we passed through Beauvoisin, all busied in this occupation: they seemed to be chatting together very happily, their tongues going as fast as their fingers. I thought of Shakspeare's "spinners and knitters in the sun" telling "their tales." We dined at the horrid little hole of an inn at this place, dirty, dark, and full of the usual bad odours so prevalent in continental habitations. The meal was served, as might be expected, in a slovenly manner, and we were glad to proceed on our journey as soon as it was despatched; previously submitting our luggage, &c. to the inspection of the custom-house officers, having now entered the Sardinian territories.

We had not advanced far, ere the country opened, if possible, into an increased blaze of beauty. Close to us were well-wooded mountains; on the left, vineyards trained in

the graceful Italian fashion I have lately mentioned; far below us, on the right, was a limpid river, sweetly winding though a valley, and on all sides villas (beautiful in themselves and most romantically situated) lent an additional grace and charm to the scene. The road was a perfect bower of walnut trees; and the attractions of some of the peasant children, whom we now and then met, with their large black eyes, and peculiar style of beauty, told us that we were fast approaching the confines of Italy.

We now ascended a steep winding road, which leads to the summit of a mountain called *La Montagne de l'Eschelles.* I find it more than ever impossible to give any just and proportionate idea of the enchanting prospects which every moment rose upon our delighted eyes! to conceive them properly, they must be *seen.* We distinguished paths amid the woody sides of the opposite heights, which looked as lovely as if they led to Paradise; and I longed to spring from the confinement of the carriage, and to explore their wild and exquisitely romantic terminations, although the shades of

evening, fast closing upon us, might have rendered such an attempt most perilous. The low parapet wall, erected within the last eight years by that mighty enchanter Napoleon, (who seemed, while his "star was lord of the ascendant," to do all he wished with *un coup de baguette)*, preserved us from the danger of falling down the precipice which yawned by the side of our road; and also completely obviated the sort of nervous sensation which travellers are so apt to feel while gazing upon the awful depths which surround them! Upon turning a sharp angle, the rocks, in vast and stupendous masses, rose perpendicularly above our heads, amidst which we were amazed to perceive several cottages "perched like the eagle's nest, on high." Rousseau has ably painted this incomparable scene, in his *Nouvelle Heloise*, and I was gratified in thus convincing myself of the accuracy and truth of his pencil. As we passed near these lonely habitations, the breath of the cows belonging to the rustic inmates, mingled sweetly with the scent of the leaves and aromatic herbs, and added new fragrance

to the soft and refreshing winds of evening.' This wild ravine was succeeded by the milder beauties of a green and mossy bank, rising above smiling meadows; the contrast was striking. These are sights indeed, which might arouse the dullest of mortals, and which make the hearts of those gifted with sensibility and imagination swell high within them!

Echelles, a small town, standing in a valley, completely hemmed in with majestic mountains. We drank our tea and slept here at *La Poste*, and I sat out, as long as it was prudent, in an open wooden gallery, (which ran round the outside of the house, and commanded a view of the superb scene), talking with the hostess, a cheerful, well-looking young woman, who was overwhelmed by the number of her progeny. The youngest of the children, a little girl of three years old, came up to me and laid her head upon my knees, with the happy ease of innocent confidence, chattering bad French with all her might; the mother also introduced two of her sons to us (boys of five and seven), who ran in to bid her good night before they

went to bed, and to hug and kiss her. The youngest (a fine sturdy rogue) told me that he always said his prayers, and that after *le bon Dieu*, he loved "Maman." This woman, in the midst of her rustic simplicity, had had the true good sense of presenting the Deity to the infant imaginations of her children, under the attractive image of an indulgent parent, thus fulfilling the sacred command of "Give me thine heart." A convent of the Chartreuse still exists in the neighbourhood; I believe it is the famous convent of *La Grande Chartreuse*, a most interesting spot, but inaccessible to women. I made inquiries about some of the natural productions of these mountains, and learnt that so many superior simples and aromatic plants (*note* A) grew there, as to induce the apothecaries and chemists who lived within reach, to come in search of them very frequently.

We left Echelles early the next morning (our common hour of rising being five o'clock), and proceeded through a solitary road, winding at the feet of some desolate-looking mountains. Passing by several deep

quarries of limestone, we soon arrived at the tremendous ascent, known under the very appropriate name of *Les Eschelles de Savoy*. Here we stopped at a lone hovel, to add a couple of oxen to our usual three horses; but these animals being at work at the plough, we were obliged to be satisfied with the assistance of another horse. A girl accordingly brought him out, helped to arrange the traces, &c., and ran by his side half way up the mountain, till we had attained the most arduous pass, and then returned with him to her cottage. She wore her hair gathered in a knot at the back of the head, in the true Italian style. As we toiled along, we observed a *paysanne*, with a load upon her head (most probably on her early way to some village market), stop to pay her morning devotions at a shrine of the Virgin, rudely carved in wood, and placed in a niche by the road-side. How shall I describe the wonderful manner in which we climbed these frightful eschelles? We seemed to be drawn up by our straining, labouring horses almost in a perpendicular direction, and at a foot's pace. On

our left was a yawning chasm of immense magnitude, among a gloomy pile of frowning rocks, which might well be the abode of some ancient giant or geni; while further on, these same rocks, extending their mighty barriers on every side, seemed to hang tremulously over head, threatening to crush the hapless traveller, should sudden wind or storm arise to shake them from their precarious-looking base. The blue heaven above us was nearly shut from our sight by their dark and shadowy projections. Our guides (three or four in number, and resembling, in their wild, strange attire and features, a group of *Salvator Rosa*'s banditti) pointed out to us the ancient road, passable, even in its best days, by mules alone. It was a narrow ledge, with no defence whatever from the precipice on one side, winding in serpentine mazes through deep grottos, or chasms, in the bowels of the mountain. We saw a prodigious monument of Bonaparte's daring genius in a tunnel, which had been cut through the heart of these solid rocks, and beneath which a fine road was to have been made;

but his career of power having been so suddenly and awfully checked, the work remains unfinished. After shuddering amid the sublimity of these scenes for some time, their rugged character gradually softened upon us, and the tender green of the fern, mingling richly with the tangled underwood, began to make its welcome appearance. Far above our heads, also, dark forests of lofty pine were occasionally visible, although the lower crags of overhanging rock generally hid them from our view. At length the prospect expanded into verdant pastures (where cows and goats were peacefully browsing), shaded by beech, elm, chestnut, and apple trees, and skirted by softly-swelling banks, covered with a rich and mossy vegetation. The blue smoke wreath, frequently rising above the tufted foliage, marked the vicinity of hamlets, and the little orchards and inclosed patches of well-cultivated garden ground (seen here and there), and the groups of women spinning at their cottage doors, gave the whole an indescribable air of pastoral comfort and beauty. In the midst of this serene en-

joyment, my nerves were suddenly discomposed, by the fall of our postillion from his horse, who had stumbled, and now took the opportunity (during his short interval of emancipation) of looking in at the side window of the carriage; the last place certainly in which I either wished or expected to have seen him. However, no harm ensued, and we again proceeded quietly on our way. We could not but remark the extraordinary luxuriance of the hedges here, rich in nut trees, brilliant scarlet berries, convolvulus, blue bells, and other wild plants. The master of the post-house in the midst of these mountains seemed a great admirer of the magnificent genius of Napoleon, and said (speaking of the tunnel we had lately passed), *que cet homme la avoit bravè la nature:* he added, "that if he had reigned only two years longer, he would have completed this grand undertaking; but now all was at an end; for the king of Sardinia was not the sort of person to carry on the daring plans of his great predecessor." The manner in which this man described Bonaparte to have first conceived and de-

termined upon the work in question was strongly characteristic of the decision peculiar to the latter. He was passing through the ancient horrible road, with his engineer, stopped, and pointing to the mountains, said, "Is it not possible to cut a tunnel through the entrails of yonder rock, and to form a more safe and commodious route beneath it?"—"It is *possible*, certainly, sire," replied the scientific companion. "Then let it be done, and immediately," rejoined the emperor.

I was romantic enough to mourn over the fate of the mountain stream here, which (in common with many others we had seen) was so weakened by long drought, that it had scarcely force sufficient to pour its scanty waters over their rugged channel, and seemed to vent its complaint in weak murmurs, as it flowed feebly along. The grand cascade, which feeds its urn so nobly during winter, had now lost all strength and magnificence of character. We felt the air very sharp, even in this sultry season; and in the bleak months of the year I can easily conceive that the severity of the cold must

be intolerable. The grapes in such regions are always small and sour; they were not half ripe at the present time, and, indeed, never arrive at any perfection.

We breakfasted at *La Poste* at Chamberry, a picturesque town, and capital of Savoy, situated in the bosom of the fine scenery I have just described. The tops of its surrounding mountains (which form part of the endless chain of Alps) are hoary with eternal snows: they had a very striking effect. It was at Chamberry that that strange, inconsistent, wonderful creature, Rousseau, lived for some time with Madame de Varennes: his house is still shewn. The charm which, while he lived, he contrived to throw around the vices and frailties of his character, and the productions of his bewitching pen, is now broken, the spell is dissolved; but there are, nevertheless, immortal excellencies in many parts of his writings which must make their due and deep impression upon the hearts and imaginations of every successive reader, till time itself shall be no more.

To return to Chamberry. There is no

peculiarity of costume here, except that the *paysannes* all wear gold hearts and crosses; the poorer classes of silver, lead, or mixed metal. We changed horses at Montmeillant, and saw the fine river Isere, formed by the melting of the snows. The same sort of grand scenery continued. There were several charming *campagnes* (or gentlemen's houses) amid the mountains, half concealed by luxuriant woods. We longed to be invited (and able to accept such invitation) to spend a fortnight at one or other of them, in tranquillity and ease, in the society of agreeable, sensible people, who would sometimes allow us leisure to indulge in the luxury of solitude, and our own thoughts; for, without this latter privilege, one might just as well be in a fashionable drawing-room, in all the sophistication of Paris or London. It is among these scenes that Marmontel has chosen to place his heroine in the graceful little tale of the "Shepherdess of the Alps." But, alas! the poorer inhabitants of these fairy regions! how unworthy of such lovely Arcadian retreats! Almost all we met were

squalid, filthy, listless, and indolent: a blighted, blasted, wretched race, hardly deserving the name of human. Most of them were (in addition to their universal hideousness) afflicted with the disgusting disease of *goîtres*, to say nothing of total idiotcy, which is equally common amongst them. Leaving Marmontel's lovely fanciful creations in the clouds, from whence they came, these, these we found to be the "dull realities of life;" and such realities!—my imagination actually sickened at their idea. I will not hazard farther detail, lest I should equally shock the feelings of my readers.

The mountains, as we approached Aiguebelle, became yet more lofty and stupendous than any we had before seen; but they continued to wear the same features of luxuriant beauty, even in the midst of the sublimity of a grander scale of proportion. From their airy summits we could now and then descry the fall of a narrow perpendicular streamlet, sparkling in the sun like a line of melted silver. We reached Aiguebelle at four o'clock, dined, and slept. The entrance to the inn was

like that of a cow-house, or large old rustic stable, and the accommodations within were uncomfortable enough: not worse, however, than many which we afterwards encountered in various places on the continent. An evening walk, which we took here after tea, at the foot of the Alps, I shall never forget; romantic, beautiful, and wild beyond even the dreams of a poetical imagination. Passing through enormous masses of rock, consisting of argillaceous slate, called *schist*, in the foreground (at the entrance of a shadowy glade), we gradually ascended a winding path, by which we traced an opening through the richly-wooded recesses of one of the nearer mountains. Thick shady bowers of walnut trees (the largest our eyes had ever beheld) formed an agreeable sort of twilight, shedding a flickering gloom around, that well accorded with the pensive tone of our minds, as we stole silently along, wrapt in unfeigned and warm admiration of Nature and her wonderful creations, while a rippling spring, murmuring softly amid the mossy grass, assisted the dreamy sort of

reverie that hung like a spell upon us! A fair green meadow lay smiling at our feet; where notwithstanding the burning heat of the season, the cattle were feeding on as rich a pasturage, as that which skirts the Thames at Richmond. Far above (towering over our heads) were the snowy peaks of the highest Alps, half veiled in clouds of floating mist. I sat down upon a mossy stone, my companions stretched on the turf beside me; the silent, deep, and soothing tranquillity was broken only by the chirp of the cricket, the distant bark of a cottage cur, or the whirring flight of the bats who now were beginning their evening pastimes; one of them, in his airy wheel, almost brushed Mr. W.'s face with his wings, as he flew fearlessly past. As the night advanced, we were struck by the beautiful effect of the blazing weeds, which were burning on some of the surrounding heights. At length we unwillingly bade adieu to the enchanting spot, and returned to our inn.

We left Aiguebelle the next morning, rising at four o'clock, and proceeded to St. Jean de Maurienne, through a narrow valley,

inclosed by a chain of the same mountains, which rose to the height of about two or three thousand metres. A river, formed of melted snows, ran constantly by our side, now brawling and foaming over the rugged stones, now stealing silently along, in an almost imperceptible current, and often seeming wholly exhausted, forming merely a narrow runnel in the middle of its vast, sandy, rocky channel. Cottages were frequently dotted about here, some of them perched at such an incredible height, and apparently so inaccessible to human foot, that we could hardly conceive them to be the habitations of our fellow creatures! How the inmates continue to procure the necessaries of life from the adjacent hamlets in the valleys below, I cannot imagine, unless they are drawn up and down by ropes, in the manner which is so awfully described, in his "scene on the sands," by that bold painter from nature, the author of "the Antiquary." The singular and beautiful appearance of the opposite rocks told us the moment when the sun had risen to a certain height, but the first burst

of glory from that divine orb, it was not our lot to witness, as the east was hid from our sight by the overwhelming mountains that surrounded us. I confess I was disappointed at this circumstance, as the idea of beholding a perfect sun-rise had been the chief inducement to me to quit my warm bed at such a preposterously early hour, and to undergo with cheerfulness the disagreeable ceremony of hurrying on my clothes by candlelight! However, I was in some measure consoled by the lovely effect of the partial gleams, which played occasionally upon the distant objects; finely contrasting with the gloomy shadows of the dark ravines, and lighting up the spots of verdure upon which they brightly fell, they seemed almost kindling into a blaze of unearthly splendour. We passed here a small but romantic fall of water; and soon afterwards encountered (in one of those narrow passes so frequent among the Alps), and upon the brow of an abrupt descent, a waggon, drawn by restive mules. These animals flew about the road in every possible direction, rearing till they stood

on end, kicking and plunging in the most astonishing manner. The driver emulated their fury, and I know not which of the parties was in the right, they were all in such a passion together; we expected every instant to see their heels dash against the glass of our windows, but our postillion managed with so much skill and discretion, that we soon found ourselves safely *hors de l'embarras*. We were somewhat surprised at his admirable coolness and dexterity, as he was no experienced old stager, but on the contrary a mere boy. Solomon, however, justly observes that wisdom does not exclusively reside with white heads, as some veteran worthies have fondly flattered themselves, and this will account for the *sagesse* of our little driver, which might otherwise have been discredited, perhaps, by those, who constantly associate the ideas of youth and imprudence. I believe that the same author goes so far as to assert, that "wisdom giveth hoary hairs." I am not quite certain as to the accuracy of my quotation, or I should at once feel sure that I had discovered the reason why so

many of our beaux and belles evince such a horror of mental attainments. Talking of beaux and belles, we were now quite among their antipodes; for never did I behold such a set of dirty, slovenly, squalid, frightful creatures, as were perpetually crossing our path!—I can only say, that (like Sancho Panza and his goblins) having once seen two or three of them, I shut my eyes for the rest of the journey, although I could not stop my ears against the horrid guttural idiotical croak (resembling that of a choked raven) which they constantly maintained, as they ran begging by the side of the carriage. Mr. B. hoping to get rid of them, often threw out money from the windows, but this only attracted a larger flock, and we soon found our sole refuge was in pulling up the blinds the moment they appeared in sight.

We breakfasted at St. Jean de Maurienne, situated at the base of the higher Alps: it was dirty, as all the inns in Savoy are; and they gave us sour bread and butter, and muddled coffee, rather a mortification to travellers, who (however re-

mantic and enthusiastic) could not help feeling that they should have better relished better fare, after having gone three and twenty miles before breakfast! We met an Italian lady here, just come from Turin; who assured us, upon our expressing our admiration of Savoy, that we should think the scenery of Italy far more beautiful: I could not at the moment believe in the possibility of her assertion, and felt a presentiment that after having seen and compared some of the most striking features in these countries, I should not coincide with her in opinion; Italy (from all I had heard on the subject) possessing a different character of beauty; but difference does not constitute superiority: I should as soon think of comparing an apple and an orange—both are good in their way. If any body takes offence at the lowliness of my simile, I beg leave to refer him or her to that delightful writer (at all times, and upon such various subjects), Marmontel, who avails himself of the very same, and applies it in the still prouder instance of human intellect.

The river Arque rushes impetuously through this part of Savoy; we passed by a *voiture* overturned upon its stony banks, the wheels in the air, and front nearly touching the brink of the foaming torrent. The accident did not seem to be a very recent one, as no people were assembled about or near it. The Savoyards (those who are happily free from *goîtres*, &c.) are seldom brought up to any other trade than stone masonry; wandering about, following this *metier* in an itinerant manner. Many of the rustics appear well acquainted with the scientific terms of mineralogy and chemistry. We conversed with a common cottager in particular, who discoursed most intelligently upon the different substances of which these mountains are composed. We suffered a good deal of inconvenience from the dust, which flew here in such overwhelming eddies, that it completely filled the carriage, and more than once impeded my respiration most painfully. I could feel it gritting between my teeth, and irritating the windpipe; and when we attempted to close the windows against it,

the heat thereby increased became equally insupportable; the sun in these regions being so fierce that it absolutely burnt us when we drew up the blinds: still, the peculiar sensation of *weight* in the atmosphere, from which we experience so much oppression in England, seemed to be unknown in this climate; there was an elasticity in the air, superior to any of which we foggy islanders can boast, and the sky was perfectly Italian, of a deep blue cloudless ether.

At St. Michel, a neat village (comparatively speaking), the peasantry become more human; the *goître* begins to disappear, and the countenance to assume a more intellectual expression. Again the sublime effect of the river Arque attracted our attention. It is a regular mountain torrent, flashing and raving over tremendous rocks, with a rapidity and fury difficult to describe. If it was thus mighty during the present parching season, what must it not be in winter! The imagination shudders at the idea of its desolating force. I could scarcely trace the affinity of this

element with the tame, slow, glassy, silent waters to which I had been accustomed in my own country. It was like the sublime insanity of a superb human genius, when compared with the almost vegetable existence of a mere common plodding mortal.

The little narrow alpine bridges, occasionally thrown across this terrific stream, were highly romantic and beautiful. At this particular spot, dark forests of pine began to succeed to the more pleasing verdure of the tufted beech. They extended to the remotest pinnacles of the mountains, from whose brown sides, lower down, a number of sparkling springs were seen to gush dancing and flashing in the sun. Great quantities of barberry trees, and of the plant coltsfoot, were growing wild here.

Crossing a majestic mountain beyond Modena, we were shewn the Devil's Bridge (*note* B.), three hundred feet above the river. We ourselves looked proudly down upon it, from our eagle height, where we enjoyed the benefit of a noble and easy road, made (as usual) by order of Bonaparte; for which all travellers ought to feel

deeply indebted to him. Not that I attribute his works of this sort to benevolence rather than ambitious policy: but whatever the cause, we *voyageurs* have great reason to bless the effect! The postillion seriously assured us, as we gazed upon the abovementioned bridge, that it was originally built by the arch fiend, although he added, that "this had happened a great while ago." Mr. W. attempted to laugh him out of so ridiculous a belief; but he adhered to his point with immoveable gravity. I had always heard that the natives of mountainous countries were peculiarly liable to the impressions of superstition, and in this instance I had an opportunity of proving personally the truth of the remark. We regretted that time did not allow of our making a few more experimental researches into these matters: it might have been very interesting to have collected a set of legends from the mouths of the simple inhabitants; and I should have had considerable amusement in tracing their similarity to those of the Scotch Highlanders, the German, Swedish,

and other fond believers in romance. The king of Sardinia was at that time building fortresses upon this mountain, and two thousand men were employed in the work.

We met some Italian officers at Modena; they were fine men, and had a far more distinguished and gentlemanly *tournure* than the French. It is astonishing how vulgar and gross in appearance and manner all the latter were, whom we had yet had an opportunity of remarking. I had ever thought the subalterns and captains in some of our marching and militia regiments bad enough, but they were certainly much superior to the French officers. This reminds me, that in our apartment at the inn at Aiguebelle, we saw scrawled upon the walls a fierce *tirade* (written by some Frenchman) against that interesting work, "Eustace's Italy." We, of course, were not much surprised at the wrath therein expressed; and I myself think that Eustace bears evident marks of being under the dominion of prejudice, in speaking of the French as a nation.

Crossing another mountain, not far from Lans le Bourg, we were made doubly sen-

sible of the prodigious altitude of our road, by comparing the different proportions of the objects around: for instance, a water-mill at work in the valley below us appeared like a baby-house, and the stream which fell from the wheel not much more important than what might have issued from a large garden watering-pot. The rocks here were all wild, gloomy, and barren.

Arriving at Lans le Bourg, where we slept, we found the inn *(Le Grand Hotel des Voyageurs)* clean and comfortable, which was a delightful change to us, after the dirt and misery of those we had lately seen. It stood a short distance beyond the little town, on the brink of a roaring torrent. The host and his wife appeared flattered at our observation of their neat establishment, &c., and told us that it was not the first time their house had been complimented as being very like those in England. The next morning we pursued our route through the same magnificent scenes, and here we first saw a giant glacier, clad in his spotless mantle of everlasting

purity. At his feet (to give the reader some idea of his stupendous height and magnitude) lay a town; the steeple of its church did not appear taller than the extinguisher of a candle, which it also resembled in shape. Amid these solitary wilds the greatest variety of plants, flowers, &c. are to be found, and violets in profusion during the spring. We ate some strawberries, gathered here by the peasant children, for a large basket of which our host at Lans le Bourg paid a sum in value rather less than three English halfpence. The postillion and Christian gathered me large bunches of very fine wild raspberries, as they walked up the steep ascent. We were now upon Mont Cenis (*note* C.), of celebrated fame. My husband collected for me a few specimens of the lovely flowers which bloomed there, and which I have since put by as relics. One plant in particular (wholly unknown to any of us) I must mention. It is a poisonous but exquisitely graceful shrub, with spiral leaves, jagged at the edges, and clusters of brilliant scarlet berries, growing in the form of miniature bunches of grapes.

The postillion called it *la tourse*; but we did not feel quite sure of the accuracy of his botanical knowledge. Near the summit of this mountain we were shewn the spot where adventurous travellers sometimes descend to the town of Lans le Bourg upon a sledge, in the short space of seven minutes; whereas it takes two hours and a half to ascend in a carriage, or on a mule. The precipice looked horrible beyond description; yet the English frequently adopt this mode of conveyance during the winter: it is called *la ramasse*, and the amusement of sliding in cars at the *Beaujon* and *Les Montagnes Russes*, in Paris, was taken from this. As we continued to climb, the effect of the sheep feeding amid the rocky ledges, upon the grassy patches of land far below us, was curious enough. They appeared diminished to the size of those little round, white, fat inhabitants of a nutshell, which sometimes run races upon a china plate, or a polished mahogany table, after dinner. I believe their names are not mentioned in the Newmarket Calender; but my readers will know what I

mean. We here beheld a fatigued pedestrian, drawn up the steep path with much comparative ease to himself, by clinging to the long tail of a strong mule, upon which another traveller was riding.

The road over Mont Cenis is most superb: there are small houses at set distances, where dwell a regularly organized body of men, called *cantonniers*, whose business it is to keep the highway in repair, and to shelter and assist all *voyageurs* who may stand in need of their services. This was first ordered and arranged by Bonaparte. Upon reaching level ground, near the utmost summit, we were agreeably surprised by the sight of a small lake, of the most heavenly blue (the real ultramarine colour well known to artists), situated in the midst of a little plain of verdant turf: it was quite a scene of peace and repose, all view of the surrounding precipices being shut out. From this quiet haven we descended with rapidity and ease, at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour, with only two horses; while in going up on the other

side of the mountain, we found four unequal to drag us along at more than a foot's pace.

We passed by the Hospice, originally built by Charlemagne, and re-established by Bonaparte, who really put us in mind of the Marquis of Carrabas, in the fairy tale of "Puss in Boots;" for if we saw any road better than another, any house particularly well calculated for the relief of travellers, any set of guides whose attendance was unusually convenient and well ordered, or any striking improvement, in short, of whatever nature, and were induced to inquire, "by whom all had been done?" the answer was invariably, "Napoleon! Napoleon! Napoleon!" At this Hospice there is a set of monks, who bear a high reputation for benevolence and attention to travellers. A very lofty and majestic waterfall shortly afterwards greeted our eyes, grandly beautiful, though bearing no character of terror. It was the "roar of waters," not the "hell of waters," so admirably described by Lord Byron, in the fourth canto of his Childe Harold. The road here perpetually re-

turned upon itself, in zigzag windings, resembling the principle of a corkscrew staircase, and was, in the midst of grandeur and sublimity, both easy and safe.

The Alps, on the Piedmontese side of Mont Cenis, and to whose firm bases we were now fast descending, were infinitely more stupendous, more overwhelming in their proportions, and displayed stronger features of actual sublimity, perhaps, than those we had seen in Savoy; but we all thought them less rich in sylvan beauty, and far less enchantingly romantic in their general character. Our wonder was not, as formerly, mingled with delight; on the contrary, a shuddering sensation of horror took possession of our minds, as we involuntarily turned our eyes upon the various dark gulfs, and tremendous abysses, which yawned on every side. It was impossible not to feel, at every turn, that there were but a few inches between us and destruction. At length we reached the foot of the celebrated Rocca Melone, or Roche Melon, which is allowed to be the highest of the chain, and is nine thou-

sand feet from the base to the summit. We could now perceive a visible alteration in the costumes of the peasantry; the men came forth in coloured silk or cotton caps, with a long net bag hanging down behind, ending in a tassel: the women, in flat straw hats, lined with pink sarsenet, and jackets laced in front; exactly resembling those Italian groups of figures which I had formerly seen in the drawings of Mr. W——m L——k. I recognised them instantly as my old acquaintance, and felt myself in some measure *en pays de connoissance*. Our postillion had the true features of the Venetian Punchinello, and I almost expected to hear him squeak.

We dined at Susa (inn *la Posta*), and found it cleanly and comfortable; the people excessively attentive and civil; in short, we looked upon it as a most auspicious entrance into Italy. From Susa to San Giorgio our driver was a regular Italian wag, and I suspected he had got a little too much of the juice of the grape in his head, by the way in which he tore along the road, to the amazement of every quiet

passenger. At last we called to him, to inquire the reason of his violent proceedings. "I thought I was doing just what you liked best," was his answer; and it was with difficulty we could persuade him that we were not among the number of those English travellers who take delight in risking their own necks, and the lives of their horses, merely for the sake of "astonishing the natives!" This was the first and only instance of intoxication which we had witnessed upon the continent.

The dress of the women near San Giorgio is picturesque; a short blue petticoat, with several narrow, coloured tucks at the bottom, a high laced cap (something in the style of the French *cauchoises*), and bright necklaces, formed of boxwood beads, turned in an oval shape, and highly gilt, so as to resemble massy gold. The men all wore cocked hats. The verdure of the fields and trees here (the latter chiefly beech, olive, and lime) was delightful, owing partly to the late rains, which the people told us had fallen to the great refreshment of the long-parched earth; the whole air was em-

balmed with the fragrance of the limes: we had a strong sun, but at the same time, so reviving a breeze, so soft, pure, and elastic, that I never remember to have enjoyed any thing more, nor ever felt a greater degree of physical animation. This sweetly-breathing wind might (by poets) have been supposed the same which blew through the groves of Elysium. We now passed by a fine ruin of a castle, built upon a rocky eminence, and overhanging a brawling river. The peasantry in general were well looking, but we still observed several *goîtres* among them. Nothing struck us at this time with higher astonishment than the convent of Benedictines, an enormous, massive, dark pile of building, reared upon the topmost height of one of the grandest mountains here, and frowning over the valley below. I in particular remember this with the strongest impression of wonder and admiration; it perfectly seized upon my imagination, and involuntarily brought Mrs. Radcliffe's, and other tales of romance, to the recollection of us all.

At St. Antonine, (I sometimes avail myself of the French names of these places, as both French and Italian are equally used in this country), we first saw two *paysannes* with their hair twisted up *à l'antique*, and in long transparent veils of black gauze, which admirably suited their handsome dark eyes and eyebrows; this costume is sometimes worn over the high cap, but it then loses half its graceful effect. It struck me that if women in general were aware of the peculiar advantage and charm of a long floating veil, which thus shades, without concealing, the features, there would be but one style of head-dress in the world. In addition to these bewitching veils, the country girls at this place (St. Antonine) generally carry fans; we met several with them, made of bright pink paper, covered with gold spangles, and it appeared to us rather an incongruous implement in the hands of a village belle. Mass was performing as we passed, at a church of true Grecian architecture; upon the outside steps of which the people were kneeling with every symptom of devotion. In going through

a low valley beyond this town, narrow and extremely confined by the tall hedge-rows, where the circulation of air is in consequence impeded, we felt the heat almost intolerable; and the atmosphere exactly of that heavy nature from which we have often suffered during the summers of our own country. I must tell the truth (as it is fit all respectable *travellers* should do), and therefore am compelled to confess, that in passing over the continent, I was perpetually and forcibly struck with the defects of our English climate when compared with others. Condemn me not, ye red-hot John Bulls! remember that when the noble animal you resemble makes his fiercest attacks, he always shuts his eyes, in common with every prejudiced person.

At Rivoli, they were celebrating the fête of St. Bartholomew; many pretty women and fine spirited-looking men were among the groups of gay figures assembled there. The caps of the former were very remarkable, being composed of lace in the form of a high Roman casque or helmet, and worn over another of pink silk. The

church was ornamented with flowers and green wreaths; guns were firing, and a military procession going by as we passed: some of the girls wore pea-green jackets and red petticoats, some blue petticoats and white shift sleeves, and all had a bouquet of natural flowers in their bosoms.

From Rivoli, we emerged into the fertile and widely extended plains of Piedmont; the distant hills, richly tufted with woods, were studded thick with white villas (or *vignes* as they are called here), and we now entirely lost sight of those hideous *goîtres*, which had hitherto every now and then made their appearance, even in the midst of a generally handsome peasantry.

The approach to Turin was highly beautiful, through a long avenue of the finest trees; the town itself embosomed among gently rising hills, and adorned by the river Po, glassy and smooth as a mirror, and so transparent, that the banks and sky were reflected upon its breast, unbroken by a single wave or ripple. The buildings are very high, many of them extremely handsome, with white or coloured striped awnings

to every window, as a shelter from the noon-day sun. Our hotel (*Albergo del Universo*) stood in the middle of *La Place du Chateau*, immediately fronting the royal palace. The streets are clean, which indeed they ought to be, since through almost all of them a stream of the purest crystal water is perpetually flowing, contributing not a little, I should think, to the health and comfort of the inhabitants. We found apartments allotted to us in the *Albergo* of great height and size, with cove ceilings, and *en suite*; furnished with a curious mixture of poverty and magnificence, and ornamented by some exquisite and well chosen prints, from the designs of Poussin and other old masters; rather in better style, it must be allowed, than those of most English inns, where you find "Going out to hunt," "In at the death," "Matrimony and courtship," and such things, hanging over every chimney piece. But we found one annoyance here that almost disgusted me with Italy, in spite of her miracles of nature and art, and brought back the remembrance of English neatness and purity in a very forcible

manner: I allude to the circumstance of the vermin, which infest even some of their most expensive establishments, and quite destroy the sensation of comfort. There are other sins also in their household arrangements, which this nation share in common with the French: suffice it to say, that both one and the other are certainly the dirtiest race of beings I ever encountered. I did not much like the smell of garlic, on entering our hotel, where the host, waiters, and assistants, all puffed their *vile rocambole breath** in our face, as they bustled about, preparing for our accommodation. Neither could I relish their method of cookery, and, after the first trial, begged to have our future dinners drest *à la Française*. I know not what my friend Mr. T. would say to this, who I have heard vaunt his Piedmontese garlic truffles as one of the greatest delicacies of the table. To do the people of this hotel justice, I ought, however, to acknowledge that they seemed most anxious to please, and appeared delighted

* Vide Bath Guide, page 100.

when they succeeded. Nor did they attempt to impose upon us in their charges, although they formed exceptions, in this instance, to some other Italian innkeepers, by whom we were considerably annoyed and disgusted; the system of cheating and overrating on their parts, and of shameless begging from the lower classes, being in general carried to an astonishing excess: I must say, that we found the French far preferable in these respects. The royal residence here is a very magnificent and classical building, and *La place de St. Charles* is also very fine. The shops are universally built beneath the refreshing shade of piazzas, which is a very necessary circumstance, for the heat of the sun at noon would otherwise overpower their inhabitants. No business seems to be done at that time, at the public-offices, banking-houses, &c. Indeed the Italians say, *il n'y a que les chiens et les Anglois qui sortent à ces heures.* We proceeded to view the principal *lions* the next day, and, amongst others, the cathedral, which is a regular Grecian temple. The king's seat in a gallery above the high

altar, very splendidly adorned, but we agreed in thinking that this style of architecture (although beautiful in itself), was far less appropriate to a place of religious worship than the gothic. In this opinion (which I remember to have expressed before, in the beginning of my tour), I am not sure however, that we are not a little tinged with the ideas of gloomy solemnity (as connected with religion) peculiar to most of the northern nations; and I own (at all events) that I am guilty of an inconsistency in taste, because I have ever been a warm admirer of the bright, soft, and smiling type under which a different mythology has represented death. The poetical butterfly, bursting from its chrysalis, and soaring on triumphant wings to heaven, strikes me as infinitely more rational than the horrible (and low) taste which we have shown in selecting the skeleton as the most proper symbol of the same great and glorious mystery! a sort of *rawhead and bloodybone* plan, unworthy of so enlightened a people as ourselves, and which seems to answer no one purpose of religion or morality,

if impartially considered; but on the contrary to be well calculated to poison the innocent minds of youth with aggravated and unnecessary terrors, and to divert their attention from the nobler truths of immortality!

In the evening we drove upon the Corso in a *caleche*, the same sort of vehicle which we used while at Paris. The Corso is a pretty, cool, shady promenade, by the side of the river Po. The upper classes of Turin take the cool air of the evening here, every day, in their different carriages; we observed no pedestrians above the rank of the *bourgeoisie*. We met the king of Sardinia on horseback, not forming, (as is usual for sovereigns in England) the centre of a galaxy of stars and ribands, but riding first, by himself, followed by an escort of five gentlemen, among whom was his brother. He looked very earnestly into our carriage, and returned our salutation by taking off his hat in a graceful and courteous manner. He is a little thin man, apparently about fifty-five, with a countenance expressive of good nature. The

queen next rolled by, attended by all her suite, in an old-fashioned heavy coach and six, her coachman (big, fat, and important, sunk in his ample box) and her footmen in gay scarlet liveries, gaudily laced. The equipage altogether put me strongly in mind of that raised by the fairy for her god-daughter Cinderella, where the coach was originally a pumpkin, the coachman a fat hen, and the lackeys lizards! We saw shortly afterwards, during this brilliant promenade, the prince and princess of Carignano (who are adored by all ranks, and are continually active in every benevolent duty), and the Spanish, Dutch, and other ambassadors. The king shows himself to the populace in this manner every evening. We attended the Opera at night; the price of one of the best private boxes did not exceed twelve shillings, and the tickets of admission (being a separate concern) were about fifteen-pence. In London one thinks a box cheap at five guineas! The prince and princess de Carignano were present: the theatre is called by their name, but it is not the principal

one at Turin; there being another upon a larger scale, which was shut up during our *sejour* at that place: it is never used but during the carnival, or on some great occasion, in compliment to some foreign prince. The Carignano theatre is, notwithstanding, a handsome, spacious edifice, about the size of Drury Lane, and the scenery and machinery carried on in far better style than with us in the Haymarket. The drop curtain in particular caught my attention; it is an exquisite painting, representing the Judgment of Paris, his figure, beautiful and graceful in the highest degree, and the drapery remarkably fine. The Opera *(Il Rivale di se stesso,* by Veigi) was well got up, but we were not much struck with the music, from the whole of which we could only select one or two *morceaux* to admire: there was a clever *buffo (Signor Nicola Taci)*, and a very agreeable *prima donna*, whose style of singing and flexibility of voice sometimes reminded us of Catalani; her name was *Emilia Bonini.* The ballet was extremely superior to ours in numbers, and in minute attention to the accuracy of

costume; but there were no French dancers among them, and it is well known how inferior in the comparison are all others. The *grotesques*, however, (a species of dancers peculiar to Italy) were wonderful for activity and strength: they consisted of four men and two women, who really appeared to think the air their proper element rather than the earth; they flew about in every possible strange attitude, but were totally devoid of grace, to which, indeed, I believe they do not pretend. I found that I had by some means formed a very erroneous idea of the usual conduct of an Italian audience. I had expected to find a sort of breathless silence, and a refinement of applause, wholly different from the character of an English set of listeners; but on the contrary, they clapped as loudly as any John Bulls in the world, and even hissed one of the singers, who did not happen to please. I have subsequently mentioned this circumstance to those who are better acquainted with the customs of Italy, and learn that I have been quite mistaken all my life in this respect. The house (as well as those in France) was dark as Erebus.

which I cannot approve, for it evidently does not answer the purpose of increasing the brilliancy and the illusion of the stage.

The next morning we drove to Moncallier, about six miles from Turin, to call upon Madame N—, (an old acquaintance of our friend Mr. T.'s,) for whom we had letters. The coachman was an insufferable gossip, and we dreaded to ask him a question, sure that it would bring down upon us at least a dozen long answers. We did not go to the English minister's; that gentleman (Mr. Hill) being then absent for a fortnight at Genoa. We therefore had not the pleasure of presenting him with those letters of introduction to himself and other families at Turin, with which we were furnished by the kindness of Mr. T. who was also formerly minister here, and of whom the people still speak in those terms of enthusiastic gratitude, which his benevolence richly deserves. It was highly pleasing to me to listen to these details, nor were they imparted to us by one person alone; his reputation appeared to be in the hearts and upon the lips of every one who remembered him at all! But to return to

our visit to Madame N—: the vast expanse of fertile, fresh, and woody country seen from the heights of Moncallier, with the Po winding in graceful sweeps through the richest banks, is wonderfully like the prospect boasted by Richmond Hill. I was national enough to admire it the more upon this account, although I confess its superiority in the sublime back ground of the distant Alps and glaciers. When arrived at the termination of the carriage road here, we were informed of the necessity of alighting, and of walking a short distance to the garden gate that belonged to Madame N.'s *vigne*. This short distance proved to be upwards of half a league (a mile and half), leading through a stony lane of hot sand, (in which our weary feet sunk deep at every step), upon a very long and steep ascent. The hour of noon (which I have already mentioned to be intolerable in this country) rapidly approached, and the scorching influence of the sun caused the drops to start from our foreheads, and our hearts to sink within us, as we proceeded on our way; to make the matter worse, I had

attired myself that morning (little dreaming of such a walk) in a smart Parisian costume, with a triple flounce at the bottom of the petticoat, which by the time I had reached the end of this lane, formed a very pretty receptacle of dust and sand, scattering its contents most liberally upon my already blistered feet and ancles; a pair of thin, small slippers, also, (which I unfortunately wore) cut my insteps with their tight binding, and admitted at each step the sharp points of flint with which our path abounded! The guide (a bareheaded Piedmontese boy) did not understand above one word in ten of what was said to him, either in French or Italian, speaking a wretched and indistinct *patois* himself, which was equally unintelligible to us. He was a lively, arch little fellow, however, and made some amends for having seduced us into attempting the walk, by his encouraging signs that we should soon arrive at its termination. Indeed it would have been useless to have gone back, as we had already advanced so far upon our way; and there was no possibility of reaching the

house but on foot. I reproached him several times for replying only "*No, Signora,*" when I asked if such and such gates belonged to the *vigne* we were seeking; and could not help smiling at his desiring me to take courage, for that in a few minutes he should leave off saying "*No, Signora,*" and be able to please me better by "*Eccola, Signora:*" at length we reached the goal, and upon ringing, were ushered by two servant girls in their *paysanne* costumes, amid the barking of wondering dogs, into a romantic garden, where flowers, fruit, vegetables, and grapes, all flourished together without any attempt at regularity, forming a singular and most agreeable melange. This *vigne* commanded an exquisite and extensive prospect of the plains of Piedmont, and the distant mountains. A grave, respectable *femme de chambre* now made her appearance, and speaking in English, conducted us into the house, where in a few minutes Madame N. herself received us with a degree of frank politeness, and a warm and unaffected hospitality of manner, which was extremely pleasant to

meet with, and quite a novelty to those who like ourselves had been accustomed to the reserve (I may say ultra-reserve) of many Englishwomen. Both mistress and maid (the latter personage above-mentioned having lived with Madame N. ever since she was a girl) had a foreign accent and idiom, in speaking our language, although they were really of English birth, and had passed their youth in the county of Suffolk or Norfolk, I forget which. We were much struck with the difference of this little country house from those to which we had been used in England, it bore so completely the Italian character; all the rooms were in *demi jour*, having the *jalousies* closed, to shield them from the sun at this sultry time of the day: marble in profusion rendered their appearance doubly cool, brick floors and light green stucco walls, still preserving the air of a cottage residence, in which an English eye is surprised at meeting the former costly material. A few beautiful frescos, and water-coloured drawings of mountain scenery, evidently from the hand of a master, a

gaily painted ceiling, and a guitar thrown carelessly upon a pianoforte, told us we were in the land of the arts. Passing into the small dining-room, opening upon the garden, through a porch thickly shaded with vines, we saw the table ready laid for dinner, to which we were cordially intreated to remain: it was entirely covered with large vine leaves, spread upon the white cloth, and amid which we perceived wooden spoons and forks, in a true Arcadian style. Nothing could have a cooler or more refreshing effect than this verdant board prepared for

> "————all those rural messes,
> Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses."

We were not, however, at liberty to accept Madame N.'s invitation to share her simple meal, having left our friend waiting dinner for us at Turin. She told us of a late visit she had been making to the mountains: their party consisted of a few intimate friends, who, joining in a sort of gipseying scheme, hired lodgings for three weeks, at the humble cottage of one of the

poor inhabitants of these remote and solitary regions. They carried their own cooking utensils, some provisions, and a complete set of common earthen-ware dishes, plates, wooden spoons, knives and forks, &c. These they presented to their host at parting, whose gratitude and delight at the splendid gift, she said, were unbounded. He repeatedly exclaimed, "too much! this is too much!" what beautiful things! they are far too good for me!" Their value in toto was about five English shillings; but this unsophisticated child of nature, used to every sort of privation, knowing but few wants, and totally ignorant of the customs and habits of the rest of the world, really imagined that it was a princely donation. The manners of the people in these wild mountains are primitive beyond all conception, and their morals so pure, their affections so warm, and their language so artless and unrestrained, that they seemed as if just fresh from the hand of the Creator in the beginning of the world! Altogether they had made such a strong and touching impression on Madame

N.'s mind (who is herself the purest and most romantic child of nature), that she said she should regret their society, and remember their singular virtues and innocence as long as she lived. The advocates for the doctrine of original depravity, and who deny that man is rendered vicious chiefly by circumstances, might have been somewhat staggered in this "plain tale," so truly calculated to "put them down."

Speaking of the Italian character, and more particularly of their excellence in the fine arts, she confirmed the truth of what so many accurate and enlightened observers have remarked, namely, "that the genius of an Italian is so peculiarly indigenous to his native soil, so intimately and vitally dependant upon the favouring and animating breath of his own ardent clime, as to faint, droop, and often wholly to wither, in the chilling atmosphere of foreign lands!" Like the giant son of the earth, who wrestled with Hercules, his power, his very existence, is drawn wholly from thence. Madame de Staël, in her Corinne (that work, whose kindling eloquence, depth of feeling, in-

imitable powers of language, and historical truth, as a portrait of Italy, is so universally admired by the best judges of excellence, and so clamoured against by the tasteless and ignorant cavillers of the day), has forcibly illustrated this truth; as has also Canova, in his own person. Madame N. related an answer which the latter made to Bonaparte (who had sense and elevation enough to appreciate this modern Praxiteles as he deserved), upon being reproached for indolence, and want of professional exertion while at Paris: "Emperor!—Canova cannot be Canova but in his native Italy; she is the source of his inspiration; his powers are palsied in the separation!"

We walked in the garden of this pretty *vigne*, after having partaken of the refreshment of fruit and wine and water within, and were surprised at the bruised and battered appearance of the grapes; they had been all nearly destroyed a short time before, by a violent storm of hail; the congealed drops of this destructive element being larger than a small bird's egg, or a gooseberry! What a scourge to the poorer

classes, whose only wealth frequently consists in their vineyards! (*note* D).

We now took leave of our friendly, though new, acquaintance; who, not satisfied with having pressed us to pass a few days with her here, also offered us the use of her winter residence in Turin, if we had staid longer, assuring us we should find it more comfortable than a hotel. Before I quit her, however, I should mention the curious difference which she pointed out to us, in the necessary expenses of an Italian and an English domestic establishment: the comforts, and even luxuries, of the former clime being obtained at so much more reasonable a price than those of the latter, as to seem almost incredible. She told me, that for five or six hundred a year a person might keep two houses (one in Turin, and one in the country), a carriage, a box at the Opera, an appropriate table, and be able to receive friends under his roof with perfect ease. Further up, among the more retired mountains, and relinquishing the accommodation of a carriage, you might live most comfortably (although, of course, upon a very small scale

of establishment) for fifty pounds per annum. She added, that in her own case, an income which gave her the reputation of a "rich widow" in Turin, would not purchase her a decent roof, and bread and cheese, in London. I have no means of ascertaining that this statement is correct, or exaggerated; I merely relate the circumstance. We found our friend, Mr. W., in expectation of our return, at the hotel:

> "We entered,
> And dinner was served as we came;"*

for which we had a better appetite than could have been imagined, after all our fatigues. The heat of the weather would not admit of our going out till the evening had considerably advanced, when we again drove about the town. The waiter (who, by the way, was one of the best looking of his kind we had seen, being particularly remarkable for the elegant expression of his countenance (if I may apply that word to one in his rank of life), as well as the regularity of his truly Grecian features), told us, that the late summer had been the

* Goldsmith.

most sultry that the people of Turin were able to remember; and that he himself had found the heat so unusually oppressive, that he had hardly been able to taste food during the time of its continuance. Having occasion to write letters this evening, we sent for materials, and by the appearance of the golden sand which was brought to us, thought the river Pactolus ran through the town instead of the Po. Ice is used in profusion here, in the preparation of almost every beverage; and there are large meadows overflowing with the clearest streams of water, kept solely for this purpose. We went into a bookseller's shop during our stay, where we were agreeably surprised by seeing a translation of Rob Roy upon the table, which we were assured was much relished in Italy, and was extremely popular. A proof (if any were wanting) of the intrinsic excellence of the work, even considered without reference to its merits as a mere national picture. We observed also a sermon, which had been preached upon the death of our lamented Princess Charlotte; the style, as

I slightly turned over the leaves, appeared highly pathetic, and the expressions of pity and regret very forcible and natural. It was altogether a tender and soothing gratification to our feelings as natives of England.

Priestcraft struck us to be the staple trade of the place; the swarms of dismal, sly-looking, vulgar figures, in their black formal costume, were beyond all belief, and the idea of a flight of ravens came into my head every time I saw them. Passing by the market, we were astonished at the quantities of peaches exposed for sale. They are as common in Italy as potatoes with us. Some small ones of an inferior sort were then selling at the price of four or five English halfpence for three pounds weight of fruit. We went the next day, in the cool of the evening, to drive, as usual, about the environs, and intended to have called upon the Marquise d'A—— *(née d'A.)*, for whom we had letters of introduction; but were prevented by a violent and sudden storm of rain, thunder, and lightning. The effect of its coming on was

wonderfully grand and beautiful; a painter would have been in ecstasies; and we were highly interested in the sight. Looking back upon Turin, we beheld the town, and the conspicuous convent of Capucins, their white walls starting luminously forth from a background of lowering clouds of a purple hue, indicative of the gathering tempest, which in a few moments darkened into the most awful gloom that can be imagined. We put up the hood and leather apron of the carriage, and drove rapidly homewards, while the clouds burst over our heads, and the rain descended in absolute sheets of water. We could not help being delighted with the refreshing change. If Pythagoras's doctrine is true, I am convinced I must formerly have been a duck; for never creature of that nature enjoyed the sort of thing more than myself. The lightning continued for nearly an hour, accompanied by tremendous bursts of thunder, louder than the loudest artillery, the wind howling at the same moment as if in the depth of winter, which, joined to the constant rushing sound of the rain falling from the

projecting roofs and broad water-spouts of the surrounding buildings, formed the most sublime concert of wild sounds that I ever heard. We were told that storms are almost always thus violent in the near neighbourhood of the Alps.

Before I quit the subject of Turin, there are a few more observations, which, however desultory, I will not withhold, although they sometimes may relate to things which we did not ourselves see, owing to the extreme heat of the weather, and the shortness of our stay. Among these is the church of the Superga, which I advise every traveller to visit, knowing how amply his trouble would be repaid by the very noble view that it affords, and the peculiar interest and magnificence of the structure itself. In a clear day the spire of the cathedral of Milan may be discerned from thence, at the distance of eighty miles. To inspect the convent, in all its details, it is necessary for ladies to procure previously an order from the archbishop of Turin.

The Colline de Turin, in addition to its natural beauties, presents two other objects

worthy of being seen: the Vigne de la Reine (a very elegant little summer retreat), and the picturesque and romantic convent, which is the burying-place of the knights of the supreme order of the Annunciade, in the neighbourhood of which are found considerable masses of that fibrous schist, called asbestos.

Bonaparte, it must be allowed, has made considerable amends for the mischief which his army occasioned at Turin, by the handsome bridge he caused to be built in place of a miserable wooden one, and by weeding the country of its too numerous monastic institutions, a few of which only have been restored by the present government. As the seeds of revolutionary principles are apt to retain their vital heat, even when apparently crushed beneath the foot of power, one cannot be surprised that a good deal of unpopularity attends the present sovereign among certain classes. But his truly paternal government is nevertheless cherished with affection by many, as the following fact clearly proves, which I learned from the most indisputable authority. There existed an *impôt*, highly profitable to the revenue, but

'which the king believed to be vexatious and unpopular. He was accordingly taking measures to repeal it, when, unexpectedly, he received addresses from different parts of the country, expressive of their conviction that this resource to the revenue was necessary; and such was their confidence in the certainty of his majesty's relinquishment of it, the moment the situation of the finances would allow him to do so without inconvenience, that they were content willingly to submit to it until that period arrived.

We regretted not being able to visit Genoa, the magnificence of which city, and its beautiful bay (the latter hardly inferior to that of Naples), is much talked of. With respect to this portion of his Sardinian majesty's new subjects, we were told that a considerable time will be necessary to reconcile them to the loss of their independence.

We should have been glad to have availed ourselves (as I said before) of our letters of introduction to Mr. Hill, had he been at Turin, as we had heard much of the affable and amiable manners of the Piedmontese nobility. I have, indeed, always under-

stood that they were remarkable for quickness and penetration. These latter qualities distinguish their diplomacy at the several courts of Europe. From the abominable *patois* which they speak, I should think both gentlemen and ladies must be singularly clever and engaging, to rise superior to such a disadvantage: it seems to be a corruption of French and Italian, and to spoil both. They say, however, that it is very expressive: all ranks are much attached to it, and (strange to relate) it is spoken at court, French being only adopted when foreigners are present.

In this threshold of Italy, one expects to find a considerable progress in the arts, nor were we disappointed. Painting, sculpture, orfévrerie, music, &c. have attained to a very fair and reasonable height, and some of their manufactures are particularly good; especially where silk (the great riches of the country) is employed. Their damasks for hangings are beautiful, both for patterns and colour. They are the common furniture of all their best apartments, and exceedingly cheap; one third perhaps of what they could be manufactured for in

England, whither their raw silk is sent every year to an immense amount, and under a no less immense duty; a certain proportion of it is requisite to mix up with our Bengal silks. The light gauzes manufactured at Chamberry are a very elegant and favourite article of dress.

Several of the English nobility have been educated at the university of Turin, which used to be the most considerable in Italy; the system of education having been carried on in a most liberal and gentlemanly style. There is a remarkable and interesting little protestant colony, which also deserves mention,—the Vaudois, who, surviving the cruel persecutions of the dark ages of the church, have for many centuries (certainly before the twelfth) preserved their existence in the midst of this catholic country, and within thirty miles of its capital. They are a very quiet, moral, and industrious people. They owe their ease and safety to the protection of some of the protestant powers, and especially that of Great Britain, whose minister is particularly instructed to attend to their interests, and to their enjoyment of the

toleration that is allowed them; they are, like our catholics, deprived of many privileges; but lately his present majesty has consented to allow a salary to their priests. Cromwell supported these people with peculiar energy.

We left Turin the next morning. The fresh and balmy spirit of the air was delightful, and we had a glorious view of the glaciers which hem in this fair city, the new-risen sun shining brightly upon their snowy and fantastic summits: the host went by, in early procession; all the people as it passed dropped on their knees, in the dirt of the street, and devoutly made the sign of the cross. We met two friars, whose picturesque and really dignified appearance formed a great contrast to the demure, fanatical, formal-looking priests, whom we had hitherto seen in all quarters of the town. These friars were complete models for a painter; their bare feet in sandals, rosary and gold cross by their side, superb grey polls and beards; the latter "streaming like meteors to the troubled air." We now paid toll at the first turn-

pike we had seen during the last seven hundred miles. I believe I have before mentioned that it was Bonaparte who abolished this troublesome system, and who really seems to have favoured the interests of travellers in every respect. The cottages in this neighbourhood were pretty, and many of the little porches and doors were overgrown with the broad verdant leaves of the pumpkin, whose orange-coloured blossoms had a remarkably gay and rich effect.

At Settimo we saw a beautiful girl, with the true Grecian line of feature, long oval cheek, dark pale skin (fine and smooth as marble or ivory), curled red lips, with long cut black eyes and straight eyebrows; her profile was not unlike that of Mrs. E., so celebrated in her day for regularity of outline.

Between Settimo and Chivasco we passed over a curious bridge, formed of planks, thrown across four boats, which were fixed immoveably in the river, by strong cords fastened to posts. The shape of these boats, and also of many we observed upon the Po, resembled that of an Indian canoe.

The turnpike was a little thatched hut, erected upon the middle of this bridge. Refusing to comply with the importunities of an old Italian beggar woman here, she poured forth a volume of various maledictions upon us; being not at all inferior in this sort of eloquence to the amazons of our St. Giles's or Billingsgate.

The money (gold coins, I mean) of Italy are of very pure metal, without alloy; you may (as a proof of it) bend them into any shape with the fingers.

An accident happened to us near Rondizzone, which was rather alarming, but happily passed over without any serious consequences. The bridle of the centre horse breaking, we were violently run away with by the hot-headed animals; nor could the postillion stop them by any effort. This was rendered more distressing by the circumstance of our going down a steep hill at the moment. We called out repeatedly, and waved our hands for assistance to one or two peasants who were passing, making signs for them to catch the bridle, if possible; but they seemed to turn a deaf ear

to our entreaties, never offering to make the smallest attempt to relieve us. By the time we reached the bottom of the hill, however, which was fortunately a long one, the creatures felt tired, and stopped of themselves.

At Cigliano we took a *dejeuné* at *L'Albergo Reale*, and while it was preparing, stood in the open gallery on the outside of the house, gathering from a vine, which overshadowed it, the most delicious Frontigniac grapes that I ever remember to have tasted: indeed their flavour was exquisite, but the people did not appear to think them of any particular value, leaving them freely to the attacks of every traveller. Here we first drank the *vino d'Asti*, a light wine of the country, which we thought extremely pleasant, tasting like the best sweet cyder. I formerly thought that the flies of this country would probably be much of the same sort as those in England; but they turned out far more impertinently troublesome, inflicting their tiny torments without mercy, being equally obnoxious to man and beast; a true impu-

dent, blood-sucking race! This reminds me, that under the head of *vermin*, I ought to have recorded a disagreeable surprise felt by Mr. B. at the Opera at Turin: feeling something tickle his forehead, he put up his hand, and caught hold of a monstrous black spider, at least four inches in circumference. The people at the hotel, to whom we related the circumstance, said it was rather an uncommon thing, but which sometimes occurred. The country, since we turned our backs upon Turin, was monotonous, and only relieved by the chain of Alps in the distance.

At San Germano we observed a very graceful costume among the peasant girls, and women of all ages; those who were advanced to extreme old age still continuing it without any variation. I allude to the wearing silver pins or bodkins in the hair behind, the long tresses of which are tied together with a narrow black riband, and divided into two braids. These are then coiled into a round shape at the back of the head, and fastened to the roots of the hair by these ornamental pins, which

are about a finger in length, and have large heads, like beads. Their points form the radii of a circle, and are plainly discovered amid the shadowy locks which they thus support. The landscape here was flat and uninteresting; but we remarked a great deal of pasture land. The trees chiefly consisted of stunted willows, planted in straight lines. There were no villas, or even hamlets, to be seen, and the *tout ensemble* was almost as tame and as ugly as that of the Netherlands. The first dulcet notes of true Italian music, we heard at Vercelli: a baker's wife, who lived next door to the *Albergo della Posta* (where we stopped to change horses), sat working and singing in her shop. It was the most elegant, yet simple, air imaginable, and her voice possessed the soft mellifluous tones of a faint but mellow flute. She had a peculiar ease and flexibility also in the execution of several charming and brilliant little graces, which delighted me. I thought it was extremely improbable that this woman could have had the advantage of a master in the art; and yet her style was finished in

the most perfect sense of the word; being simple, yet refined; pathetic, yet chastely ornamented. She was plain in face and person; but her lips half open looked almost pretty, as she emitted these sweet sounds, without discomposing a muscle. An effect was thus produced, without effort or instruction, which is frequently denied in our country to the pupils of the most celebrated teachers, although every exertion has been cheerfully and indefatigably made, both by master and scholar. But there is no convincing some people that there are things which are not to be taught. Had I a daughter, I would never allow her the assistance of a music master until I perceived, by unequivocal tokens, that nature had qualified her to do credit to his instructions; and hence waste of time, patience, temper, and money, would be avoided. My baker's wife I shall never forget; and if her example would have opened the eyes of half the world in England (who really seem to be music-mad in the present age), I wish that she had had an opportunity of exhibiting her gift, and of mortifying the silly am-

bition, while she soothed the ears of them all. How have I smiled to see people toiling to acquire the knowledge of composition and thorough base, when I have been certain that they have not possessed a spark of native genius to enable them to make any use of these rules after all. Prometheus formed an image, but it was only fire from heaven that could make that image man!

The costume of the women at Vercelli became still more picturesque than those of San Germano, as the bodkins which the former wore were much handsomer, some being of silver filligree, and others of silver gilt, the heads worked and embossed with great taste and richness. We saw large fields of rice here; this grain has a singular appearance, something between the barley and oat: when viewed closely, it has about twelve ears upon each stalk. The hedges by the road side were of a species of acacia, forming a very graceful foliage, but not growing to any height or size. I got out of the carriage to examine the manner in which the women inserted the pretty orna-

ments I have just described into their hair. I found them (like the French *paysannes*) extremely courteous and frank in their manners, and they seemed flattered by the attention their costume had excited. An old man stood by, holding the hands of his two little grand-children; he observed (in the usual *patois*) that they were beautiful rogues, and he was right, for I have seldom seen sweeter children; very dark, with the bright yet soft black eye peculiar to Italians, and which both Sir W. Jones and Lord Byron, catching the poetical idea of the eastern writers, have so happily defined, (or rather painted) by a comparison with that of the roe or gazelle. One of these darlings had wavy curls of the darkest auburn hair. What a pity that such lovely cherubim faces and silken locks should not have been kept free from dirt and——worse than dirt! but it is always the case here, the poorer classes are invariably filthy.

The same tiresome and tame style of country continued until we reached Novara; where we dined and slept at *l'Albergo d'Italia*. The latter was a horrible-looking

place; my heart sank within me, as we drove into the court, for if I was so bitten by the bugs, &c. at the superb albergo of Turin, I naturally conceived I should have been quite devoured here! This was a striking proof, however, of the truth of that moral axiom, which tells us, "it is not good to judge of things at first sight," and also that it is absurd to consider them on the dark side, since at this same inn we found every comfort: the dinner was served in a cleanly manner (the knives, forks, and spoons were really washed), and we enjoyed a night of calm repose, undisturbed by vermin of any sort. The gentlemen went in the evening to an Italian comedy, at the theatre here, which was a neat building, entirely fitted up with private boxes and a parterre, the scenery and costumes far above mediocrity, and the orchestra very tolerable; but the length of the Italian dialogues, and the unnatural bombast of the actor's delivery, soon fatigued their attention and exhausted their patience, and they were glad to return home to indulge unrestrained an overwhelming propensity

to sleep. The women at Novara were much better looking than any we had yet seen in this country; the custom of gently parting the hair upon the forehead, *à la Madonna*, finishing with a soft ringlet behind each ear, and the longer tresses confined in an antique knot, gave an air of infinite grace to the head and throat, and appeared to us to be in far better taste than that of the French, which strains up the long hair to the crown of the head, rendering the forehead quite bald, save at the temples, where a lank straggling greasy curl always is left hanging down upon the cheek, which has a formal and unbecoming effect. Apropos to personal charm. I was assured before our departure from England (by an amateur artist of high genius and feeling, and who had lived for years in different parts of Italy), that we should find there a small number of what are generally called "pretty women," in comparison with what we had been used to see in our own country; but that when real Italian beauty was occasionally encountered, it was of that decided and exquisite nature,

as to be infinitely superior to any which England's daughters can boast. Even my slight experience has perfectly convinced me of the truth of the remark. I am national enough to be sorry for it, but it cannot be helped; we must submit to this mortification of our vanity, and if we do it with a good grace, may probably find that quality *plus belle encore que la beauté* of power to captivate, where regularity of feature has failed.

The first stage of our journey the next day did not afford us any relief from the insipidity of country of which we had complained since leaving Turin. We saw here (as in most parts of the continent) large tracts planted with corn, here called *melliga*, and remarked a good deal of meadow land; but we did not once taste cream either in Italy or France (except at Samer, and afterwards at Quillacq's hotel at Calais, when we were treated with a few spoonfuls in our tea of a rich sort of milk which boasted that name), nor was Paris itself exempt from the want of it. This wearying sameness in the landscape was at length agreeably broken by the prospect of a vast

common, where the purple heath-flower, with which it was entirely covered, wet with dew, gleamed like an amethyst in the morning sun. Yet even here, I missed the gay variety of the bright golden broom, which invariably is found upon our commons at home—Home! the term always makes my heart throb with pleasure and pride; I know not why, but at that moment its idea rose in vivid strength before me, softened and beautified by the colours with which memory never fails to adorn a beloved object in absence. I felt, (and my companions warmly participated in my sentiments) that our dear little island had charms of a different nature, but in no way inferior, to those even of this favoured land, so celebrated, so enthusiastically vaunted, by the poet and the painter. I felt (and what Englishwoman ought not to feel?) that I could truly exclaim in apostrophizing my native country,

"Where'er I go, whatever realms I see,
"My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee."

And yet, reader, we were no *bigots* in the cause, for we could discern foreign ex-

cellence and deeply feel it, and we could perceive where England's faults lay, could acknowledge those faults, and wish that they were rectified; and this, I am sorry to say, is not always the case with our countrymen, many of whom have listened to all commendations of other nations, as if they were so many insults offered to our own. It seems wonderful that such feelings should in these enlightened days exist among persons who are not actually fools, nor of that class of society in which a want of education necessarily induces ignorance and prejudice; yet so it is, unfortunately, as it has more than once been my lot to witness.

We now passed the river Tessin, by means of a bridge of boats. It was much impaired in beauty and force, by the heat of the late season, but we could easily imagine that in general its portion of both must be extreme. Bonaparte had begun to build a fine and permanent bridge across it, but fate intervened, and it is left unfinished, like his own eventful history.

At Buffalore, the *douaniers* were tire-

some enough, according to *custom* (pardon the pun), but we conducted ourselves towards them with great patience and civility, which (together with a little *silver* eloquence) soon touched their stony hearts. Indeed it would have been useless to have done otherwise, as I never yet heard of any body being able to soften rocks with vinegar, except Hannibal; and I consider even that instance to be apocryphal.

We arrived at the grand city of Milan early, and proceeded immediately to visit the cathedral, that mighty *duomo*, of which Italy is so justly proud. We were absolutely silent with admiration and wonder, upon first seeing this stupendous work of art, and I really despair of doing it justice in description; like many other things, it must be seen to be fully comprehended and appreciated. St. Peter's at Rome is generally accounted the superior miracle of genius; but I believe there are many imaginations which have been more forcibly impressed with the effect of this. In the first place, the *material* claims pre-eminence, being entirely of white marble, brought from the

Lago Maggiore. It is of gothic architecture, and was begun in the year 1386: the plan of the choir and the two grand organs were given by the celebrated Pellegrini, and the façade, which had remained for so many years unfinished, was completed by Bonaparte, from the simple and superior designs of the architect Amati. Various statues and bas reliefs, with other costly ornaments in spotless marble, ornament the outside; and the interior has no less than five naves, supported by one hundred and sixty superb columns of the same magnificent material. Immediately beneath the dome or cupola (which is by Brunellesco) is a subterranean chapel, where sleeps the embalmed body of Saint Carlo Borromeo, (the Howard of his age, and an ancient archbishop of Milan), enshrined in a coffin of the purest rock crystal, inclosed in a tomb of solid silver, splendidly embossed, and of enormous size and value. The pillars which support this chapel are alternately of silver and of the most exquisite coloured marble, highly polished. The wax tapers, which were lighted by the guides, to enable us to thread the dark

mazes of this magnificent dungeon (for I can call it by no other name, debarred as it is from the sweet air and light of heaven), cast a stream of gloomy radiance upon our somewhat lengthened visages, and dimly illuminated the buried treasures of the tomb. Never, surely, since the days of Aladdin, has there existed so imposing a scene of sepulchral wealth and grandeur! Having expressed a wish to see the saint (who I ought to mention has now been dead for nearly three hundred years), the priest (first putting on a sort of cloak of old point lace, and crossing himself with an air of profound respect and reverence), assisted by the guide, began to set some mechanical process at work; by means of which, as though by a stroke of magic, the silver tomb appeared to sink into the earth, the lid flew up as if to the roof of the chapel, and the body inclosed in its transparent coffin was suddenly exhibited to our wondering gaze. It was habited in a long robe of cloth of gold, fresh as if just from the loom; on the head was a mitre of solid gold (presented by one of the former kings of Spain), and by

the lifeless side, as if just released from the powerless hands which were crossed upon its breast, lay a crosier, of massy chased gold, studded with jewels of extraordinary richness and beauty; the price of which was scarcely to be reckoned, and whose magnitude and lustre were wonderful! They sparkled brightly in the rays of the taper, as if in mockery of the ghastly spectacle of mortality which they were meant to honour and adorn. Nothing certainly could well be imagined more alarmingly hideous than St. Carlo Borromeo; and why the humiliating exhibition of his corporeal remains should thus be produced to the eyes of the careless multitude, when the qualities of his noble and benignant soul should alone be remembered and dwelt upon, I cannot possibly conjecture. What a strange perversion of taste, and what a ludicrous method of evincing gratitude and admiration! A very brief account of the virtues of this good archbishop may not be unwelcome to my readers. He was the head of the noble family of Borromeo, and equally distinguished for his extraordinary benevolence

towards mankind, and his elevated sentiments of piety towards God. Not satisfied with possessing the respect and homage of his fellow creatures, he placed his happiness in soothing their griefs, relieving their wants, and in gaining their warmest affections: he rather wished to be considered as a father than a superior, and the superb head of the clergy was merged in the benevolent friend of the people. His whole fortune was devoted to their service, and during a year of famine he had so completely exhausted his annual income in feeding others, that he literally was left totally destitute either of food or ready money, one evening when he returned to his episcopal residence, fatigued and exhausted with the charitable labours of the day. This benign enthusiasm, kindled in early life, never relaxed to the hour of his dissolution, and he was after death canonized as a saint by the universal consent of all ranks of persons, as might reasonably be expected; and with far more justice than many of his calendared brethren. I am afraid, nevertheless, that he does not quite

come up to the ideas of moral and religious perfection, entertained by a Faquir of India, or a strict Calvinist of our country; for he certainly never stuck any nails into his own sides, or planted the thorns of terror in the agonised bosom of all, whose notions of duty happened not exactly to agree with those he himself entertained. He persecuted, he despised, he denounced no one; and he considered all mankind, whether protestant or catholic, as equally entitled to his good will and benevolence!—To return to the narrative of our individual proceedings, we retired from the cathedral, with our imaginations rather disagreeably impressed by the splendid yet disgusting spectacle we had there witnessed; and instead of remaining at home all the evening, to brood over the idea of coffins and cross-bones, and to "dream of the night-mare, and wake in a fright*," we were wicked enough to shake off our melancholy, by going to the theatre of the Marionetti (or puppets), for which Milan is famous. The

* Vide Bath Guide.

scenery and figures (the latter of which were nearly four feet in height) quite surprised us by their correct imitation of nature. I assure the reader, that I have often seen actors of flesh and blood far less animated, and much more wooden. We could now and then discern the strings by which they were worked, and we found it easy to follow the Italian dialogue, as the judicious speaker (concealed behind the curtain), did not indulge in the rant or mouthing of high tragedy, but gave every speech a natural degree of emphasis, and possessed in addition, an articulation singularly clear and distinct. The orchestra was capital, the selection of music extremely agreeable, and I never heard a *tout ensemble* better attended to, even at the Opera.

Milan is a large city, and has the convenience of excellent pavements both for foot passengers and those in carriages. There are four *trottoirs* in each street, two of them in the middle of the road, which is a great advantage to all the draught horses of the place, as it considerably lessens and

facilitates their exertions: I should not wonder if this improvement had been suggested by the guardian spirit of the amiable Borromeo, since we are told that "a righteous man is merciful unto his beast." The *bourgeoises* of Milan generally wear black or white transparent veils, thrown carelessly over the hair, and carry fans in the hand. Some have thin muslin mob caps with flat crowns under the veil, but the use of a bonnet is quite unknown. Both the peasantry and *bourgeoisie* are generally well-looking, and we saw two or three lovely women: one in particular, a true Madonna of Coreggio, who if seen in a London circle, would, I am sure, have created an immense sensation; we had no opportunity of judging whether she was fully aware or not of her own extraordinary beauty, but taking the thing in the most rational point of view, I should think it impossible that she should be ignorant of the personal advantages so liberally bestowed upon her. Nothing has ever appeared to me more sickening than the pretty innocence some

women (who have been highly favoured by nature) think it amiable to affect. That it is genuine, no one will believe who is truly acquainted with human nature and the customs of society; nor will any female, who is not weak in intellect, or of very defective judgment, condescend to adopt so paltry an artifice. A woman of *sense* must know when she is handsome, and she will also know how to enjoy this species of superiority without abusing it. There is nothing, however, more common than the mistaking ignorance for virtue, amongst persons of a certain calibre of intellect, who yet at the same time pique themselves upon a reputation for solidity.

The fruit sold in the markets here is in the most luxuriant profusion that can be imagined. We saw grapes piled up in large wicker baskets, like those used for holding linen; peaches in tubs and wheelbarrows, and innumerable quantities of ripe figs. We had the pleasure of hearing several ballad-singers of a very superior stamp to those of London or Paris. This is giving them small praise; but I mean to

say, that they were really excellent, differing widely from some to whom we had listened at Turin (who said they came from Rome), and whose harshness of voice was unpleasant, although their style, and the music they selected, was very good. But these people gratified us extremely: they sang a buffo duet (accompanied by a violoncello, violin, and guitar), with full as much spirit and correctness as either Signors N. or A. And we afterwards heard a man (who came under our windows with his guitar) execute one of Rossini's refined and difficult serious *arias* in an equally finished manner.

The next day we took a *caleche*, and drove to see many lions, amongst others the *arena* (i. e. amphitheatre), and the triumphal arch, begun, but not finished, by Napoleon. It was at Milan that this wonderful man was crowned king of Italy, in 1805; and the arch in question was intended to be at once a monument of his fame, and a gate to the grand road of the Simplon, which commences here. When finished, it must have proved the admira-

tion of posterity; even now it is very striking to the imagination, and not the less so (in my opinion) for being left thus awfully incomplete. The groups of figures, prepared as ornamental friezes, lie piled together in a shed or outhouse hard by, scarcely secured from the injuries of weather. Nothing can be more chastely classical than their designs, and the figure of Napoleon, for ever prominent among them, in the costume of the ancient Roman conquerors, is a very correct personal likeness. A statue of him also is shewn here (with some little affectation of mystery), as large, or larger, than the life, and is equally marked as an accurate resemblance.

The amphitheatre (lately built by Cœnonica) is highly magnificent, and of immense proportions, chiefly appropriated to the celebration of the *naumachia*, or naval tournament. We found the city full of English; our attorney-general and Lord K., &c. were in the same hotel with ourselves *(Albergo Reale)*; and I should in justice mention, that the master of this inn is one of the most attentive, civil, and obliging per-

sons in the world: I hope all our countrymen will patronise him. In the evening we drove upon the promenade, which is a very fine one, and situated in the best part of the city. We were much struck by the width of the streets adjacent, and by the beauty and dignity of the buildings. Here we met a crowd of equipages, of every denomination and description; yet how mean did they all appear, in comparison with those which throng Hyde Park! I am certain that any English chariot and horses (however plain and unpretending) would have been gazed at, and followed here as a miracle of elegance and beauty. At night we took a box at the Opera *(La Scala)*, which is universally allowed to be the largest and most superb in Europe. It was built by Pierre Marini, in 1778, and did indeed amaze us at the first *coup d'œil*, as a stupendous miracle of art: but we found the same want of brilliancy and cheerfulness as in all other foreign theatres, and the performance (to say nothing of the performers) was execrable. Many of the boxes were shut up; but, by the lights which twinkled through

the green latticed blinds, we perceived that persons were in them; and once, upon this sullen screen being casually opened for a few moments, we saw them playing at cards, and eating ices, without the slightest idea of attending to what was passing upon the stage. The latter refreshment is quite indispensable in this hot climate, and it was brought to us in the course of the evening: *Camporese* was the *prima donna* here; but we did not see her, as she was unwell during the time of our stay at Milan. A Signora *Gioja* appeared in her stead, who made us all *triste* enough by her tame and stupid performance. The ballet was *ennuyant à la mort:* its strength lay in its numbers, and the manner of grouping them; for as to the dancing it was——in short, there was no such thing which properly merited that name. The theatre is far too large for the purposes of hearing (much less of enjoying) music; and there was such a stunning echo, that the noise of the enormous band of musicians in the orchestra was almost rendered insupportable to a delicate and refined ear. They played also (to my indignant asto-

nishment) so loud as to drown the voices of the singers, instead of keeping the instruments under, and subservient to them; which I had imagined was a rule so firmly established, as to render all deviation impossible in a country which boasts itself to be the *veritable* land of harmony. In short, we infinitely preferred the opera at Turin, and were completely disappointed with *La Scala*. Indeed, I consider our own Opera in the Haymarket (however fastidiously abused by *soi-disant connoisseurs*, and although it appears like a nutshell in point of size, when compared with this overgrown rival), to be indisputably superior in every real advantage. The whole of Italy (as I afterwards learned from some good judges at Geneva) is at present lamentably deficient in talent, both vocal and instrumental; and whatever it affords of any celebrity is sure to come over to England, where a richer harvest is to be reaped than can be found in any other country. I mean not, however, ignorantly to deny the superior excellence of the Italian school of music—superior (as all real judges must allow) to

ours or any other. It is the original parent of excellence, the nursing mother of true genius. Whatever has charmed us in the art has sprung from the principles it inculcates; and when, even in the national melodies of Ireland and Scotland, I have heard a finished singer enchant and touch the feelings of their enthusiastic sons, I have been perfectly aware that what they have blindly insisted upon as being preferable to the Italian school, has in reality been formed upon its rules; and when I hear a contrary doctrine asserted, I look upon it as nonsense, unworthy even the trouble of contradiction. I only mean to say, that the present singers, performers, and composers of Italy are anxious to transplant themselves to the fostering protection of British taste and munificence.

We left Milan at an early hour the next morning, and found the country beyond, both flat and ugly for some distance. We saw great quantities of white mulberry trees (for the benefit of the silk-worms) in every direction, and many poplars (being now in Lombardy). The leaf of the

latter we observed to be much larger than those in England: perhaps the tree degenerates in some measure in our climate. The maple also springs in abundance, and I suppose there must be a proportionate number of nightingales in consequence, if the old saying is true, that these birds love the maple better than any other tree. The postillion wore the usual Austrian costume, common to his profession: it bore some reblance to that of an old English jester, being a yellow jacket with black worsted lace, and a red waistcoat.

At Rho we passed by a church, called *Notre Dame des Miracles;* where signs and wonders are believed to be displayed even in these philosophical days. All the peasants and *bourgeoises* wore beautiful coral necklaces, brought from the Mediterranean, of the true light pink colour, which is so expensive in England. The infants here were cramped up in swaddling-clothes, and had no caps upon their heads; while the want of hair, peculiar to their tender age, gave them the air of little unfledged birds. But now the period approached when we were to

encounter a more serious and hair-breadth scape than any which had occurred during our tour. Passing through the town of Gallarate, near the foot of the Alps, we were stopped by a gentleman in an open travelling carriage, whose rueful visage, scared air, and animated gesticulations, awakened our most lively curiosity and attention. He was a merchant of Neufchatel, and perceiving that we were proceeding upon the same route which he had just passed, desired us most earnestly to stop at Gallarate, and furnish ourselves with a couple of *gens d'armes*, unless we wished to encounter the same fate from which he had just escaped. He then went on to relate a most terrific account of his having been robbed (he might have added, frightened) by three horrible-looking banditti, masked, and armed with carabines, pistols, and stilettos! They had forced his postillion to dismount, and throwing him under the carriage, with his head beneath the wheel (to prevent his offering any interruption to their plunder), proceeded to attack him; and, finally, spared his life, only by his consenting to part with

every thing valuable in his possession. They not only took his watch and all his money, but a chain of his wife's hair, which they discovered around his neck; but their ill humour was great, and vehemently expressed, upon finding this poor man's property a less considerable booty than they had expected. All this had passed within a quarter of an hour from the time at which we met him at Gallarate. Of course, we felt ourselves much indebted for the warning; and as my courage had completely sunk under the recital, and I found it (like that of Bob Acres, in the Rivals) "oozing out at my fingers' ends," at every word this gentleman spoke, my husband took compassion upon me, and accordingly despatched messengers to summon the attendance of a couple of well-mounted and completely armed Austrian soldiers, with long moustaches, and fierce martial-looking countenances. These men afterwards rode with us (one on each side the carriage) until we had completely passed the borders, and had entered the king of Sardinia's dominions; where we were assured of finding per-

fect safety. No event of the kind had occurred for the last twelve months; but we were astonished and indignant at the supine apathy of the police, who did not appear to have the smallest intention of sending any soldiers after the robbers, or of making exertions to secure them. These Austrian states have a bad reputation, as we were told by our host at Lans le Bourg, and were warned by him of the possibility of a similar adventure. Mr. W., who was so good as to undertake to order the guards for me at Gallarate, found that not a single person he encountered in the town understood French, and he was obliged to be conducted to the schoolmaster (the only man capable of conversing in the language), before he could make our wishes comprehended and attended to. My husband remained in the carriage to scold me into better spirits; for, I confess, I never remember to have been more frightened in my life.

The country beyond this place began to improve in picturesque beauty; the Alps (to

which we had approached very close), and woody hills in the distance, forming very imposing features in the landscape. Here we were met by several English carriages, protected, as we were, by the attendance of *gens d'armes;* which proved that fear had not been confined to my bosom alone, and that other people felt the same necessity of precaution: a black servant upon the box, grimly leaning upon a monstrous sabre, formed an additional guard. We now entered an irregular forest, where the postillion (who was the same person that had driven Monsieur Bovet) shewed us the spot where the ruffians had issued forth. It was a fine place for a romantic adventure of this sort; and never did I feel so thankful as when I cast my eyes upon the spirited horsemen, who continued to keep close by the side of our vehicle, giving me now and then looks of mirthful encouragement: indeed they seemed to consider the business as a party of pleasure, and we heard them laughing more than once as they rode along.

At Sesto a mob gathered round the carriage, as it stopped at the post-house; and I am not sure that they did not at first mistake us for state prisoners. Our postillion was now truly a great man! the centre of an open-mouthed, staring circle, wild with curiosity, to whom he held forth at length upon the danger he had undergone. Here we crossed a ferry over the river Tessin, which divides the dominions of Austria from those of Sardinia. The richness and grace of the wooded banks, which fringed this fine stream, delighted us; and the face of the whole country gradually smiled and brightened, till it at last expanded into the most glorious burst of exquisite loveliness that the imagination can conceive: for now we first beheld the *Lago Maggiore*, embosomed in romantic hills, with the superb Alps rising beyond them, and its shores studded with innumerable hamlets, villas, and cottages. The declining sun shed a warm colouring of inexpressible beauty upon the calm surface of this celebrated lake, whose waters, smooth and glassy, pure and tranquil,

seemed indeed, in the words of Byron, to be a fit

> " Mirror and a bath
> " For Beauty's youngest daughters."

It was impossible not to kindle into enthusiasm as we gazed upon a scene of such Armida-like fascination. Why should I attempt a description of the Borromean Isles, the Isola Madre, Isola Bella, and other fairy-green gems, which adorned the bosom of this queen of waters? They have been already so celebrated by the pencil and the lyre, that my efforts would be those of presumption. I find it quite too much even to relate the effect they produced upon our minds; for no words can adequately express our feelings of admiration and surprise!

We were now once more in Piedmont, and the road led us through the town of Arona, built upon the shores of the lake, which is full forty miles in length. We saw a picturesque figure of a peasant girl kneeling upon the banks, and laving (like a young naiad) her long tresses in the stream. There is a fine grey ruin of a castle upon the left, as you enter Arona, and a chain of bold cliffs

covered with vineyards, with several cottages, peeping out from amid bowers of fragrance, near their craggy summits. A refreshing breeze tempered the still ardent heat of day: it seemed to rise upon us, in a gale of balmy softness, from the water, whose placid waves are sometimes, however, ruffled into sudden anger, by storms of wind from the surrounding Alps; and many unfortunate accidents to boatmen, &c. arise in consequence. It would be difficult to imagine any thing in nature more luxuriantly beautiful than the hanging gardens belonging to the little villas in this neighbourhood; where standard peach-trees, olives, filberts, grapes, figs, Turkey wheat, orange blossoms, carnations, and all the tribe of vegetables, are mingled together in rich confusion, and the vines trained upon low trellises slope down to the water's edge; while, among the grass at the feet of the taller trees, the pumpkin trails her golden globes and flowers. We remarked several pretty faces, in a style neither wholly Italian nor French, but which formed an agreeable and happy mixture of both. The ever odious *goître*,

nevertheless, sometimes obtruded its horrid deformity among them; and it was an equal mortification to our dreams of perfection to observe, that even in the little towns, built in the very heart of all this sweetness and purity, the most disgusting smells (indicative of innately filthy habits) perpetually issued forth, poisoning every street, and mingling their pollutions with the fragrant breath of the mountain gale. But now the fanciful crags on the opposite side of the lake began to assume a purplish blue tint, deeply influenced by, and half lost in, the shadow of lowering clouds, which (fast gathering round their summits in dark and misty volumes) foreboded an approaching storm. Bright and catching lights, however, still lingered upon the bright sails of distant boats, and upon the no less white walls of the little villages; which were built so close upon the shore as to seem as if they sprung from the bosom of the waves.

We arrived at Feriola (inn *La Posta*), a small town, washed by the same transparent waters, and sheltered by granite mountains (covered with a mossy vegeta-

tion mixed with vineyards), which rose abruptly and immediately above the walls of the house: here we passed the night; the storm was just beginning, as we drove up to this welcome refuge: flashes of red and forked lightning shot fiercely down from the Alpine heights, and were quenched in the dark lake below; while peals of hollow thunder reverberating from the adjacent caverns, increased the awful effect of the whole. Torrents of rain soon followed, and lasted without intermission for many hours. We slept well, our beds being free from vermin, although of the humblest sort, without curtain or canopy, and covered with quilts which were very like stable rugs. They had been occupied before us, by dukes and duchesses; who, although not used to more comforts than those which surround me in my own happy home, had certainly reason to expect more stateliness of accommodation; necessity, however, has no law, and I dare say they were as glad as I was to avail themselves of clean sheets, and a substantial roof over head, after the fatigues of travelling. The

whole of this little inn was built of granite, from the neighbouring quarries. We rose the next morning at four, and as I drest by the yet imperfect light, which streamed into the room through the lowly casement, I was interested in observing the different appearances of nature, in the midst of such wild scenery, and at so early an hour.

The dewy mists were slowly rising from the valley, which smiled in all the fresh loveliness of morning, as they gradually rolled off, and settled round the brows of the higher mountains like a shadowy veil. The grass smelt strongly of thyme and balm, after the late rain, and seemed to be eagerly relished by a flock of sheep, which two shepherdess figures were leading up the winding path. This fair prospect did not last long; a heavy rain re-commenced; and as we proceeded upon our journey we could hardly see our route amid the mountains, from the dense and heavy fog which obscured every object. All nature truly appeared to be weeping; this is no merely poetical term, but the truth: there are some things which cannot be adequately described in

the common expressions of prose, and this is one of them.

We passed Monte Rosa, which is fifteen thousand feet in height: a beautiful little church hung upon its shelving side, built in a style that gave it much the air of the Sybil's temple. In all parts of the country through which we had gone, we observed numerous shrines of the Virgin; but instead of a simple and appropriate statue, which good taste might reasonably have hoped to find within, they were constantly disgraced by a paltry gaudy painting, in distemper. The outside walls of houses, also, were generally daubed in the same ridiculous manner, and afforded us perpetual cause of exclamation against the *melange* of real and false taste, which Italy thus exhibits. We were sorry to have missed seeing (near Arona, in our preceding day's journey) the celebrated colossal statue of St. Carlo Borromeo in bronze; which, rearing its proud height far above the surrounding woods, forms a very grand and noble spectacle: a man, (in speaking of its proportions to Mr. B.) told him that the head alone held three

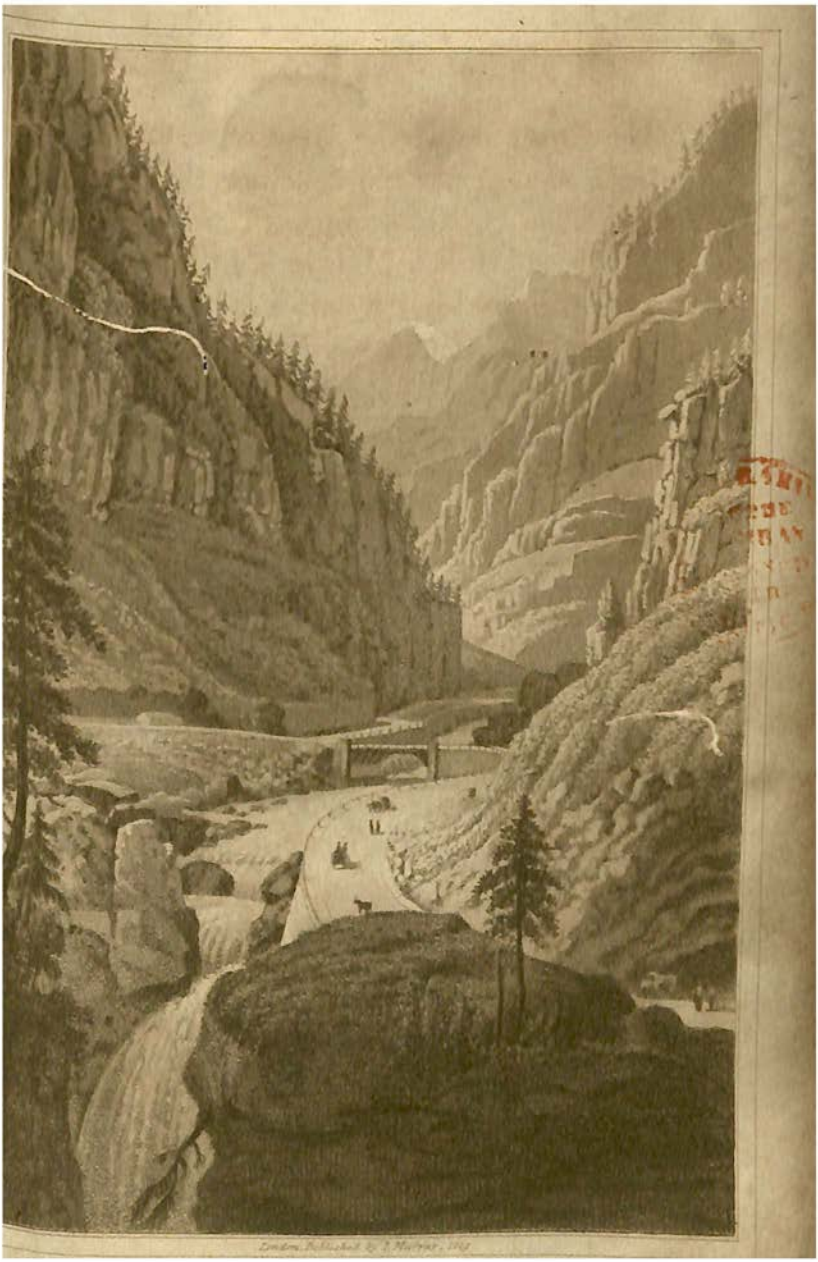
persons, and that he himself had stood within the cavity of the nose! I believe it is seventy feet from the ground.

We passed over a bridge on the river Toscia, a graceful serpentine stream, whose waters were of a milky hue, owing to the heavy rains. Here we met a peasant, wearing a singular sort of cloak, made of long dry silky rushes, admirably adapted to resist and throw off the wet; he looked at a distance like a moving thatched hut, his hat forming the chimney, and we afterwards saw several women and children in the same costume. The common people also use a rude kind of umbrella of divers gaudy colours, the frame and spokes being made of clumsy wood.

At Domo d'Ossola we stopped to take refreshment at *la Posta*, a most comfortable and cleanly inn; every thing was sent up neatly, and really tempted the fastidious traveller to "eat without fear:" a degree of heroism which I confess I could not always command, not feeling sure that I might not be poisoned by some of the dishes; although it would have been by dirt,

not arsenic. This is almost the last town in the Sardinian dominions, for as soon as you have crossed the Simplon, you enter Switzerland. This arduous task we now commenced, taking four horses instead of the usual three. We ascended in a zigzag direction, which seems to be the plan upon which all roads cut through very high mountains are formed; the present much resembled those by which we had descended Mont Cenis. Here we had the leisure and opportunity of contemplating nature in her grandest forms! The wild fig-tree sprung from the sides of the most profound ravines, overhanging gulfs from which the affrighted eye recoiled; and at the base of the most stupendous mountains lay valleys of inimitable verdure and luxuriance. An Alpine foot bridge, like a slight dark line, crossed a rapid river here, and was dimly discovered at intervals, amid the snowy foam of the waves; there were also frequent waterfalls, pouring their sounding floods from immense heights above us. At this spot, Mr. B. tied a handkerchief over my eyes, for three or four minutes: I

thought I heard the noise of water in my ears, louder and more hollow than usual; when he suddenly removed the handkerchief, and I beheld myself in the first of those astonishing galleries of the Simplon, of which so much has justly been said by all travellers. They were half cut, half blasted by gunpowder, through the solid rock, and have the appearance of long grottos, with rude windows, or rather chasms in the sides, to admit light, and through which we discovered, with a shuddering sensation of admiring wonder, the awful precipices and steeps around. It was delightful to contemplate them while thus in a situation of perfect security; a species of feeling analogous to that which I have sometimes experienced, when comfortably housed beneath the domestic roof, during the raving of a wintry storm! How different was the aspect of the ancient road; the view of which, as it dangerously wound along the opposite mountains, nearly blocked up by fallen masses of rock, overgrown with tangled shrubs and weeds, and undefended by even the slightest wall from the yawning abysses, which



frowned horribly beneath, really made my heart quake with terror! There are rude crosses by the way side, erected here, at long intervals; sad monuments of the tragical end of former unfortunate travellers. Nothing can be more terrific than the showers of stony fragments from the overhanging rocks, which frequently fall here during stormy weather; at particular seasons it is certain destruction to attempt to pass. We observed the lower and more level ground to be strewn so thickly with these formidable masses, that it brought to my mind the ancient story of Jupiter's wars with the giants; the place indeed truly resembled the state of a field of battle after one of those mighty engagements.

The parish church of Trasqueras is an object of high astonishment; we passed it, not without adding our individual tribute of wonder. It is built upon the topmost verge of a barren mountain, at a frightful height. Apparently no human power could have conveyed thither the materials for its erection; we could only reconcile the existence of the fact, by supposing that there

must have been a quarry upon the spot. The priest who does duty there, and the congregation whose zeal leads them to scale the dreadful precipice to attend public worship, are in some danger, I should think, of being canonized for martyrs! But to speak more seriously, there is something infinitely impressive in the idea of a little band of humble and obscure mortals thus meeting together to worship the Creator in such a spot of wild and solitary sublimity. These scenes most certainly tend to elevate the imagination, and to fill the heart, with strong feelings of devotional adoration and awful respect. It is not *only* "those who go down to the great waters," who see "the wonders of the Lord!" We remarked a cottage here, in the style of the most romantic hermitage, close to a raving flood, in the frightful strait of Yselle. The living rock formed its roof, and the sides were of flat uncemented stones; a rude door of pine wood shut in its inhabitants, for inhabited it certainly must have been, as a little pile of faggots for winter firing evidently evinced. Gold dust is sometimes

found in the beds of the surrounding torrents. There is no end to the varieties of the Simplon: we sometimes crossed from one mountain to another; then dived into the dark entrails of the rocks; now wound along narrow valleys at their feet, and at last rose (by a gentle ascent) to the proud summit of the loftiest glaciers, far above the rolling clouds. In some places our eye rested with delight upon the rich green of the chestnut and beech, in others all vegetation seemed wholly to cease. The rhododendron (*note* P.) flourishes here in perfection; it grows where few other shrubs or plants are able to exist, braves the severity of the keenest blasts of winter, and affords firing to those cottagers who cannot easily procure other wood. Its blossoms are of a lovely pink, and from this circumstance it is called the "rose of the Alps." These regions are subject to perpetual avalanches; the top of every stone post that marked the boundary of our road, at about three yards distance one from the other, was in many places knocked off, by the continual falling of masses from the rocks above, and

now and then, the whole of the posts had given way, as well as large fir-trees, which commonly grow out of the shelving sides of the precipices. Just at the entrance of one of the grand galleries, we crossed over a stone bridge, hanging in mid air above a tremendous gulf; the river Doveria boiling far below, fed by a cataract from the heights, near the source of which we passed: so near, indeed, that its foaming spray seemed almost to dash against the glass of our carriage windows. Bonaparte had established here (as well as upon Mont Cenis), a sort of *tavernettes*, or houses of relief for way-worn or distressed travellers. A few military now occasionally inhabit them, and the appropriate word *refuge* is frequently inscribed over the doors. (*Note* Q.) A piece of writing paper inserted in the cleft of a stick, by the road-side, here attracted our attention. We examined it, and found written thereon, *Viva Napoleone!* Our postillions appeared delighted, and exclaimed in a half-checked voice, *bravo, bravo!* Candidly speaking, one must be indeed fastidious not to be forcibly struck with

the various noble works of that wonderful man. At all events we could not be surprised at his still existing popularity in the north of Italy, a part of the world where he has really done great good, and far less harm than any where else; and in so short a space of time also—so young a man—from so obscure an origin! It will not do to indulge in reflections upon what might have been, or I could not refrain, I am afraid, from wishing that (for the sake of the arts and sciences) he had known how to set bounds to his ambition. This passage of the Simplon alone is sufficient to immortalize his name, and as long as the mountains themselves exist, so must the memory of Bonaparte. It is quite the eighth wonder of the world. If he *is* a fiend, he is not less than

Arch-angel ruined!"

But I have done, lest those readers who have never crossed the Simplon, or gazed upon the other numerous monuments of his grand genius, should imagine that I am

still (in the words of Pitt, as applied to Sheridan's speech upon Warren Hastings), "Under the influence of the wand of the Enchanter!"

Now I am on the subject of this stupendous passage of the Simplon, I am fortunate enough to present my readers with an engraving made by a friend, of a curious medal, struck in France, representing an immense colossal figure, which some modern Dinocrates had suggested to Bonaparte to have cut from the mountain of the Simplon, as a sort of Genius of the Alps. This was to have been of such enormous size, that all passengers should have passed between its legs and arms in zigzag directions: I do not know whether any attention was ever given to the proposal, but that the idea was not a new one, every schoolboy may learn, by looking into Lemprière's Dictionary, where he will find that a still more hyperbolical project was suggested to Alexander the Great, by one Dinocrates, an architect, who wished to cut Mount Athos into a gigantic figure of the monarch, that should hold a city in one hand, and a

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vast bason of water in the other. Alexander's reply was a fine piece of irony; "that he thought the idea magnificent, but he did not imagine the neighbouring country sufficiently fertile to feed the inhabitants of the said city."

We observed quantities of timber felled, and lying scattered about the dark forests; they consisted of a species of larch fir, I believe, straight, taper, and of a yellowish red.

At length we reached the village of the Simplon, where we dined and slept. It is only three or four and thirty miles from Domo d'Ossola, yet we were seven hours or more in accomplishing the distance, and had never stopped by the way for more than ten minutes. It was a continual ascent, but very gradual, and our inn here (*l'Etoile*) was four thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea. We found other travellers before us assembled in the only sitting-room.—Lord F—, his tutor, and another young gentleman: they appeared all to be sensible, well-bred people, and we rejoiced that accident had not thrown us

among less agreeable companions. The next morning, we left our auberge, after breakfast, with which we thought it prudent to fortify ourselves, on account of the severity of the cold. All the rooms were obliged to be heated by stoves, as it was (to all outward appearance and feeling) the depth of winter, in its most rigid form; the day before, we had been almost fainting with heat in the valleys, yet when we rose this morning, the mountains around us were entirely covered with snow, which had fallen during the night, accompanied by a rushing blast of wind and a heavy rain. We were now truly in the "land of the mountain and the flood," in the regions of mist and storm. I shuddered at the sight, having been rendered miserable from want of sleep by the vermin, whose unremitting attacks completely broke my rest, and made me less able to encounter with proper *fortitude* the fatigues of our still arduous journey. I learned upon this tour to feel a great horror at the expression of *soyez tranquille*, which deceitful words were constantly used by every *fille de chambre*,

when I inquired if there were any of these disagreeable inhabitants in the beds, and I remarked that the more vehemently this *soyez tranquille* was uttered, the more certain was I of being bit into a fever. We got into the carriage here in a gust of keen wind, so strong and impetuous that I could not stand without support. The women in these parts wear a black platter hat (sometimes ornamented with gold ribands), and the men a russet-brown suit of clothes with a scarlet waistcoat. A mixture of German and bad French is spoken amongst them. We passed by (during the continuation of our journey) the enormous glacier of ——— I know not exactly the proper name; but it sounded like *Roschbahtn* in the guttural pronunciation of the postillion. Higher up, there was a gallery cut through the masses of frozen snow, but it is only used as a foot-way for passengers during the winter. We shortly afterwards saw the Hospice of the Simplon, built in a comparatively sheltered spot; yet by its outward appearance (resembling a sordid gloomy prison), I should think nothing but the last

necessity would induce travellers to seek for refreshment within its walls. Mass had been performed there that morning, and we met several peasants returning from it: all persons journeying this way are entertained here gratis, but those whose circumstances can afford it are expected to make some little present to the monks. We observed some dogs about the entrance, which we concluded were those kept for the purpose of finding benighted travellers. The colour of the rocks in those places which were not covered with snow was singular, being of a light *aqua marine*, occasioned by the lichens which grew upon them. Large eagles, formidable from their strength and boldness, are frequently seen amidst these dreary wastes. I was soon quite wearied by the bleak spectacle of such wide desolation, my eyes ached with the dazzling brightness of the snows, and I began sincerely to wish the passage over. The ascent and descent altogether is forty-two miles; coming down from a height of seven thousand feet, we could not see three yards before

us, being completely enveloped in a thick dense fog. It seemed like plunging into a fearful gulf of vapours! Such a mist I never could have *imagined.*

The road now led us though tall forests of pine, darkly magnificent, which grew upon the shelving sides of the precipitous descent. Upon the jutting crags, we occasionally beheld the fearless goat, bounding about, enjoying the sense of liberty, and snuffing the keen air of his native mountains; a child or two, also, sometimes appeared in almost equally dangerous situations, at the door of a wooden hut, called a *chalet*, built of timber (of a reddish tint), and much in the form of an ark. A little thinly scattered underwood of birch, &c. with colts-foot twining round the roots, now began to evince our approach to more hospitable regions, and the sensation of piercing cold in some measure abated. The sun made several felicitous attempts to struggle through the heavy and obscuring clouds; and a prospect (of which we caught a transient glimpse between two enormous rocks) seemed to open like an enchanted vision

of ineffable brightness and beauty. During this interval of a moment, we beheld a narrow but fertile valley, a river, with hills of vivid green rising beyond, bounded in the distant horizon by mountains of glowing purple, and smiled upon by a summer sky of the clearest blue. Suddenly it was brilliantly illuminated by a partial gleam of sun, and thus discovered, (sparkling through a thin veil of still lingering mist) it seemed to break upon us like a lovely dream. I could have fancied it Voltaire's Eldorado, or the gay, unreal show of fairy land, seen by Thomas the Rhymer, in Scott's Minstrelsy of the Border. Indeed sober language has no words or terms to describe its singular effect. Apropos to sobriety of language: Although there is nothing so wearing as hyperbolical and exaggerated expressions, applied on common or insignificant occasions, and although I consider them in that case to be the resource of a weak capacity, which is incapable of judicious restraint and discrimination, it is equally insupportable to hear the real wonders and charms of nature or

art spoken of with tame and tasteless apathy. Those persons who have soul enough to feel and appreciate them must either vent their just enthusiasm, in terms which to common minds sound romantic and poetical, or else resolve to be wholly silent. We reached the end of the Simplon, and changed our tired horses at Brieg. We were now in Switzerland.

Nothing can be more suddenly and accurately marked than the difference of feature, as well as costume, between the Italian and Swiss peasants, (I more particularly allude to the women), and it would be impossible for any person of the least observation to mistake one for the other. The latter are frequently hale, clean, and fresh-looking, with cheerful open countenances; but adieu to grace, to expression, to beauty! We left all these perfections on the other side of the Alps. The children, too, struck us (in general) as plain and uninteresting. We were not greatly impressed by the entrance to the *Pays du Valais*, having already passed through scenery of the same nature so much superior in Savoy and Italy;

but it is certainly romantic and pretty in some parts. How naturally one falls into judging by comparison! Had it been possible to have immediately entered the Valais upon leaving the monotonous plains of France, we should have thought the former highly sublime and beautiful. The barberry and elder flourish here in every hedge; also great quantities of the wild clematis. The rocky banks are fringed with birch, hazle, heath, and juniper, and between them is the deep rolling turgid Rhone, skirted with tall reeds and willows.

The climate still continued to be chilly and disagreeable. Although it was only the 8th of September, the weather rather resembled that during the last days of November, or commencement of the next dreary month; and in the midst of this picturesque and romantic scenery, I found my imagination dwelling with great pertinacity and satisfaction upon the charms of a blazing fire and a comfortable inn. I did my utmost to shake off such vulgar and unsentimental ideas, but they would recur again and again.

We here passed a fall of the Rhone, but were rather disappointed in its force and magnitude. Our road lay through wild fir woods for a considerable length of way, the snowy tops of the glaciers peeping above them, forming quite a scene for the pencil of Salvator Rosa. We journeyed on, almost in total silence, the little bells at the horses' heads alone disturbing the breathless stillness of these solitary glades, emerging from which, we now crossed a bridge upon the Rhone, which here assumes a character of strength and grandeur, flowing with rapidity, and emulating in its width an arm of the sea.

Night and her shadows drew near, and we began to wish for the comforts of the friendly auberge; but, owing to continual delays of horses, postillions, &c., we did not reach the town of Sierre until eight o'clock, where we intended to have slept; but found upon our arrival that no beds were to be had, and the place itself wore so forlorn, dismal, and dirty an appearance, that we hardly regretted the circumstance, and submitted with a good grace to the inevitable neces-

sity of pursuing our route even at that late hour. But ere this could be accomplished we were obliged to wait (in the carriage) till nine, for horses to carry us on; for there was at that time an immense run upon the road. In this melancholy interval our lamps were lit, and the moon arose; the latter (faintly glimmering amid dark rolling clouds) feebly illuminated a road which led us by the side of a terrible precipice, where part of the guardian wall was broken down. The pass was accounted perilous on that account; but there was no possible remedy. I had overheard my husband and Mr. W. talking of it at Sierre, and trying whether it was not practicable to avoid it by securing any sort of accommodation at the wretched auberge: this, however, being totally out of the question, they did not acquaint me with the terrors of the road by which we were in consequence obliged to pass ere we could attain shelter for the night at the next habitable place: I felt their kindness, and did not undeceive them as to my perfect information upon the subject until we

had safely reached the end of our day's journey; but I was truly thankful and relieved when that happy goal appeared, in the shape of the town of Sion, capital of the Valais. Lord F. and party (having gone on first) had politely undertaken to order dinner for us at the *Lion d'Or*, and to that house we accordingly drove up, half dead with fatigue. Here another mortification awaited us; for so many English had previously arrived, and filled the rooms, beds, &c., that accommodation for us was impossible. We, therefore, went to an inferior inn (called *Le Croix Blanc*), where we knocked the people up, and in spite of their being forced from their beds to receive us, we found the utmost celerity, civility, and comfort in every respect. The beds were excellent (their linen furniture fresh washed, and looking inviting to enter), the floors (oh! prodigy of cleanliness) were neatly swept, and our refreshments cooked in a wonderfully short space of time, served with cheerful readiness, and in a clean manner.

The next morning we opened our eyes

upon a beautifully picturesque landscape. A great delay, however, again took place with regard to horses, as an English family had arrived during the night, and taken away eight. They intended to have slept at *Le Croix Blanc*, as we had done, but were fastidiously disgusted by the look of the inn. Unhappy novices! they little knew what a paradise of comfort it afforded, when compared with those which they would afterwards necessarily encounter, and for the shelter of which they would soon learn to be thankful! The waiter here was remarkably attentive, and appeared a truly simple, good-tempered, artless creature. Mr. B. was so much satisfied with his behaviour, that he increased the usual fee; for which small gratuity the poor fellow thanked us again and again. We found our bills particularly reasonable, and the host a most amusing and obliging person: he was one of the richest *bourgeois* in Sion, and quite a character. We asked him, amongst other questions, "what was the chief manufacture of the place?" and he replied, with a ridiculous

shrug of the shoulders, "*Des Enfans.*" This man possessed a *vigne* upon the mountains, and brought us a present of a fine basket of grapes from thence, much lamenting that we would not remain with him another day, as "he would then have put his own particular horses into a little vehicle of the country, kept for his use and that of his family, and would have had the pleasure of driving us to see his vineyards, and also two hermitages, in the neighbourhood, which were very curious."

Mr. B. was taken extremely unwell this morning, and had a terrible attack of faint sickness, owing, as we then imagined, to having fasted so many hours the day before; but we soon found that it was, in fact, the beginning of a sort of ague and fever. (*Note* E.)

The country was lovely during our first two or three stages. We met the travelling equipage of a Russian princess (Potemkin), and her people stopped to inquire of ours about accommodations at Sion. Christian had the honour of a personal

conference with her highness, who was extremely gracious and affable. Indeed this man never lost any opportunity of gossip, let it be with whom it might; and I believe he loved chattering on all occasions better than any thing in existence. He was an honest creature; but so idle, that he required constant looking after: we found him, however, so useful, particularly where the different *patois* is spoken, that we have safely recommended him to our friend, Lord G.

The roads in this part of Switzerland were most execrable, and I thought the carriage would have been overturned every moment: the postillions universally adopted a very disagreeable and awkward manner of driving their horses; not three abreast (which is safe and rational), but harnessing one before the other pair, with long reins, in the unicorn style; the same postillion thus acting the part of a coachman also: the old rope traces were perpetually breaking; and the fore horse scrambling all over the road, often running into a hedge

to crop what best pleased his appetite, or to drink at a fountain by the wayside. The driver seemed to have very little command over his lawless motions, and altogether, I confess that I was by no means delighted with this mode of travelling, although no coward in general. However, I recollected that it was customary here, and soon was able to reason myself into not caring for what I had no possible means of altering or preventing: in this instance, happily emulating the example of the late venerable Mrs. H. who used to say, "that it was of little use to have powers of understanding, and the faculty of reason, if you could not avail yourself of them, when occasion required; and that by a long and resolute habit of self-control, it was undoubtedly possible to bring the feelings nearly as much under command as the limbs." I have frequently proved the truth of her remark.

At Riddez (a little village) we saw a christening procession pass by. The godfather (a young man) walked first, with a cockade of ribands, and a large bouquet of natural flowers in his hat, carrying the in-

fant in his arms, covered with a long transparent mantle of coarse white lace. He was followed by the godmother, and the *sage femme*, neither of the parents being present. The manners of the inhabitants here were remarkably gentle; every peasant we met bowed, and often wished us the "good day" as we passed. Many horrible *goîtres*, however, and idiots are to be found among them. The villages and hamlets we had as yet seen were even frightful: there was no such thing as a pretty cottage; and the costumes of the people were gross and tasteless in the greatest degree.

Mr. B.'s illness increased to a height of aguish shudderings and total exhaustion, which prevented our attempting to proceed farther than Martigny, where we put up at an inn called *Le Cigne*, which, on its outside, was not of a much more promising appearance than the Hospice of the Simplon, which I formerly deprecated. However, we had learned by this time not to judge of an auberge from its exterior, and upon entering this, found shelter, comfort, civility, and wholesome plain food. We

procured the only good strong-bodied Burgundy we had seen during the whole of our tour, which was particularly fortunate, as it acted as a great relief to our invalid. The hostess was the widow of the poor innkeeper, who was carried away in the terrible and memorable flood of last June (mentioned with much affecting detail in the English newspapers), where a lake at nine leagues distance burst, and, flowing into the river Drance, the latter broke its usual boundaries, and destroyed more than half the village of Martigny, with many of the unfortunate inhabitants. Poor woman! she was in mourning, as well as her children, who waited upon us, two modest, simple, young creatures. I never saw any thing like their kind-hearted attention, in avoiding the least noise which might have been likely to disturb an invalid, while they were preparing things for dinner in the same room. Nothing could be imagined more desolate and wretched than the present appearance of Martigny; and, at the moment when the flood happened, the ruin was so

instantaneous and complete as to resemble an earthquake. This house was ten feet deep in water. The host might have been saved: he had already avoided the first horrible rush; but venturing into danger once more, in the hope of saving his cattle, he was borne down by the impetuous torrent, and perished miserably! For a long time he was plainly discovered with his head far above the stream, yet unable to stem its resistless tide: his body was afterwards found, in an erect position, supported against a tree, not in the least mangled or disfigured. It was supposed his respiration had been stopped by the weight and force of the current, which could hardly be called water, so thickly was it mingled with mud. The cook (who happened to be in the wine-cellar) was saved by his perfect knowledge of swimming, and presence of mind. The flood completely filled the cellar, staircase, and hall, in a moment, and he paddled and swam up the steps of the former, till he reached the surface, and thus almost miraculously escaped.

The next day we quitted Martigny about nine o'clock, our spirits depressed by this wretched scene of desolation. The whole country appeared wildly melancholy, under the additional gloom of a very wet dark morning. The prieur of this village, who belonged also to some convent on Mont St. Bernard (*note* F.) had written a petition for the relief of his poor parishioners, which was pasted up in the sitting-room of the inn we had occupied. We did not, of course, shut our hearts against the appeal, and carrying our little subscription to the house of the prieur, found it a most humble primitive dwelling: it was built upon a hill behind the church, and at the time of the flood had been a foot deep in water, notwithstanding its elevated situation. The old man described the horrors of the scene, and said he should never forget the moment when he first heard the mighty roar of the waters, louder than a mountain cataract. I am proud to add, that our dear countrymen have been almost the only travellers who have had the humanity to bestow a farthing upon the necessities of the surviving suf-

ferers. I should be narrow-minded indeed not to regret the want of generous feeling which those of other nations have thus evinced, or to rejoice (as some people would, I fear, do) at the foil they have afforded to the merit of the English; but surely it is impossible, as a British subject, not to delight in this additional proof of the liberality and compassion of our compatriots!

We now passed a celebrated water-fall (*note* G.), which descends from a vast height, between granite mountains, covered with rich green moss. It was highly majestic, yet not bearing the character of terror; therefore (according to Burke) we must not designate it by the term *sublime*, but rather class it under the head of *the beautiful.* Its feathery foam of spotless white, dashing over the craggy obstacles in its descent, afforded a lovely contrast to the dark background of the adjacent rocks. There are great numbers of chestnut, walnut, and apple trees in this neighbourhood. We met an English family in a coach and four here. We stopped to change horses with them,

and as they were going to Sesto, and from thence to Milan, we thought it but kind to warn them that they ought to take *gens d'armes*, on account of the banditti. The abigail (elevated upon the seat behind) seemed prodigiously discomposed at this intelligence; and I should not wonder if she had given warning at the next stage, to avoid the horror of proceeding with the family. Her little round grey eyes almost started from their red sockets, and her nose assumed a purplish hue, which was beautifully heightened by the cadaverous tint of her cheeks. Her master and mistress also appeared not a little startled, but expressed themselves vastly obliged to us for our information; and we parted with much courtesy on both sides. A hearty fit of laughter, at the expense of Mrs. Abigail, seized us all at the moment of their departure; but I am sure I had no business to triumph; for never was there a more complete coward than I shewed myself to be, when in my turn I first received a similar warning from our Neufchatel friend at Gallarate.

We saw, shortly afterwards, an old peasant tending a few sheep, in a curious sort of costume: it consisted of a whole suit of clothes of a dingy yellowish brown; his hat, as well as his face and hands (parched by summer's sun and winter's wind), being of the same tan-coloured hue. Indeed the costumes in this part of Switzerland appeared to us universally unbecoming, as well as singular.

We now entered St. Maurice. Upon the rocks encircling the town was a small hut, inhabited by a hermit; built in such a craggy bleak situation, that we were led to suppose he had chosen it as a place of painful penance. If he is an old man, I think he must have found it nearly impossible to descend, even for the means of subsistence: it would be a hard task for a young and active hunter of the chamois; so I rather imagine he lives, like a genuine ascetic, upon berries, wild fruits, and roots, and quenches his thirst at the crystal spring. Part of the town of St. Maurice is actually built in the wild rocks that rise abruptly behind it, their

rough rude sides forming the back wall, and now and then even the roof, of some of the humbler dwelling-houses. The inhabitants were plain and uninteresting in their persons, and we did not observe any taste or fancy displayed in their costumes. Here we changed horses, and passed the Rhone again, by means of a bridge, of so ancient a date, that it is said to have been built by Julius Cæsar. The river is very magnificent. Our road led us through a charming bower of long-continued walnut and beech trees, the opposite banks of the stream being covered with rich vegetation, forming an agreeable relief to the imagination, after the desolate and melancholy scenes of the preceding stages. The meadows were enamelled with the autumnal crocus, of a delicate lilac colour, and had a remarkably gay and brilliant appearance. We remarked a number of beehives in the cottage gardens; but they were not of such a picturesque form and material as those in England, being made of wood, in the shape of small square boxes. The whole face of the country was

really beautiful, the rocks being fringed with luxuriant copse wood, rich in every varied tint of the declining year, while the pasture-lands were verdant and fresh, as if in early spring. Wild boars, wolves, and bears, are common in the Valais; very pleasant personages to meet during a late evening ramble. Here we dimly descried the *Chateau de Chillon*, on the borders of the lake of Geneva; but it was at too great a distance for us to judge of it accurately. I regretted this, as I did not then know that we should afterwards have had an opportunity of viewing it to greater advantage. The waters of this wonderfully fine lake were of the most brilliant pale blue, majestic mountains rising beyond it, clothed even to their summits with underwood, and mossy velvet turf. It is vastly more expansive than Lago Maggiore, but still we thought the enchanting Italian lake much more beautiful.

The roads now began to improve greatly, and after all the jolting we had undergone for the last two days, it was particularly acceptable to find them returning into a

state of smoothness and regularity. We dined this day early, at St. Gingoulph, (sometimes spelt St. Gingo), on the borders of the lake: our vulgar expression of St. Jingo is a corruption of the name of this Saint. The inn was delightfully clean and comfortable, the people most attentive, civil and active, and we procured an excellent dinner at a very few minutes notice; a circumstance peculiarly agreeable to travellers who were quite exhausted with hunger, like ourselves.

We slept at Thonon, the capital of the Chablais, and found comfortable accommodation. The woman who waited upon us was a native of Berne, as well as our servant Christian, and they went on puffing off their canton, *à l'envi l'un de l'autre.*

I ought to have mentioned that before we arrived at Thonon, we passed by the rocks of Meillerie, so well known through the medium of Rousseau's sentimental descriptions. The same style of country continued, by the side of the lake, for many miles, and the roads were very good. We were now once more in the King of Sardi-

nia's dominions, having entered upon them at St. Gingoulph, and we did not quit them until we reached Douvaine, not far from Geneva. As we proceeded, the country opened more, and the lake became restrained between much narrower boundaries: the practice of enclosing fields with hedges, in the same manner as those in England, was general here. At length Geneva, rising grandly from the blue waters of her noble lake, and fenced on every side by her superb mountains (Mont Blanc dimly gleaming through a veil of clouds upon the left), burst upon us;—the *coup d'œil* was most electrifying. The morning was clear and bright, the air had a cheerful freshness which lent spirit and animation to us all, and our first entrance to this city was marked by a crowd of agreeable and enlivening sensations. We found, however, that it would be impossible for Monsieur De Jean to receive us at his well known and comfortable hotel at Secherons (about a mile out of town); and even at Geneva itself we had the mortification

of being turned away from every inn except one, owing to the swarms of our countrymen who had previously monopolized all accommodation. At this one (*hotel des Balances*) we at length gained admittance; it was opposite the Rhone, a circumstance which to me made it the most desirable of all possible situations, for I never was satiated with looking at and admiring the extraordinary beauty which this glorious river possessed. We had not before beheld any thing to equal its force, rapidity, depth, and exquisite transparency; but above all other perfections, its colour (in this particular part of Switzerland) appeared to us the most remarkable. I can compare it to nothing but the hue of liquid sapphires; having all the brilliancy, purity, and vivid blue lustre, of those lovely gems. I never passed it without feeling the strongest wish to drink and at the same time to bathe in its tempting waters, and from the bridge we clearly discerned the bottom, at a depth of at least twenty feet. We sent our servant in the evening, to deliver

some letters of introduction to several families here; among others to Dr. and Mrs. M.—to the former of whom our thanks are particularly due, for his kind attention in prescribing for my husband, who had here a relapse of his complaint. We went the day afterwards to Ferney (the celebrated residence of Voltaire), and also to Sir F. d'I.'s beautiful country house in the same neighbourhood. We were highly interested by all we saw at Ferney. Voltaire's sitting-room, and bed-chamber, have been scrupulously preserved in the same state in which they were left at the time of his death: there was a bust of him in the former, and in the latter a smaller one, upon a mausoleum (which was erected to his memory, by his niece), bearing this inscription: *son esprit est partout, et son cœur est ici.* The latter was literally the case for a considerable time, his heart having been embalmed and placed in a leaden box, within the mausoleum; but it has since been removed to the Pantheon at Paris. We observed several prints framed

and glazed, hanging upon the walls of his bed-room; portraits of those celebrated characters he particularly esteemed, either for their talents or from motives of personal regard. Among them we remarked those of Milton (notwithstanding Voltaire's unjust critiques upon the Paradise Lost), Newton, Washington, Franklin, Marmontel, Corneille, Racine, Helvetius, and Delille. The last personage (remarkable as a poet, and as the translator of Virgil), had a line underneath his portrait (written in what many people have believed to be the hand of Voltaire himself), which was singular enough, as it might be taken in a double sense, either as a compliment or a satire. Upon being made acquainted with its meaning in English, I saw the truth of the supposition in a moment. The words were these,

"Nulli flebilior quam tibi Virgili."

We saw Delille's tomb in the burying-ground of *Pere de la Chaise*, at Paris: a garland of flowers, evidently fresh gathered,

had been hung by some admirer of his works over the door of his sepulchre. In this same apartment at Ferney were also portraits of Voltaire, Frederic of Prussia, the Empress Catharine of Russia (presented by herself), and some others. His own picture made a great impression upon us, not from any individual merit as a work of art, but as it so exactly expressed, in the countenance and air, the brilliant and lively genius, the arch satire, and acute penetration, of this celebrated wit. All the furniture of both rooms was dropping to pieces with age and decay. The garden was laid out in the ancient French mode, so abhorred by the purer taste of Rousseau at that time, and since, by every true judge of the grace and simplicity of nature. On one side was a grove of trees, and on the other a close embowered alley of hornbeam, cut into the shape of formal high walls, with gothic windows or openings in them, from whence the prospect of a rich vineyard in the fore-ground, a lovely smiling valley beyond, and

the magnificent glaciers, with Mont Blanc, in the distance, formed a most sublime and yet an enchanting spectacle. I should think it almost impossible to live in the midst of all these charms and wonders of creation, without lifting an admiring eye and grateful heart to "Nature's God." That Voltaire was an atheist is thought now to be a calumny entirely void of foundation, although he was so miserably mistaken, so fatally deceived, in regard to the glorious truths of revealed religion. Living in an age when the pure doctrines and benignant spirit of Christianity were so atrociously misconstrued and misrepresented, when bigotry stalked abroad in all the horrors of her deformity, and ignorance blindly followed in the bloody traces of her footsteps, it is less to be wondered at than regretted, that Voltaire's vigorous understanding should have disdained their disgraceful shackles; and that in his just ridicule and detestation of the conduct of some followers of Christianity, he should have been unfortunately induced to mistake

and vilify Christianity itself: notwithstanding some impious expressions concerning it, at which I shudder in the recollection, he has in many parts of his works evidently looked with a more favourable eye upon the protestant doctrines of England. Certain it is, that he built at his own expense the church at Ferney. Not that I mean to assert, that church-building, any more than church-going, is always an infallible proof of religious feeling; I only mention the fact. The church bears the following inscription:

"Deo erexit Voltaire!"

There is a pretty copse or bosquet, at the end of his garden, in which the present proprietor has erected two paltry monuments, to the memory of Voltaire and his cotemporary Rousseau. I cannot wonder at the dislike which subsisted between them, since the latter was such a warm admirer, and the former so declared an enemy, of overstrained sentiment and sickly sensibility. However, they neither of them

did justice to the real merits of each other; and proved individually how strong is the force of prejudice, in blinding the judgment even of the cleverest men.

The village of Ferney was by far the prettiest we had seen since we left our own country; the houses all had an air of neatness and comfort dear to an English eye, and nothing could be more gay and cheerful than their little gardens and orchards; in the former, flowers and vegetables flourished promiscuously, and in great luxuriance, and the latter were glowing with a profusion of rosy apples. We observed a species of this fruit among them, which we did not remember ever to have seen in any other country; it was quite white, and full of a sweet and spirited juice.

From hence, we drove to call upon Sir F. d'I., who is a native of Switzerland, *conseiller d'etat* at Geneva, and well known in England as the intelligent author of several political works. We were much charmed by the graceful politeness and hospitable frankness with which both himself and Madame d'I. re-

ceived us. We had been provided with letters of introduction to them, by friends in England, and Sir F. was personally acquainted with Mr. W. He shewed us the grounds of his truly beautiful little villa, which, from being laid out under his own eye, in the English taste, bore a peculiar character of grace and cultivated refinement. I must say that our method of adorning shrubberies, lawns, gardens, &c. appeared in a very superior point of view, when compared with that of other countries. The prospect from the drawing-room windows, of the blue waters of the majestic lake, with Mont Blanc, surrounded by his attendant chain of humbler mountains, was grand beyond all idea! in short, this abode was far more like Paradise than any dwelling upon earth. Sir F. was in momentary expectation of the arrival of the Duke of Gloucester, (then visiting Geneva, &c.) and who was desirous of viewing this enchanting epitome of perfection, before he left the neighbourhood.

We returned to our inn, and my com-

panions, leaving mé under the guard of our Swiss, immediately set off upon a three days' journey to Chamouni, Mont Blanc, the Mer de Glace, &c. I found it neither prudent nor reasonable to attempt joining them in this expedition, as the cold and fatigue inseparable from it would have been too much for my strength. I expected to have been quite solitary until their return, but was agreeably disappointed; my new friends (whose polite attention to all who bear the name of English is well known), being kind enough to engage my whole time in such a manner as completely to banish *ennui*. Sir F., who passed many years of his life in our country, respected for his integrity and abilities, and rewarded by the esteem of Majesty, has returned to his native land (now restored to its independence), in the bosom of which he enjoys the high consideration of its most distinguished members, among whom he is noted for liberality of sentiment and a singular proportion of domestic felicity. We were told that the

people of and near Geneva are remarkable for honesty, and we found no reason to doubt the accuracy of this information. We heard also that the servants, as well as country people, were faithful and harmless, and that such an offence as housebreaking, or breach of trust in pilfering personal property, was unknown: that every family in these environs went to bed without closing a shutter, and might safely leave cabinets and drawers unlocked, during any absence from home. There were twelve or more physicians in Geneva, eight out of the number having studied and taken their degrees at Edinburgh; they are all accounted clever in their profession. The apothecaries here are not allowed to practise as amongst us; they are entirely restricted to the preparation of medicines, have a thorough knowledge of the properties of drugs (which here are of the purest and finest quality always), are good chemists and botanists, and in other respects well educated men. This is a high advantage to invalids. While I was in the *boutique* of

a little jeweller, the Princess Bariatinski came in, with one of her female attendants. She appeared a graceful unaffected young woman, was drest with extreme simplicity, and addressed herself to the persons who waited upon her with great affability, and a benevolent wish of sparing them all unnecessary trouble. She is the second wife of the prince. In the course of the day I drove about the environs in a caleche, and returned the visits of several ladies, for whom we had letters from their friends in England. Madame C. was fortunately at home, and I was much pleased by her polite reception, and also by the sweet countenance and madonna features of her grandaughter, Madame P. Their house is upon the brow of a hill, commanding the most extensive and lovely prospect; but what place is not lovely in this part of the world? I never could have imagined so delicious a *sejour* as the neighbourhood of Geneva affords, had I not seen and enjoyed it myself. In the grounds of Mons. de C. a singular natural phenomenon, takes place; I mean the confluence

of the Rhone and the Arve. They meet here, yet without mingling their currents; the clear blue pure waters of the former being scrupulously distinct from the thick turbid stream of the latter. Destiny has compelled them to run the same course, but the laws of sympathy (more powerful still) seem for ever to prevent them from assimilating. How frequently is this the case with mankind! no ties of affinity can cause two dispositions to unite and flow on together in a tranquil or felicitous course, where nature has placed a marked opposition of sentiment and character. Those moralists who endeavour, from motives of mistaken principle, violently to force this native bent, do but ensure themselves the mortifying fate of Sisyphus.

I returned to dinner at *l'hotel des Balances*, intending to accept Madame C.'s polite invitation to take tea with her at eight o'clock; but first I accompanied Sir F. and Madame d'I. in a *promenade* round the environs, in a little open carriage called a *char*: I found this a very social although

somewhat rough conveyance, and it was so near the ground as to allow females to alight from or ascend it without assistance, and with perfect safety. Our drive was charming: they pointed out many glorious prospects to my observation, and I accompanied them to the *campagne* (or country house) of Monsieur A., who possesses one of the most elegant places in that neighbourhood. Monsieur A. is an uncle of Madame d'I.'s. We met him at the entrance of his grounds, driving in a low phaeton. It was a novelty to a curious contemplative English traveller, like myself, to observe the manners here of near relations towards each other. Monsieur A. took off his hat, and remained uncovered the whole of the time during his conversation with his niece; and, upon taking leave, the expressions of "*Adieu, mon oncle!*"—"*Adieu, ma chere nièce!*" with another mutual bow, conveyed an idea of mixed cordiality and ceremony, which was far from unpleasing. I have often thought that family intercourse among us in England is too frequently carried on in a very

mistaken and (as it relates to eventual consequences) a very fatal manner. How many people think that it is needless to maintain a constant habit of good-breeding and politeness in their conduct towards immediate relations, and that the nearness of connexion gives them the liberty of wounding their self-love, and of venting unpleasant truths in the most coarse and unfeeling manner; and all this under the pretence of sincere and unrestrained friendship! How entirely do such persons forget that admirable christian precept, "Be ye courteous one to another!"

We found Madame and Mademoiselle A. at home: the former is somewhat advanced in years; she has frequently been in England, and both of them speak our language fluently. The conversation, this evening, however, was wholly carried on in French, which was an advantage to me, as it gave me an additional opportunity of conquering a ridiculous degree of awkward shyness in speaking the latter, which is a complete bar to improvement, and yet is often dignified amongst very good sort of people in our country by the name of *amia-*

ble modesty. These ladies were highly well-bred and agreeable; they knew several of my friends, the L. family in particular: Madame A. perfectly recollected the late Mr. L. many years since, at the time he was living at Geneva, and spoke of his virtues, his distinguished and noble manners, his various talents, and taste for the fine arts, in a way that brought tears of pleased remembrance into my eyes: indeed no one, who had (like myself) the honour and happiness of being intimate with this excellent and lamented man, can ever, I should think, forget him, and I shall always feel it as a source of great and flattering gratification, that I once was a favourite, and I may say, an *elève*, of so venerable and superior a character.

Mademoiselle A. shewed me some exquisitely fine casts from the antique, and copies of paintings (the originals of which are now in the Louvre at Paris), which formed the chief decorations of a charming saloon here, floored with walnut in so elaborate and elegant a manner, that it almost rivalled a tessellated pavement. The house and grounds

altogether are delightful, and the latter reminded me of an English park. We enjoyed a promenade under some noble trees in front of the former, and then returned to take our tea, when we entered upon a very animated and (to me) a most interesting conversation upon Voltaire. Madame A. observed, that it was always a treat to her to hear the original remarks of persons who (judging for themselves) perused his works for the first time. I was sorry when the moment for taking leave arrived, and could have passed the whole of the evening here with much satisfaction. Sir F. and Madame d'I. had the goodness to deposit me safely at the hotel of Madame C., and made me promise to spend the next day with them at their lovely *campagne*. I found a very agreeable and intellectual society assembled at Madame C.'s. Among them were Monsieur and Madame de Saussure. He is a relation of the celebrated philosopher, who was one of the first persons who ascended to the top of Mont Blanc, many years since, and whose observations taken there have been pub-

lished. Madame P. (who is very young, and almost a bride) sang like an angel: her husband also possesses no inconsiderable vocal talent, and they gave us several duets of Blangini's, which happened to be my own peculiar favourites. Le Baron de M. an intelligent gentlemanly man (a native of the Pays du Valais, I believe), and who has travelled a great deal in Italy, seemed perfectly to feel and appreciate the superior merits of the Italian school of harmony; which surprised me at first, as I had taken him for a Frenchman, and knew how rarely pure taste of that sort was to be expected from his nation. He had the politeness to conduct me home at night, and left me at the door of my apartments, with many profound bows, *en preux chevalier!*

The next morning, *presque a mon réveil*, I received a long visit from Madame P. and I afterwards drove to Sir F.'s, where I dined, and passed a very happy day. I met there the children of Count S. (minister for Russia at the approaching congress at Aix la Chapelle), and their *gouvernante*. These two little countesses (for so they were

always called), of eight and ten years of age, and their brother, a very fine boy of five or six, ran about amid the flowers and shrubs, much at their ease, and seemed to look upon Sir F. as a father. Indeed, he had, in a manner, the charge of them at this time. In the evening I accompanied my kind hosts to the house of another very pleasant family, which was also built in a spot that commanded a superb and romantic view, where we met a very large party, among which were several English. Some of the company were in full dress, having called to take tea, in their way to a grand ball, which was given that night by our countrymen to the inhabitants of Geneva, and the latter were to return the compliment in a similar manner in the space of a few days. I was invited by several of the Genevese families, to attend this ball; but declined doing so, for various reasons. This was not the only amusement at that time anticipated; they were preparing to attend a very pretty, and I may say, chivalrous sort of *fête* (an *alfresco* breakfast), upon the borders of the lake, given to the ladies by a party

of gentlemen, who were called *les chevaliers du lac.* The day which the gallant entertainers had long destined for this gay banquet was unfortunately early overcast by lowering and envious clouds, which, before the company had been assembled half an hour, broke over their heads in torrents of rain. We had thus an opportunity of observing, that England was not the only country where the caprices of climate render *fêtes champêtres* rather hazardous. The costume of the rest of the ladies was very simple, being exactly that of the French, when not *bien paré*, and much resembling what we wear as a morning dress, all having their gowns made high in the neck, with long sleeves, and many of them wearing large bonnets. The profusion of rich needlework in petticoats, ruffs, &c. was, however, very remarkable.

The tone of general conversation here was easy, animated, lively, and full of benevolently polite attention to the feelings of each other. In short, it was conversation; of which we do not always understand the

right meaning, or enter into the true spirit, in the circles of England, whatever is the reason. We had a discussion upon the drama, and the present state of the Italian opera, both with us and upon the continent. Those who had been in England praised Miss O'Neill very rapturously, but Kean did not appear to have struck them so forcibly as I thought his merits deserved. I was asked (as the conversation turned upon the marked taste for classical and studied tragic acting upon the French stage), whether I thought Miss O'Neill or Mrs. Siddons (in her day) would have been most applauded and understood by a Parisian audience? I had no hesitation in replying that I thought the latter would have been more to their taste, as her style was rather the perfection of art than the wild and spontaneous effect of nature. They all agreed in this opinion, and seemed to prefer Miss O'Neill to her dignified and splendid rival: those who consider acting as a science, however, will not coincide with them.

At about eight o'clock we adjourned to

another apartment, where tea was served: the table was very long, and covered with a cloth, round which the company seated themselves as if at dinner. The lady of the house made tea herself, and the servants waited behind her chair, to hand it about; her situation was no sinecure: There was a profusion of cakes, brioches, and fine fruit. This is always the custom at Geneva, where, as people dine at three o'clock, they of course are ready to make a sort of supper at tea-time. I never beheld any thing so resplendently beautiful as the moon during my drive home: I saw it rise like a globe of fire from behind the mountains, and throw a long track of glittering brightness upon the calm bosom of the lake. The effect was lovely, and the sky appeared to me to be of a far deeper and more decided blue colour than with us. I ought not to omit the mention of a very singular and striking phenomenon (if I may so call it), which I had likewise this day witnessed at Sir F.'s: I mean the influence of the setting sun upon the glaciers. They first, as the orb declined, assumed a yellow tint, then

gradually warmed into pink, and kindled at length into a glow of rich crimson, of indescribable beauty. Mont Blanc's three fantastic peaks received it last of all, and immediately afterwards the whole snowy chain of mountains rapidly faded into their original hue of spotless (or, as my friend Mr. T. fancifully calls it, *ghostly*) white. Upon my return to the hotel, I had the unexpected pleasure of finding Mr. Baillie and Mr. W. safely arrived from their expedition to Chamouni. The following is the former's account to me of the incidents of their journey.

"As we could only allow ourselves two entire days in which to perform our journey to Chamouni, it was quite necessary that we should make the most of our time; the distance (if I recollect right) being from fifteen to eighteen leagues from Geneva. We started from thence at about five o'clock in the afternoon, on the 13th of September, and slept that night at Bonneville, a small town about fifteen miles on our route. There was nothing particularly worthy of remark thus far, except the magni-

ficently beautiful tints of the setting sun upon the Mole and adjacent mountains, which we enjoyed in great perfection. The next morning we proceeded through the small town of Kluse to St. Martin, where we breakfasted, and hired mules for the remainder of our journey, the road being impassable for any carriages except those of the country, called *char-a-bancs*, which are the most uncomfortable conveyances that can be imagined, being built without springs.

"We passed this day two very beautiful waterfalls; but as you have already seen the P. V. (which is superior to both), I need not trouble you with an account of them. The aubergiste at St. Martin was philosopher enough to have a cabinet of the natural curiosities of the country, upon which he set no small value; his prices for the minerals, &c. being absurdly high. The prospect became far more interesting as we advanced towards the base of that hoary mountain, whose summit we had distinctly seen at a hundred and fifty miles distance, some few weeks since. We observed and admired a singular piece of water, in whose

transparent bosom Mont Blanc was clearly reflected. This was the Lac de Chede, and though very small, is interesting, from its retired and solitary situation. It is infested by serpents, but I could not learn that they were venomous.

"The valley of Servoz, into which we afterwards entered, and which joins the vale of Chamouni, is romantic beyond any thing I have ever beheld. The road (cut out of the mountain's side) is in many places rough, and somewhat dangerous, a very abrupt precipice being on one hand, and the river Arve rolling below, whose waters are of great depth. I confess that I was a little disappointed with the first view of these glaciers (*note* H.), perhaps, as the imagination has no bounds, from having previously formed too magnificent an idea of them. They are situated in the valley, at the foot of the mountain, and are formed by the frozen snow, or rather snow-water. Their shape is irregularly pyramidical, and their colour a very light blue.

"The Mer de Glace, which is the object most worthy of notice in this valley, is a

glacier of giant size, the pyramids of ice being in some places of prodigious altitude, and the chasms proportionably deep. From this place the Arve takes its source. It is quite impossible for me to give you an adequate idea of this stupendous sea of ice, so called from its constant, although imperceptible, movement towards the valley, the entrance of which, it is generally expected, it will in time effectually block up. We witnessed one or two avalanches, which our guide told us were inconsiderable; their noise, however, made the valley roar.

"Our trusty mules deserve mention. We really thought we could not too much admire them; although we had been prepared to find them sure-footed and steady, we had no conception that they could possibly have led us with such perfect safety through such rugged and dangerous passes; the more particularly as we had no reason to reckon upon their complaisance, having urged them to a pace to which they were quite unaccustomed, from our desire of visiting the Mer de Glace the first day.

"The inn at Chamouni was clean and

comfortable, and upon a far superior scale of accommodation than could have been supposed in so forlorn a situation. The Duke of G. arrived during the evening, and consequently must have travelled through Servoz when it was dark, thereby losing all the beauties of that wonderful scene. We set off the next morning very early, upon our return. It was a severe frost, the ground quite white with the hoary particles, and the weather feeling colder than I ever remember to have experienced, although the season was but little advanced; so much so, that my companion had to walk at a great pace for a considerable distance, to preserve any degree of animal warmth. About the middle of our route we observed a monument, in the shape of a large mile-stone, which had been erected during the consulship of Bonaparte, to the memory of a young German philosopher, who was unfortunately lost, from the ignorance of his guide, while traversing these mountains. He fell into the crevice of a glacier, and was not discovered until some time afterwards, when it appeared his nails were

worn off, and his fingers stripped to the bone, in his agonizing and desperate attempts to release himself from his horrible grave. The stone was erected (as it is stated in an inscription) first, as a warning to travellers in their choice of guides; secondly, to commemorate the loss of the unhappy youth; and, thirdly, to inform the world that France encourages science, even in her enemies.

"We found a variety of all the rarest Alpine plants and vegetables in this valley, and were assured that it contained also mines of gold, silver, and lead, (*note* I.) which the poverty of the state at present prevents being worked. We met at the little inn two Polish gentlemen, who had been making a pedestrian tour through Switzerland; one of them had a few days before ascended the highest mountain (next to Mont Blanc) in the neighbourhood; he was the friend and companion of an enterprising nobleman of the same nation, who some weeks since had gone up Mont Blanc, by a different route to that pursued by Monsieur de Saussure, who has written

voluminously on the subject. The Pole had endured great difficulty and fatigue, and had been three days in completing his journey, having slept two nights upon the mountain: he was attended by about twenty guides, all of whom were tied together, as a precaution against any one of them falling into the chasms which are so frequently met with in the ascent. The summit was found to be considerably changed since it had last been visited. This stupendous mountain is 15000 feet above the level of the sea, and rises about 9000 from the valley of Chamouni. It is hardly necessary to tell you, that its brow is eternally crowned with frozen snow.

"Travellers who are in delicate health, or otherwise not strong, are by no means advised to undertake the journey from St. Martin to Chamouni on mules; especially if they are pressed for time, as that method of conveyance is both fatiguing and dilatory. They will find the guides of the inn particularly intelligent and conversible, possessing a knowledge of the mineral and vegetable kingdoms that is quite extraor-

dinary in men of their situation and rank in life. They are employed during the winter months in chamois hunting, and other dangerous and hardy exercises, and are frequently detained (as they told me themselves) by the snow, for weeks together, in the cheerless shelter of the most wretched *chalets*."

The next day we devoted to the purchase of some of the curiosities for which this place is celebrated (*note* J.), and to taking leave of our friends, who had shewn us so much attention: we also visited the street in which Rousseau was born, and which is called after his name, the Rue de Jean Jaques Rousseau. We took leave of Sir F. and Madame d'I. with a degree of regret that was only softened by the hope of seeing them in England ere many ages should elapse. I believe I have not yet mentioned their children; a fine boy and a very promising little girl, both extremely young, and in whose welfare and happiness the parents seemed to be completely wrapped up. Yet Sir F. did not appear to have

spoiled them by injudicious indulgence; on the contrary, he expressed his conviction of the necessity and importance of *early* moral restraint, and I had one accidental opportunity of witnessing that his practice perfectly harmonized with his theory: this desirable union does not always take place, even among parents who pride themselves upon a superior system of education.

On September 17th, we bade adieu to this delightful neighbourhood, and proceeded upon our route to Lausanne. We continued for a great length of way to wind along the borders of the lake, which sparkled like a diamond in the morning sun, and whose extensive surface was slightly rippled by a fresh and animating breeze from the mountains. With respect to the extraordinary exhilaration of mountain air, which first struck me in crossing Mont Cenis, and has been confirmed by subsequent experience, I had heard and read a thousand times of its effect; but a truth, when personally proved for the first time, always seems like a discovery, rather than a sober

confirmation of the words of other people. This pure atmosphere appears to me the finest remedy possible for every sort of nervous indisposition. It would even lighten (I should think) the heavy pressure of real affliction, acting as a perfect cordial to the spirits, as well as a tonic to the body—but Rousseau has expressed this opinion so admirably in the first volume of his *Nouvelle Heloise*, that while I recal his magical description, any other seems powerless and inadequate. (*Note* K).

We now passed though the village of Coppet. Necker's house is still shewn here, to which he retired upon being denounced, by the French government as an enemy to his country, and where the adversity of this great and amiable character was soothed by the presence of his equally celebrated daughter, Madame de Stael. I feel an involuntary sensation of *attendrissement*, whenever I think of the singular degree of affection that subsisted between this venerable parent and his daughter, and which breathes so touchingly in every line of her

Memoires de la Vie privée de Monsieur Necker, lately published in our own country. An affection so highly wrought, as to bear rather the character of passion, and which has therefore been objected to, by many people, as overstrained and unnatural. But let it be remembered that the great virtues, the attractive gentleness, the grand and expansive mind, and superior talents of Necker, were (in her eyes) unique, and might therefore well have the effect of creating a more than ordinary portion of admiration, respect, and love: nor, in judging of Madame de Stael, should it ever be forgotten, that her extraordinary depth of feeling, and her native enthusiasm of disposition, rendered it impossible for her to experience sensations of any sort, in a mediocre degree, or even in that rationally moderated force, which can alone secure the possession of real happiness. This peculiarity of feeling, which unfortunately induced some errors in her conduct, has been admirably commented upon, by the Edinburgh Review, in its critique

upon her works in general. It explains and apologizes, I think, for those wildly warm expressions in which she has indulged, when speaking of Necker's character, and which might perhaps sound strange, if uttered by a less energetic personage, or if applied to those sort of parents who are usually met with in common life. The woman who has been allowed by the general voice of her cotemporary judges to be "the greatest writer of a female, that any age, or any country, has produced;" (nay even by one distinguished genius* has been called "the most powerful author, whether man or woman, of her day;") has surely a high claim upon the forbearance of all who have been charmed by her transcendent talents. At the same time, let me not be mistaken, as to my own particular sentiments upon the subject; for I have no hesitation in avowing, that as a general principle, I extremely disapprove of the admission of what is termed passion into the filial affec-

* Lord Byron.

tions, and *vice versa*. I believe it to answer no wise or rational end, but to be, on the contrary, in nine cases out of ten, a fruitful source of disquietude and disappointment.

I fear my earnestness in the cause of a writer whose abilities I so greatly admire, has led me into a dissertation which may prove tedious to some of my readers.—*Revenons à nos moutons.* The country, the whole of the way to Lausanne, is one continued scene of beauty; and the pastoral air of the verdant meadows, the rich cultivation of the hills (sprinkled with the prettiest little hamlets), the appearance of comfort and neatness in the cottages (each with a garden and orchard), and the grandeur of the lake and mountains beyond, altogether formed a scene of peace, loveliness and delight, that is far more easily imagined than described. Were it possible for me to forget the charms of my dear native land, it is here that I could happily live, and tranquilly die. Not that it possesses the Armida-like fascination of the shores of the

Lago Maggiore in Italy, or the high romance of parts of Savoy: the imagination here is less excited, but the heart is more interested. I turned from one to the other, with the kind of sensation which the mind experiences, when comparing a brilliantly beautiful and accomplished, a highly enchanting and charming acquaintance, with a tender, cheerful, and amiable friend.

We stopped to take breakfast at Rolle, a neat little town, where at the humble inn (*la Couronne*) we hailed with great satisfaction the comforts of cleanliness and domestic order, so totally unknown to the natives of the other countries through which we had passed.

Morges; a remarkably pretty town. In this neighbourhood there were many vineyards, which yielded the fruit of which the wine called *vin de cote* is made. The lake became much narrower here, and the mountains upon the opposite side seemed to rise abruptly from the water. Their dark purple hue contrasted finely with the light

aqua-marine tint of the latter, and the fresh verdure of the banks, where the peasants were mowing their second crop of hay. The beauty of some of the cottages also struck us with admiration, but we observed as yet no particular costume.

We arrived at Lausanne to dinner. The entrance was cheerful and pretty, and the town itself is clean and gay, built upon the side of a very steep hill; the grand street forming as precipitous an ascent as that of Lansdown in Bath. We found all the inns full, therefore took lodgings at a charming house upon a hill overhanging the lake, (the view of the Chateau de Chillon and mountains, in the distance) and to which there was a garden and terrace, ornamented with green-house plants and flowers. We could hardly have desired *une plus jolie campagne* even for our own permanent residence and property. The restaurateur (who was an appendage to this establishment, and lived in part of the house) was a civil bustling personage, who extremely loved to hear himself talk: he told us that

these lodgings ought to stand high in reputation, for they had been occupied successively by *les plus grands seigneurs,* who had all expressed themselves greatly pleased with their accommodations; a fair hint this, how *we* were expected to behave. We found, however, upon parting, that the hostess had overcharged us for these wonderful accommodations in a very preposterous manner, and she was so conscious of it, that she consented without much difficulty to take off part of her bill, and to allow us to pay for her apartments in French money, instead of the Swiss, which makes a very material difference. We breakfasted the next morning upon honeycomb from the mountains; I believe I have mentioned this before. It is a very common article for breakfast in Switzerland, and always brings an agreeable association of ideas to my mind. I ought perhaps to have made earlier mention of the great opportunity afforded to the traveller of leisurely surveying and enjoying the beauties of scenery, from the circumstance of his not being able to travel

post through Switzerland: the system of *voituring* is, however, rather tedious, and very expensive.

The environs of Lausanne are almost equally attractive with those of Geneva; but the latter were impressed upon my memory in such bright and bewitching colours, that I could never think any other part of Switzerland quite so delightful.

We quitted Lausanne, Sept. 19, for Berne. Our road still led us through beauties innumerable. On the right was the lake, once more expanded into a breadth like the ocean, bounded, as usual, by mountains. On the left were vineyards, gardens, and hamlets. The grape ripens later here than in France, but is equally luxuriant and delicious in flavour. We frequently passed so near the glowing clusters of this tempting fruit, that we might easily have gathered as many as we chose from the windows of the carriage. There was a wonderfully fine growth of walnut trees also, stretching their long branches for many yards over the water. They are in such quantities that oil is

made from the nut, for purposes of the commonest use.

We again saw part of the romantic rocks of Meillerie, so celebrated by Rousseau. We had been reading his *Nouvelle Heloise* for the last few days (as we were passing through the same scenes which are so beautifully depicted there), and felt as if these rocks were our old acquaintance. I always feel, in reading his works, ready to exclaim,

"I love thee, and hate thee!"

A literary friend (in a long conversation which we had upon the subject of this author) thought better of his Julie (as a single woman) than I did, or ever can; but we perfectly agreed in admiration of her conduct as a wife and mother, mistress of a family, &c. The lessons of morality (which she there exhibits) are beyond every thing beautiful and impressive; but I never can forgive the disingenuousness of her conduct in consenting to marry Monsieur de Wolmar, without having previously told him her past story. All the reasonings, the arguments,

the chain of entangling circumstances, which Rousseau has contrived to justify her for not doing so, I think false, perverted, and totally unsatisfactory.

The costume of the peasants in this neighbourhood is not at all remarkable, except for their straw hats, which are universally of the gipsy shape, with a very high crown, ending in a point like a Chinese pagoda, or the top of a parasol. We took a *dejeuné* at Vevay, and went in a boat upon the lake, to view the Chateau de Chillon somewhat nearer than we had hitherto been able to do. The beauty of Lord Byron's affecting Tale of its Prisoner returned strongly upon my imagination. I certainly prefer his picture of Captivity to that of Sterne in the Sentimental Journey. It appears to me to be equally touching, and far more sublime. One or two of the minor incidents may probably have been founded upon the legends of the Bastile; but Byron's powerful genius stamps every line with the character of originality.

A few miles beyond Vevay the country

assumed all the refined and cultivated beauties of an English park. Here (near a miniature lake) softly swelling hills of velvet turf, ornamented with the rich and feathery foliage of the beech, rose gently upon the admiring eye. There vast plantations of aspiring firs expanded their screen of darker green. Close to the road were meadows enamelled with the lilac crocus, and various wild flowers, fringed by hedges, where the white convolvulus and scarlet hawthorn berry mingled gaily with the thick hazel and other native shrubs. A few ledges of rock now and then started from amid these mild beauties, as if to evince that we were still in the vicinity of wilder scenery. This change in the landscape was novel and delightful to us all. We had not seen any thing exactly in its style since leaving England, and I almost felt annoyed when a turning in the road displayed the snowy peaks of the eternal glaciers towering, as usual, in the distance. Forgive this honest confession, ye exclusive lovers of the sublime, and recollect, that the eye as well as the mind becomes

fatigued by being kept too long upon the stretch.

Stopping at a little post-house, between Vevay and Moudon, we were surprised to see a large coarse loaf of bread brought out (instead of hay) for the refreshment of the horses. They eat it in slices, and appeared to relish this sophisticated food not a little. One of the animals, however, would not take the crust in his mouth, tossing it away in the most ridiculously disdainful manner, when he had carefully devoured all the crumb, and it was not until he had received two or three good cuffs on the ears from his driver that he condescended to swallow it.

We met several prettyish women in the course of this day's journey; but the style of their beauty did not please us so much as that of France and Italy. It was mild without being soft, and fresh without being brilliant: they were, in short, neither *jolie ni belle;* neither had they *la grace plus belle encore que la beauté;* but formed a class apart, which I cannot exactly define, but which certainly I did not like.

Dined and slept at Moudon (inn, *au Cerf*), where we experienced the comforts of warmth, cleanliness, and good beds; no bad things after a long and cold journey. We were waited upon by a lively natural young creature, of the name of Josephine, who, together with several other girls, was staying at this inn, to learn the French language from the occasional guests. They were all of them German Swiss. We astonished them very much, by exhibiting a couple of musical snuff-boxes, which we had bought when at Geneva. The girls had never seen any thing of the kind, and were never tired of listening to them. We left Moudon the next morning at six o'clock: the country still continued to charm us with a pleasing succession of woods, mossy banks, and rich valleys, watered by little serpentine silver brooks, softly flowing through green meadows. We were still in the *Pays du Vaud*. Our servant Christian's national enthusiasm burst forth at every step. Our friend, who frequently took a share of his seat behind the carriage, amused us extremely

with an account of his transports. "Ah! there are de cows with bells round their necks! How I love those bells! There be de neat cottages, all of wood: dey builds very pretty ones always in my country." At Lausanne (where he had been at school) it was nothing but "shaking hands," and "greetings in the market-place."—"There is a friend of mine! I know dat man! There lives such a one, a very honest person!" In short, the poor fellow was in a state of continual ecstasy, and carried it so far as to think the very stones in the road were more than commonly valuable and beautiful; for, knowing Mr. W. to have made a small collection of spars and fossils, &c. he drew his attention frequently, upon entering Switzerland, to the pebbles by the way-side, calling out every now and then, "There be a pretty stone now, Mr. V.! Very pretty stones all in my country!" A lady at Geneva, in describing the peculiar attachment of the Swiss to their native land, told me that her brother, upon being exiled to England for pecuniary reasons, actually

died of the true *maladie du pays*, pining gradually away in hopeless longings after the dear scenes amid which his youth had been passed. We now entered the grandest and most luxuriant beech woods I ever beheld. I never had seen such magnificent trees, except in some parts of Norbury park, in Surrey; indeed the whole view strongly reminded me of that exquisite spot, and brought a thousand agreeable recollections and associations to my mind. Wherefore is it that the imagination feels a charm and a repose so delightful amid scenes of this nature? My own peculiar feeling is now confirmed by long experience, and, I can consequently assert, with renewed confidence, that wood, assisted by a judicious inequality of ground, forms by far the most satisfactory and soothing feature in a landscape. A visit to mountains, glaciers, lakes, waterfalls, and impetuous floods, gives great and animating sensations, but a constant residence among them I should never desire; though I have no doubt but that a Highlander or a Swiss

mountaineer would extremely despise me for the homeliness of my taste.

Payerne, a small town. The women here amazed us by their superb *chevelures*. We saw three in particular, who wore their hair (of a dark yet golden brown colour) twisted round the head, in a large braid, beneath an enormous flat straw hat. If these braids had been dishevelled, I am certain the hair would have swept the ground, and the thickness of its growth was even yet more remarkable than its length. We were afterwards informed of a circumstance which explained this apparent phenomenon, as I shall presently take occasion to mention. There was a large stone fountain here (with a statue of some warrior, armed from head to heel), which appeared to form the only ornament of the place.

At Avenche we observed a very singular costume among the *paysannes;* in addition to the full shift sleeve and becoming *chemisette*, confined beneath the bosom by a coloured boddice, they wore a head-dress

of black gauze, lace, or thin horse-hair, transparent as a cobweb, stiffened with fine wire, and standing out widely from the temples, in the most extraordinary manner, resembling some representations I have seen of the *cobra capella*, or hooded serpent, the wings of a Patagonian butterfly, or the sort of bat-winged cap, which Fuseli, in the extravagance of his wild imagination, has given to his pictures of Queen Mab. The coarse, tame, insipid style of feature which accompanied this attire, however, by no means suited its peculiar character. I looked in vain for the pale, delicate, oval visage, small red lip, and large gazelle sort of dark eye, with which it would have harmonized so exquisitely. This is the usual Bernoise costume.

The country here became much more open, and was enlivened by the glittering waters of the lake of Morat (*note* L). In almost every house we passed, we remarked great quantities of green tobacco leaves, suspended from the projecting roofs, drying in the sun. On the borders of the lake

of Morat was formerly a chapel, filled with the bones of the Bourguinons, who were killed in battle, in the year 1476, when Charles the Bold was defeated. It is now destroyed, but the bones are still left "bleaching in the wind." We got out of the carriage, and discovered among them some very large thigh bones, &c. The size of the warriors to whom they belonged must have been wondrous. A small rise, upon which we stood, was entirely formed of the bodies of the slain. The fragrant wild thyme and nodding hare-bell grew thickly upon the fatal spot; and I observed a tuft of the latter wreathing its azure flowers (as if in mockery) around the fragment of a mouldering skull!

There are several beautiful little *maisons de campagne* near this place, with their surrounding vineyards, gardens, orchards, and fountains. They were a good deal in the style of what we are used to call cottages *ornées*, so few of which we had hitherto seen upon the continent, notwithstanding the adoption of a foreign title. There were

also many lovely dwellings belonging to the peasantry, built of tan-coloured wood (*note* M.), with stairs and galleries on the outside, and neatly thatched or tiled. The frontispiece to this little volume, which has been kindly presented to me by an elegant amateur artist, is a most correct representation of a Swiss cottage.

We were now in the canton of Berne: passing through another wood of beech, scarcely less beautiful than the former, the tremulous light, flitting capriciously across the leaf-strewn paths, and the soft chirping of the birds above our heads, again gave us exquisite pleasure. I say we; for my sensations were fully participated by my companions.

We now crossed the river Sarine, by means of a large wooden bridge, covered overhead like a penthouse, and entered the village of Guminen, sunk between bold and rocky hills, fringed with rich trees and underwood. The females in this part of Switzerland all appeared to possess a qualification which Shakespeare has pronounced (and with truth) to be "a marvellous ex-

cellent thing in woman." I allude to the soft musical tone of their voices in speaking: it was really remarkable, and we thought it almost made amends for the want of beauty. We dined at Guminen, in a cleanly little inn (*l'Ours*), where, on looking out at the window, we were struck by the sight of a Lucerne *paysanne* in full costume. She wore the usual tresses of braided hair hanging down at length behind, and the black gauze cap; but her boddice was remarkably curious, being of black velvet, richly embossed with lilac and black beads (the latter coming from Venice, and extremely small), in the manner of embroidery; indeed such quantities had been expended, that her bust looked as if in armour. This boddice was likewise ornamented with silver filigree buttons, and long silver chains, ending in large tassels of the same material, gilt. She had also a black velvet collar, studded with Venetian beads and coloured foil, and a worked linen *chemisette* and full shift sleeves, white as snow. This dress must have been very expensive for a woman in her rank of life;

and upon inquiry we found that she was, in fact, the wife of a rich miller. We were not annoyed here, as in Italy and France, by the clamours of beggars; they very rarely made their appearance, and even when they did, were always modest and diffident. It gave us pleasure to pass through so large a tract of country without being able to discover any trace of abject poverty among the peasantry: they all wore an air of ease and content, and we found upon inquiry that they were in general enjoying the most comfortable and independent circumstances.

From a hill near Berne we first caught the distant harmony of a number of mellow-toned bells, which pastoral sounds, our Swiss informed us, were produced by the cattle (round whose necks the bells were suspended), and who were at that moment descending in large herds from the mountains, for the evening milking. At the same time we were struck by a glorious view of the Alps (*note* N.), their frozen peaks rosy from the reflection of departing

light: one of the highest of them is called, from hence, Monte Rosa. I have never listened to church bells (when their clang has been mellowed by distance) without a feeling of melancholy; but these seemed to breathe of innocent joy, and to tell a tale of peace, happiness, comfort, and domestic delight. This, I know, must have proceeded in both cases from early associations, and in the latter from the influence of ideas connected with poetry. What an ever-springing source of exquisite enjoyment is that divine gift! A susceptibility of its powers is like a sixth sense, for which it becomes all who possess it to be truly grateful to the benevolent Donor.

We now entered Berne. This is a fine large town, with a remarkably handsome entrance. We obtained most excellent rooms, replete with every essential comfort, and furnished with taste, at our inn (*au Faucon*), which was spacious enough to be taken for some ancient castle, when the feudal lords lodged a hundred or two of retainers, besides guests, beneath their am-

ple roof. It was built in the form of an oblong square, with three galleries, one above another (each of which had interminable passages connected with it, all leading to different suites of apartments), looking down upon an open court or area in the midst. In this court a little army of washerwomen were assembled (belonging, I believe, to the establishment), carrying on the process of purification with great activity (in tubs almost large enough for brewing vats), and with hot water, which is an unusual thing upon the continent. Apropos to cleanliness, we all made the same observation in passing through Switzerland, namely, that the inhabitants (more especially in the protestant cantons) seemed to understand the comfort inseparable from this virtue, and that they certainly practised it in a far higher degree than any people we had seen since leaving England. We have frequently met with better accommodations (because cleanliness has been scrupulously attended to) in the inferior inns of Switzerland than in the most su-

perb hotels of Paris, Turin, Milan, &c. I am sorry to be obliged, however, to except those of Geneva, which are allowed by the inhabitants themselves to be all very dirty.

We walked about Berne the next morning, and gave audience to Christian's venerable father and to his sister, who came over from their farm in the neighbourhood to fetch him to spend a day with them. They had not met for some years; neither father nor daughter spoke a word of any language but German *patois;* the latter was drest in the complete *Bernoise* costume, even to the little bouquet of natural flowers in the bosom. I forget what great author it is who says that "a man who has left his native place for years is generally anxious to make some figure in it, upon his return,"—this was truly exemplified in our servant, who, the morning after our arrival, burst upon his town's folk, in all the glory of the most dandy English dress, appearing far more smart than his master, and forming a curious contrast to the rustic figures of his humble yet picturesque-looking rela-

tions. We proceeded, after dinner, to view the bears, and stags, which have from time immemorial been kept in the deep fosse, which surrounds the town. There are tall fir-trees planted in this moat, for the bears to climb, and plenty of green cool turf for the refreshment of the stags. The animals are separated from each other, of course. The origin of this custom is singular. In ancient times, a rich seigneur of the country, and his sons, determined to found a town, which should transmit their memories to posterity, and should be called after the name of the first animal that they might happen to kill in a grand hunting-match, which they assembled for the purpose. This animal turned out to be a bear; accordingly the town was called Berne, and the stone image of the creature was erected at the gates—a custom which is continued to the present moment. When the founders died, they left a sum of money to be laid out for the sole benefit of this bear, which in process of time so greatly accumulated,

as to form quite a little fortune; so that all the successive bears have been persons of property, and accustomed to the enjoyment of those *agrèmens*, which an easy income can alone secure. Bonaparte pounced upon the senior bruin (called Monsieur Martin), and carried off both himself and his money to Paris, where he now lives in high reputation, and equal splendor, at the bottom of a deep pit, in *le Jardin des Plantes*. The people of Berne have since obtained some other bears, which are the same that we now saw, and a proper sum for their support is awarded by the government, which also is increasing by occasional legacies from individuals.

We passed the evening in company with an Englishman (an old friend of my husband's), who had spent many years upon the continent, and who had made it one of his chief objects to visit and inspect the different prisons there. We were glad (as far as nationality was concerned) to hear that those of England are (comparatively speaking) carried on upon a system of

benevolence superior to most others. This gentleman told us, that the prisons of Turin at this day, were a disgrace to humanity, being the most horrible dungeons that the imagination can picture. We saw several groups of the convicts at Berne, who wore an iron collar, and were chained by the leg, to a small light cart, which (like beasts of burden) they drew daily round the town, to collect and carry away the dirt of the streets. The prisoners of both sexes are also employed in sweeping the crossways, pavements, &c. and are drest in a peculiar uniform, their labour being proportioned to the degree of their guilt. All the culprits in the country, who are not condemned to death, are sent to Berne, and are employed in these and similar offices.

The cathedral did not appear to us worth visiting; our eyes had been satiated with buildings in this style, and after having seen the glories of the Duomo at Milan, we found all other cathedrals poor and uninteresting. Most of the shops here are built under stone arches, which renders them somewhat gloomy, but adds to their

convenience in rainy weather. There are numerous stone fountains in all parts of the town, many of which have a martial figure on the top; we saw one, however, with a statue of Moses upon it, no inappropriate patron, as he could make the solid rock gush out with water. Over one of the principal gateways, we remarked a colossal image of Goliah, grim and gaunt enough to frighten all the naughty boys in the place.

Happening to mention the circumstance of the extraordinary growth of hair, among the women about Payerne, we were informed that it was almost all false. The *paysannes* have an ancient and invariable custom of mixing great quantities of borrowed tresses with their own, in order to form that singular braid round the head, which had so forcibly attracted our notice. I should imagine the toilette of these rural belles must be an operation of some skill, for the false is so very well mingled with the real hair, that it might defy the sharp eye of the most prying old spinster to detect the method in which it is done.

We saw several girls at Berne working

upon cushions (something in the manner of lace-makers), under the piazzas; they were embroidering the collars and stomachers of the Bernoise *paysannes*, in small Venetian beads (called in England seed beads) of all colours, gold tinsel, foil, &c. upon a ground of black velvet. Their performance was really very neat and tasteful. The prince Leopold of Coburg was here, at the same time with ourselves, looking very melancholy, and almost continually alone: he was on a visit to his sister, the grand duchess Constantine, who resides in the neighbourhood. She is separated from her husband, who is brother to the emperor of Russia. They were married, I believe (in pursuance of one of those horrible schemes of state policy, where every better feeling of the heart is cruelly sacrificed and overborne), at the age of fourteen, and the subsequent catastrophe is not to be wondered at. Of the society at Berne we could not judge, as our stay did not exceed three days and a half, but our English friend (lately mentioned, and who had been a great deal amongst the

best families there) mentioned it to be particularly agreeable. During the winter, there are concerts and balls, private parties, and a company of actors. The hospital is a fine establishment, with a garden full of choice flowers and shrubs, greenhouse plants, and a fountain, being sustained upon the most liberal plan; any poor person, passing through the town, may find food and lodging at the hospital for twenty-four hours, and is sent away at the expiration of that time with a donation of one franc (value, in English money, tenpence). There is also an asylum for foundlings, where the children are maintained till they attain the age of fifteen, and are then put out to service. It being one of the market days, we saw many different costumes (belonging to the various cantons) assembled. That of the women of Guggisberg is frightfully ugly; a napkin is folded flat across the forehead, and tied behind in a slouching manner; the dress is of black cotton, with a very long waist, and the petticoat does not reach to the knee; their legs are terribly thick,

but luckily this circumstance is reckoned amongst themselves as a beauty, and to increase it, they wear four or five pair of stockings at a time. Mr. B. observed a Tyrolese peasant, with whose manly beauty and elegant costume he was much struck. I did not see him myself; they are generally fine figures, strong and athletic, yet extremely graceful, the dress being always particularly becoming and highly picturesque.

The women of Lucerne I have already described, in the specimen of the rich miller's wife that we saw at Gumiñen. Entering the shop of a famous picture-dealer here, he shewed us a collection of portraits, of the most celebrated rural *belles* of Switzerland, among which was that of the fair *bateliere* of the lake Brientz. I hoped to have beheld another "Ellen, Lady of the Lake," but was greatly disappointed, not being able to admire the character of her beauty, thinking it far too coarse; but those persons who have really seen her assured us her picture by no means did her justice. We were also shewn a set of coloured prints from the

original drawings of a poor wretch of the name of Mind*; he died about two years ago, and his works are very much valued in this country, not only for their intrinsic merit, but as being the performance of a *cretin*, which means an idiot, afflicted with a *goître*. We were told by the picture-dealer, who had known him well, that this Mind was one of the most deformed and horrible objects of the sort, and was perfectly imbecile and stupid in every thing that did not immediately relate to his art. He had (like some idiots who have fallen under my own personal observation) a prodigiously retentive memory, from the impressions of which he alone was able to draw. If he met any group of men or animals in his daily rambles, he would instantly run home, lock himself up, and produce shortly afterwards the most spirited and accurate drawing of the objects which had thus fired his fancy. The high finish of his colouring, also, was equally remarkable with the boldness of his outline; he more

* Some of the original productions of this person are in the possession of collectors in our own country.

particularly excelled in drawing cats, and had completed a voluminous collection of these animals, in all their stages of existence and habits of life; from which circumstance he has obtained the name of *le Raffaelle des Chats.* At a first view of his works, we were inclined to doubt the truth of his having been so complete an idiot in all respects which were unconnected with his art; but as vague arguments of conjecture and probability, cannot stand against the positive evidence of attested facts, of course we gave up our objections, and felt that to persevere in them would be obstinacy, rather than penetration. The history of this man would, I think, form an interesting subject of reflection to the philosopher and the physician, and I wish it were generally known and published. This evening we went to see the exhibition of Mr. Kœnig, an excellent landscape painter; it consisted of a set of transparent views (beautiful beyond any thing of the sort that we had ever previously beheld), taken from the most celebrated scenes in Switzerland; among them, we were most pleased with the chapel

of William Tell (*note* O.) by moonlight, on the lake of Zug, and with a cottage (also by moonlight) on the lakes of Bienne and Thun. The wonderful degree of nature and truth which these paintings displayed, I shall hardly forget; indeed I cannot say too much in praise of them, and would advise every traveller who visits Berne to go and see this enchanting little spectacle: I will venture to say his expectations will be greatly exceeded.

September 24th.—I must in justice recommend all our friends passing this way to take up their quarters *au Faucon*, as it is a most excellent house, and the mistress a very attentive sensible person.

I ought not to take leave of the place without also mentioning the *promenade* upon the ramparts, and the glorious view of woods, hamlets, and glaciers to be seen from thence*. We were much amused in watching the sports of the youth of the

* The *promenade* also, near the cathedral, is remarkable for the beautiful prospect it discloses of the glaciers, particularly at sunset, when the rose-coloured tints upon their snowy summits are wonderfully fine.

town there, who have a green inclosure, where various games and exercises (resembling the ancient gymnastic) are carried on every evening, at a certain hour; they are admirably well calculated to cherish habits of activity and agility, and to promote both health and strength.

All the public offices here are served by persons who faithfully and zealously fulfil their functions, without emolument of any sort.

Marriages through Switzerland are much encouraged by some of their political institutions; in this canton, for instance, a bachelor cannot arrive at the honourable post of bailiff, or be admitted to the council, or become what they call a *seigneur*, which is an inferior office in the government; but at the same time so fearful are these governments of any circumstance that might in process of time by the accumulation of fortunes infringe upon their liberties, that marriages between cousins german are forbidden by law.

In the best statistic account of the population of this country taken from the public registers, it is estimated inclusive of the

allied provinces at about two millions. The protestant cantons are found to be the most populous, as they are the most active, industrious, and commercial, but they are not always the richest.

The police is regulated with the most exemplary vigilance and good order; the canton is a protestant one.

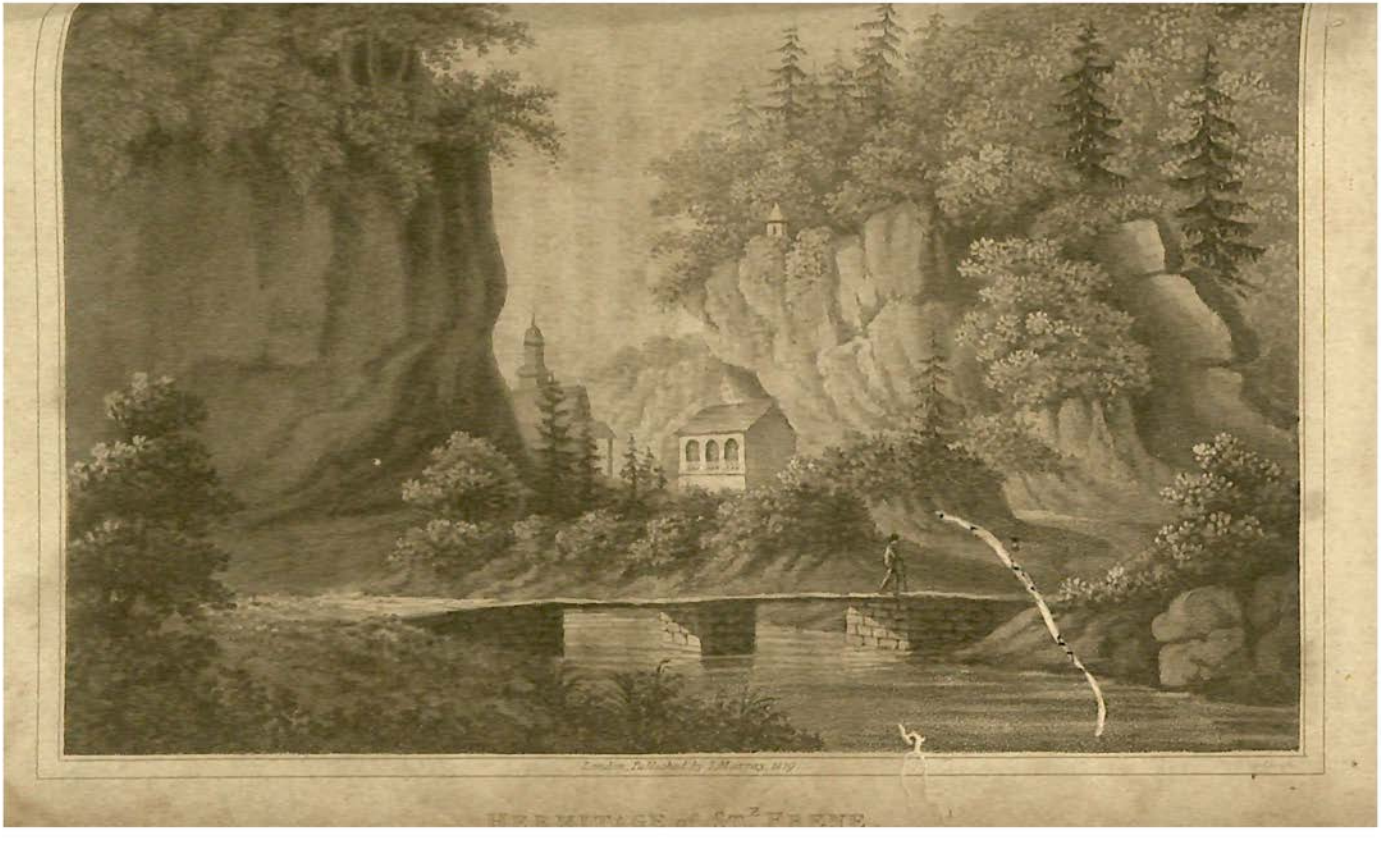
Upon quitting Berne, we found the country a lovely repetition of rich waving woods (chiefly of beech and pine); the brilliant autumnal tints of the former trees glowing beneath the bright blue of a cheerful morning sky, and the aromatic perfume of the latter, scenting the freshness of the breeze. How weak and inadequate are words to express certain feelings of delight! How easy is it to mention woods and plains, rocks and lakes, and to expatiate upon the charm of each, in appropriate terms; yet how far are we all the time from conveying to the minds of our hearers or readers the sensation of enjoyment which thrilled through our own bosoms while actually beholding the scenes we attempt to describe.

We passed through several villages which

appeared to be the favourite haunts of peace, health, and humble happiness. The parsonage-house in one of them was a charming picture of comfort, neatness, and picturesque taste; close to the cheerful little white-washed church, it reared its grey venerable roof. The walls were covered by the spreading branches of a fruitful pear-tree, and the green latticed windows were shaded by a vine, which wreathed its graceful foliage, and hung in luxuriant clusters, likewise, over a small bower, or recess, adjoining the sitting-room, where I could imagine a simple primitive pastor and his happy family assembled together, enjoying the social evening meal. La Fontaine's lovely descriptions of such scenes and such beings, in his *Nouveau Tableau de Famille*, rushed upon my recollection, and I almost expected to see his sweet Augusta (in the days of her prime) come forth from the rustic porch, leaning on the arm of her valuable husband, and surrounded by their innocent and blooming race. When this same Augusta becomes a grandmother, I think La Fontaine has painted her too selfishly forgetful of the happiness of her youthful days, and of

the feelings natural to girls at that age; it is not in character with the virtue and sentimental graces of her earlier years, and rather conduces to encourage in the bosom of the reader a sensation of indignant disgust at the rigid, frigid, and unamiable propensities sometimes found among the aged. This beautiful and affecting novel is so well known to all persons of good taste and discrimination, that my allusion to it will I hope be at once understood and forgiven. Beyond this neighbourhood, the country opened in the most striking manner, affording a fine and heart-cheering prospect of cultivated plains, fresh pastures, peaceful flocks and herds, walnut groves and thatched cottages; the latter looked at a distance like large beehives, and the inhabitants seemed to evince a similarity to the bees in their habits of brisk and lively industry. I can easily understand the pre-eminent attachment of the Swiss to their native land; they must indeed be senseless were they less alive to the charms of scenes like this.

We took an early dinner at Soleure (*note* R.), or Solothurne. We were now in a catholic canton, and the difference of our ac-


London, Published by J. Murray, 1819.
HERMITAGE of St.^t FRESNE.

commodations at the inn (*la Couronne*) from those we had experienced in the protestant governments was very apparent, for once more dirt, in various shapes, made its unwelcome appearance. The houses were, some of them, painted gaudily on the whitewashed outsides, in the Italian manner, and the cathedral, of Grecian architecture, was full of paltry paintings. The costume of the townspeople was both tasteless and dirty; a white linen cap, with a border of muslin, half a yard in depth, flapping about in the most unbecoming way, increasing the general plainness of the women's features. Their persons, also, were awkward and ill made, particularly about the legs and feet. The place itself was full of bad smells, but situated in a picturesque part of the country. As we proceeded, we found the cottages decrease in beauty; nor did they exhibit the same degree of *aisance* and comfort as those near Berne. The fields likewise partook of this spirit of decline, appearing less cultivated and productive. We could not help attributing this to the people having their time so perpetually broken in upon by the

necessity of going to mass, and by the too frequent recurrence of *jours de fêtes.*

We passed a fine picturesque old castle upon the left, a few miles beyond Soleure, and arriving at Balstadt (a dirty-looking village), where we slept, found a most uncomfortable, slovenly inn, and bad attendance; and to heighten our miseries, our friend became so much worse, that we were obliged to send for what medical assistance the wretched place afforded. Accordingly there arrived the "village leech," who had much the air of a farrier, or cow-doctor, and who applied various nostrums without success. His unfortunate patient made a vigorous effort to shake him off the next morning, and we went on, hoping to get as far as Basle. We started with two horses and three mules, having to ascend a steep mountain immediately upon quitting Balstadt (or rather Ballstall), in modern orthography. The surrounding scenery was of a very different nature from that of the preceding day: the road (in some places nearly as perpendicular as any in the wild mountains of Savoy) led us through pale

grey rocks, scooped occasionally into quarries, and fringed on one side by an infinite variety of young trees of every sort, and on the other by extensive woods of pine, whose shades formed a beautiful contrast to the brighter verdure of the velvet turf, from which they sprung. We observed (as usual) great numbers of wild barberry trees, and juniper bushes, while the purple heath-bell, waving her fairy cups amid the moss and thyme, upon every bank, gave a smiling character to the foreground.

Falkenstein Castle (a fantastic ruin, crowning the summit of a bold jutting mass of rock far above our heads) had a very imposing effect. The battled walls and narrow round towers were so much of the same colour as the mountain from which they rose, as scarcely to be distinguished from it at a distance. It reminded us strongly of some of Mrs. Radcliffe's descriptions, and our fancy easily peopled it with a terrific baron, a fair suffering heroine, a captive lover, and every other requisite *et cetera* of romance. As we

were now in *German* Switzerland, such visions were not inappropriate, and my readers will pardon them accordingly. We saw another castle, also, further on, situated upon an eminence in the midst of magnificent woods of beech, and looking down upon a pretty hamlet of white cottages, each with its neat little *verger* and *potager*, some of them shaded by vines, and almost all furnished with a range of beehives. The inhabitants were gathering the walnuts, apples, and plums, from their loaded trees, as we passed: a clear little wimpling stream ran through the village, and the spire of the church rose among rich tufted foliage in perspective. We began to suspect, from this appearance of comfort and neatness, that we were once more in the neighbourhood of a protestant government, which we found afterwards was really the case. The sweet stream I have just mentioned was so kind as to accompany us for a considerable way, pure, sparkling, and dashing its shallow waters over the yellow pebbles, with a rippling murmur that was delightfully sooth-

ing to the ear. The country again resumed the woody, cultivated appearance, which is so pleasing to behold, and gradually expanded into lovely meadows, which the little brook kept for ever fresh and verdant.

We stopped at Liestall, where we found a cleaner town, a better inn, and a more prepossessing hostess than at Ballstall. The people manufacture gloves here: they were good, but very dear. It is not to be told how disagreeably the German language grated upon our ears in passing through these cantons; after the mellifluous harmony of the Italian, and even when compared with the French, it was doubly intolerable. Our own is harsh enough, in the opinion of foreigners; yet I can with difficulty imagine any thing so bad as German.

We arrived to dinner at Basle. This is a very large town (under a protestant jurisdiction), clean and gay. Its chief attraction to us was the river Rhine, which rolled its majestic waters beneath the windows of our auberge (*les Trois Rois*), which was spacious and convenient. We ascended to our

apartments by a curious spiral staircase, in an old round tower, that formed part of the building.

The Rhine is a noble river, but inferior in beauty of colour to the Rhone at Geneva. Indeed the latter I cannot at this moment recollect without a feeling of pleasure and admiration impossible to describe.

We left Basle, Sept. 26. The road as far as Bourglibre, and even considerably beyond it, was flat and uninteresting; the cottages rather dirty than otherwise, and extremely ugly; the costume of the peasantry very indistinctly marked, and by no means becoming, being a wretched imitation of the French. All this was accounted for, when we recollected that we had now once more entered the territories of that nation, leaving modern Germany on our right, and turning our backs upon the sweet simplicity and unequalled charms of Switzerland. The postillion also strongly evinced the national character, mounting his horse with a true *gasconade* flourish, and cracking his whip in the old well-remembered style.

We dined and slept at Colmar. The inn

(aux Six Montagnes Noirs) was dirty, and the attendance very mediocre; but the beds were good, and free from vermin. Our host was the most hideous man I ever saw: he was absolutely strangling with fat; his bristly grizzled hair was strained off the forehead, and forced into a long thick queue, with so tight a hand, that the water in consequence was perpetually running from his little red eyes; his voice in speaking was most unpleasantly guttural, and rendered still more disagreeable by the absurd mixture of bad French and German, which he sputtered with great difficulty, in answering our necessary questions. His daughter usually sat in the bar, playing a French love ditty upon an old guitar. Of her I can only say, that she was the "softened image" of her "honoured papa."

The *paysannes* in the near neighbourhood of Colmar wear a pretty little flat, round-eared cap, at the back of the head, made either of very gay coloured silk, or cotton, and sometimes of gold tissue with crimson spots; their neck handkerchiefs are likewise of the brightest dyes, thrown

carelessly over the gown, and the ends confined before, by a girdle. These women, generally speaking, are not at all handsome; the men chiefly wear coats of coarse bright green cloth, without collars, enormously long waisted waistcoats (sometimes red, laced with gold, and large buttons), with cocked hats.

The country upon first leaving Colmar was mountainous, but not very pleasing or interesting, in spite of the inequality of ground, the presence of verdure, the view of distant villages, and a very fine clear sky; all of which are notwithstanding the materials for forming a beautiful landscape. This, to my mind, had an analogy with the persons of some women I had formerly seen; who possessed fine hair and teeth, clear bright eyes, a good complexion, were sufficiently young, and not ill-made; yet with all these requisites to beauty, were plain, awkward, and totally wanting in agreeable effect. A strange caprice of nature, but not less true than strange.

The face of things, however, rather improved, upon approaching Schelestat. The

costume of the *paysannes* brightened into a degree of taste and neatness that we had not seen equalled since leaving St. Denis, near Paris. Some of their caps were wholly of white worked muslin, with a thin clear border, and bound neatly round the head by a light blue or rose-coloured riband: the gowns also sometimes varied, being not unfrequently made of white cotton, with gay crimson sprigs upon them. We continually saw castles and churches upon the surrounding heights, and a great number of vineyards; but the villages and small towns were invariably dirty, and very ugly.

Since we had left Basle, we had been travelling through Alsace (ancient Germany), in the department of the Haut Rhin. A few miles farther, brought us into the vicinity of very fine fresh pasture lands, bordered by willows, and relieved by a magnificently rich back ground of high hills, clothed with young beech-trees, intermingled with oak. Here vast herds of cattle were feeding; close to the road, and forming a sort of border to the meadows, were extensive fields of potatoes, turnips,

cabbages, and broccoli, &c. without any guard or inclosure: this (as I formerly mentioned) spoke well for the honesty of the poor people, and at all events proved them to be enjoying a degree of ease and plenty, as far as *vegetable* riches were concerned. I remarked, in the hedges here, the first honey-suckles I had seen since leaving England. The costume of the young infants in this part of the world is very singular; they all wear little foundling-shaped caps of black velvet, studded with gold spots, or of white, with silver embroidery upon them, which has a very strange effect to an English eye; but among the French people there is such an infinite variety of fanciful attire, that nothing appears extraordinary or out of the common way.

Passing through a small village, we saw several groups of the peasantry, mingled with the Austrian soldiery, all dressed in in their gayest costume (it being Sunday evening), and we caught the musical tones of the slow German waltz, to which national melody some of them were dancing. There

was not the least appearance of riot or disorder; they were blamelessly rejoicing in the natural gaiety of their hearts, at the close of that day whose forenoon had been spent in the exercise of their religious duties; —that day which is devoted, in some parts of the world, to mere peaceful rest from labour, unattended with any demonstration of hilarity: in others, to a puritanical gloom, and rigid formality; but in this, to cheerful, social intercourse, and the enjoyment of a harmless mode of exercise—I say harmless, because the waltz is not looked upon by the natives here in at all the same light as it sometimes is, in the higher ranks of English society; and it is the only dance with which they are acquainted. How weak and absurd, how really wicked is the intolerance which leads people to condemn or quarrel with their fellow creatures, for the different points of view under which they regard this same day! Although I cannot quote Sterne as a moralist in all cases, I certainly do most sincerely coincide with him in his sentiments relative to religious feeling, as expressed in that

chapter of his "Sentimental Journey," called "The Grace." At the same time I am perfectly aware that a similar method of passing the Sunday evening, after the service of the day is fulfilled, would not be advisable (even were it possible to try the experiment), in our own country. It does not agree with the character and habits of the nation; and the lower orders of people, (in the present state of existing circumstances), would assuredly debase it by every species of vice and immorality. They require a strongly marked line to be laid down, as a rule of right, from which all deviation would probably be dangerous. Considering the subject in this light, I should therefore be concerned to behold any great change attempted in the manner of spending the Sunday evening, and would certainly not be the first person to put myself forward in the outward display of different opinions to the generality of individuals in the country, and under the government to which I belong. We all owe an example, which may be salutary to our inferiors and dependents.

At St. Marie aux Mines we were obliged to take five horses to the carriage, as the road beyond that place was very mountainous. We had the mental refreshment of observing numbers of sweetly pretty women here, all dressed with native taste and neatness; the children also were engaging in their appearance, and the men generally good-looking. French is almost universally spoken among them.

Ascending les montagnes de St. Marie aux Mines, the scenery presented a beautiful melange of wood and rock; the road likewise was excellent. We admired the way in which the postillions managed their horses, walking, the whole of the ascent, by their side, but obliging them to maintain an unrelaxing steady pace, and this by words alone: the poor animals were almost as intelligent as their drivers, obeying them with the utmost readiness and alacrity. I must here indulge myself in marvelling at that perversion of every generous and rational feeling, which leads man to torture and abuse these generous, noble creatures. I have before

mentioned, that the conduct of the French drivers to their horses is highly praiseworthy. The sleek comely appearance of the post-horses throughout France, as well as the state of their feet, evinces that they are well fed and kindly treated, and during our whole tour, we met with no instance of brutality among the postillions. These roads have been greatly improved by the present king.

We arrived to a late supper at St. Diez, where we slept. We were not disposed to quarrel with *la Poste* for being a true country inn: the host had not been spoiled by too many English travellers, those *Milords Anglais*, of whose proverbial riches every aubergiste imagines he has a right to take advantage, and who in consequence render humbler *voyageurs* of other nations ready to execrate their very names. We were taken for Germans, and found our bills reasonable and moderate in consequence. The *maitresse de la maison* was a kind-hearted, natural little *bourgeoise*, and very proud of her only child (a fine infant of nine or ten months), which she brought to

shew us, in hopes of its being admired and praised. Mothers, in higher life than this poor woman, are deeply sensible to the charms of this species of flattery; and, even when they know it to be flattery, are hardly ever able to resist feeling pleased and propitiated thereby. For myself, I plead guilty at once. The amount of our charges at St. Diez it may perhaps be as well to mention: for supper (which was a good one), beds, apartments, wine, fruit, lemonade, and breakfast the next morning, we three persons did not pay more than twelve English shillings.

We started from hence at eight o'clock the following day, and found the road for the first stage mountainous and woody. Most of the cottages were ugly (as usual), and the inhabitants appeared dirty and lamentably poor. For the two or three following stages the country grew perceptibly flatter, and more open; the highway began to resume the old French line of undeviating straightness, and avenues of puny seedling trees were planted by its side. Large (or rather vast) tracts of arable land, in all

the baldness of a recent harvest, spread their tawny surface around, and the whole presented a picture of monotony that was far from agreeable.

All the people in this part of France seemed attached to the memory of Bonaparte. The postmaster at Menilflin had a conversation with the gentlemen upon the subject. He said that "the nation entertained a good opinion of the private virtues of Louis XVIII., and wished him well; but it was impossible not to remember what vast improvements of various sorts Bonaparte had introduced, what noble works he had achieved, and to what a pitch of military glory he had raised the country." He then asked, with some appearance of reproach, "Why the English kept him so barbarously immured in a dreadful prison?" All attempt to soften this representation of Napoleon's present circumstances seemed of no avail; our host only shook his head, and seemed to entertain a very strong persuasion of the needless cruelty of the British nation.

Beyond Menilflin the scene again changed

to a view of pasture lands, with hills and woods in the distance; and upon approaching the latter we found they were chiefly of oak. The potatoe was here generally cultivated, and in great quantities. Formerly the French despised this fine vegetable, but at present they are fully sensible of its importance.

Just beyond the large town of Luneville there were many vineyards, and a profusion of walnut-trees. The vines were planted alternately with the potatoe, in patches, and the contrast of the two different shades of green was singular, and not unpleasing. Beggars at this time began to make their reappearance, clamouring, in the old cant, at the windows of the carriage.

We now passed through a landscape of wonderful richness and verdure, and enjoyed a succession of woods and vineyards for many miles. It was the time of *les vendanges*. Every waggon we met was loaded with grapes, and every peasant was reeling under the weight of a large wooden bucket (as long as himself) filled with the same luxuriant and picturesque burden. Groups

of young children followed, each, like a little Bacchus, holding a ripe cluster in its hand, attended by several women carrying baskets of the fruit, and all of them singing, laughing, and warmly enjoying the cheerful scene.

We reached Nancy to dinner. This is a large, clean, and very handsome town, and the streets are much broader than in most foreign ones. They resounded, as the evening advanced, with joyous songs in chorus, sung (often in parts with considerable accuracy) by the common people, in honour of *les vendanges;* but their mirth soon became rather too loud for refined ears, as they shouted (men and women together) at the utmost pitch of their voices, a sort of recitative and chorus, dancing at the same time *en ronde*, and frequently mingling shrill bursts of laughter and shrieks with this wild and extraordinary harmony. Every one of the *garçons* of our inn ran out in the street to join the peasantry in the maddening dance. Altogether it was a perfect bacchanalian festival, strongly resembling those ancient rites in honour of the

rosy god mentioned in the pagan mythology. We went in the evening to the theatre, to see Baptiste (from Paris), who is reckoned one of the best French actors in comedy, and who performed here for one night only. The piece was a little comic pastoral, interspersed with music, but Baptiste's *role* was far too trifling for us to form any just idea of his talents—but how extraordinary it is that this nation, from time immemorial to the present day, should have been so totally ignorant of the true genius of vocal music. Rousseau's well-known opinion (in his letter from St. Preux to Julie, upon the difference of Italian and French taste in singing) came into my head more than once, and I most sincerely wished that the French would always confine themselves to what they so particularly excel in, the dance: their songs make the same sort of impression upon my mind, when compared with the beautiful productions of the Italian school, that a Savoyard cretin would do, if placed by the side of an Apollo Belvidere.

The theatre at Nancy was large, and the

decorations and machinery tolerably good. It was the only one that we had seen illuminated in the boxes as well as upon the stage, a lustre being suspended above the pit, which shed a very pleasant light over all the house.

The next day, Sept. 30, we pursued our route. There is a beautiful Grecian gateway at this end of the town, which is worthy of every traveller's observation.

The road from hence was in a straight line with a tiresome avenue, as usual (*note* S.), and led us through a fine wood of beech and other trees (none of them of large growth); but it lost nearly all picturesque effect, from the vicinity of this artificial avenue, and the unbending line of the highway. The country for many miles is very open, bounded by hills, and bearing some resemblance to the county of Wiltshire.

Thoul, a pretty town, stands in the midst of wide plains, a small hill covered with vines sheltering it on one side. It is decorated with long rows of formal

stiff poplars, above which tower the spires of its large cathedral. The river Moselle runs near this place, an inconsiderable tame little stream, whose banks can boast no kind of beauty.

The town was adorned by several vineyards and kitchen-gardens, full of well-cultivated vegetables and fruit; but the country beyond it was wide, flat, and insipid, for a considerable distance. At length we had the agreeable variety of entering a remarkably pretty, wild looking wood of young beech-trees, where we observed an ancient, lone, white mansion, greatly fallen to decay, yet evidently inhabited, and surrounded by gardens and walls for fruit, of large size and height: the latter also, as well as the house, much dilapidated. The wood, closing round on all sides, gave it an air of singularity and romance; nor could I restrain my fancy (during a subsequent uninteresting drive) from tracing the plan of a little *novel* sort of history, relative to the inhabitants of this solitude. How delightfully would the late Charlotte Smith have done the same thing! All her novels

(putting on one side her passion for democracy, and her blind prejudices in favour of the Americans) interest my feelings extremely. They have a tone of elegant pathos (far removed from the sickly whine of affected sensibility) peculiar to themselves, and with many palpable faults are altogether bewitching. I am not singular in this taste, having, I believe, the honour of acquiescing in the opinion of some of the best judges.

We were now close upon the borders of Champaigne. Immense woods extended in every direction, yet they were not sufficiently near, to vary the landscape agreeably. As far as the eye could distinctly reach, nothing but vast uninclosed stubble fields appeared in view.

Ligny, a large town (surrounded by vineyards), dull and dead-looking, and unenlivened by any attempt at costume among the inhabitants. There are large manufactories of cotton here.

We dined and slept at Bar le Duc, a cheerful, neat town: inn (*au Cigne*), where we met with excellent accommodations.

At dinner we were attended by a merry active *paysanne*: she brought us some of the wine to taste, of this year's vintage. It was then in its first state, previous to fermentation, and much resembled sweet cyder fresh from the press. When properly clarified, and ripened by age, it would turn out, we were told, to be a strong bodied red wine. This town, for the last few years, had been successively occupied by soldiers of all nations, French, Prussians, Russians, Austrians, and Cossacks: the girl persisted in calling the latter *Turques*, and told us that during the time of their *séjour* here, all the young *paysannes* of the neighbourhood had been carefully concealed (herself among the number), by their mothers: she said that at that period she had not entered service, but was living at home with *maman*. We observed *maman* to be the usual title of all mothers, even in the lowest class of people, and that it was used by the grown up daughters (in speaking of them), contrary to our English custom, where the term is a refinement, and not much adopted, except by the little

denisons of the nursery: the unlimited power of *mamans* of all classes now appears to be very happily moderated and reduced; a great moral improvement which has taken place in France in consequence of the Revolution. The unprincipled system of parents arranging the marriages of the children, independent of their own choice or consent, which existed during the *ancien régime*, being nearly abolished, and consequent crime and misery connected with it, much diminished. I was happy to learn, from one of the most enlightened and sensible persons at Geneva, that since that awful *bouleversement*, conjugal attachment and fidelity, together with a taste for domestic pleasures, had rapidly increased, and this even in Paris itself. I was assured that the English (judging of the whole from their experience of a part) have formed an erroneous idea of the general immorality of French families, particularly in fancying that their national and innate love of amusement (springing from climate, constitution, and other causes), interfered improperly with, or was preferred to the

duties of husband and parent. This defence of the French nation (prompted by a benevolent love of truth and candour) appeared particularly amiable, coming as it did from persons, whose government, religious opinions, and habits of life, were so very different.

Leaving Bar le Duc, October 1st, we proceeded through several woods, and found the face of the country more varied and agreeable than during the journey of yesterday: there was an appearance of cleanliness and comfort in this town, not often met with in France: the dress of the inhabitants and the neatness of the shops bore a nearer resemblance to an English country town than any we had yet seen. It is situated on the river Ornaine, and is as generally called Bar sur Ornaine as Bar le Duc. Being on the high road to Strasburg, we met with many German travellers, and were ourselves now, as well as formerly, frequently mistaken for natives of that country: the similarity of language, and perhaps of features and complexion, will naturally account for it.

We soon entered Champagne, and continually met bands of joyous peasants gathering the rich produce of the widely extended vineyards. This is the only province throughout France where the grape of which this wine is made will grow, and there must be, I should imagine, some great peculiarity of soil. The vintage, universally, was finer than had been known for years. It is generally remarked, that neither in Paris, nor in any other place upon the continent, is wine to be met with of that very superior quality, which it is usual to find in England; no other nation can afford so high a price.

In the vicinity of Vitri sur Marne, the country can scarcely be said to be the country, if trees, green fields, hills, and dales give a right to that appellation. Nothing but one vast boundless uninclosed surface of stubble was to be seen. It reminded me (in point of monotonous effect) of the plain in the *Palais de la Verité*, (mentioned by Madame de Genlis), where a fairy condemns the fickle-minded Azelie to remain for years, in order to cure her of a passion

for variety. During this wearisome journey, I know not what we should have done without Moliere. Fortunately we had him in the carriage, and I need not say what an enlivening *compagnon du voyage* he was. Turning our eyes therefore from the "dull realities" of the scene around, we were soon lost in an imaginary world, full of bright creations and amusing conceptions.

We dined and slept at Chalons sur Marne, where we met with tolerable accommodations, but were charged very extravagantly, at *la Cloche d'Or*. We left it at half past six the next morning, and found the road equally uninteresting: I could hardly have formed an accurate idea of the bald sort of ugliness of a great portion of France, had I not thus witnessed its effect. The usual absence of costume continued, and there was nothing to break the dulness, or to give a ray of animation to the scene.

We now and then passed through villages, built formally in a long street, with the high road running between the houses; dirty, ugly, tasteless, and mean! no gardens,

consequently neither fruit nor vegetables to be seen, and as there was no appearance of trees for such an immense number of miles, we were at a loss to conceive how the wretched inhabitants warmed themselves sufficiently, during the winter, except from the heaps of cinder dirt, at some of their doors, which proved that coals were burned there; not a very common circumstance in France. Troops of beggar children now ran after us, bold, audacious, and filthy in the extreme; all our charitable feelings froze in a moment.

The farther we proceeded, the wider seemed to extend the vast and barren desert that surrounded us; never can I forget the disgust and ennui which assailed us in consequence. We tried to awaken our powers of conversation, when wearied by long continued reading, but it was a vain attempt. Imagination seemed extinguished, and our minds experienced a degree of stagnation impossible to describe. After passing through this country, I must be allowed to differ, for the rest of my life, from those theoretical reasoners, who think

it is even a point of morality to maintain, that the mental powers are not influenced by local impressions. I am convinced Madame de Genlis took her idea of the redoubted plain in her *Palais de la Verité* before mentioned, from having travelled through *this* part of her native country; for surely she would never have discovered its parallel in any other: even in the deserts of Arabia the traveller finds a species of sublimity, and undergoes perils, which at all events prevent his suffering from *ennui.*

In many of the villages (in all parts of France) we observed the sign of "Saint Nicholas." He is a very popular saint among this nation, and must have been a man of taste, as he stands forth the patron of all the young unmarried damsels, presiding over every *nôce*, and *fête de village.* He has chosen a most amusing *metier* altogether, thereby proceeding upon a far more rational and sensible plan than some of his brethren, many of whom have made it their business to frown upon the enjoyments of mankind, and who pretend that

the only way to merit heaven in the next world, is to make a purgatory of this. Fortunately their unhappy followers are but few, (comparatively speaking); for the great body of the people, in all ages, seem to be of Sir Toby Belch's opinion, when Shakespeare makes him indignantly exclaim to his formal censor Malvolio, "what! dost think that because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?" These Roman catholic puritans, let it be remembered, have the honour of being imitated very closely by many a worthy English heretic.

It was a great relief to us to enter Rheims, where we took a luncheon, and afterwards walked about the town, and saw the grand gothic cathedral. The *façade* of this building is most superbly beautiful; the fret work, carving, and imagery, are in some respects superior to those of the Duomo at Milan; although the edifice is of a less precious material, much smaller, and in a different taste altogether. The interior is grandly simple, the windows of the most magnificent old stained glass, in patterns of

infinite variety, and of the most glowing colours. But the outside of this cathedral is by far more imposing than any other part, and I was rather discomposed upon being obliged to acknowledge that our Westminster Abbey is extremely inferior in every way. Here the ancient monarchs of France used to be crowned (as books of juvenile information have duly informed us), and we could scarcely imagine a finer place for such sort of spectacles. The portal was built in the thirteenth century, and the other parts as far back as about the seventh or eighth.

We did not remark any thing particularly worth notice in the town (which is nevertheless very large), and the only thing which struck us forcibly was the general ugliness of the *bourgeoises*, and also the *paysannes* of the environs. The country beyond was exactly in the same wearisome character with what we had already passed, and the road for many miles extremely bad.

Owing to repeated delays about horses, we did not arrive at Laon until nine o'clock in the evening, by which means we lost the

view of the two last stages before reaching that place, where the country is said to improve in a very striking manner, swelling occasionally into lofty hills, enriched with wood.

Laon is built upon an abrupt and rocky eminence, shaded by trees, and commanding a very extensive bird's-eye prospect of the surrounding country. There was a high appearance of cultivation and fertility of soil, while the immediate vicinity of vineyards, filled with cheerful groups of people, was very enlivening; but no costume was to be observed except the almost universal cross worn round the necks of the women*. Our inn *(à la Hure)* was extremely well appointed; the host an attentive, civil old man, and we were waited upon with celerity and good humour by

* This town is memorable for the sanguinary contests between Blucher and the French army, during which it was taken and retaken several times. The epicure will here find the best *grenouilles* in France: we did not chance to meet with this delicacy, nor with another, which, however common here, does not exactly accord with the taste of John Bull, viz. snails.

two young *paysannes*, who appeared to think no exertion too much which could contribute in any way to the comfort of the guests. One of them (like most French servants) chatted in a natural intelligent manner, was full of frolic and glee, ready to laugh at every thing, carolling with the gaiety of a lark, in all parts of the house, and seeming with difficulty to restrain herself from dancing at the same time: all this (as I once before mentioned) without the least degree of immodesty. What a wide difference exists between the ideas of a French and English woman in this situation of life, on the score of what is called propriety; a vague term, and changeable as the chamelion in its nature, however some worthy folks may suppose it confined solely to one shape, and one definite meaning. The sense of female honour among the country girls of France, so far from being too lax, or but little regarded, seems, on the contrary, to be particularly correct, and I have taken some pains in my inquiries upon this point. The loss of fair fame is rare, and always accompanied by the ut-

most disgrace and ignominy; so much so, that one young woman (whose heart was, I am sure, upon her lips) told me, "that if such a circumstance occurred, the unfortunate girl had much better be dead at once; for she never would be looked upon again by her youthful companions." Let it, therefore, be remembered, to the credit of the French, that innocence is perfectly compatible with a lively freedom of manner, and that virtue can be firmly maintained, although unshackled by the restraints of primness and formality. I am now convinced that climate has a great deal more influence upon our feelings and conduct than I was once inclined to think. The chilly fogs and heavy weight of atmosphere in England do certainly affect, in some measure, the mental faculties of her children, rendering their ideas of morality needlessly gloomy and strict. I judge (in part) from my own occasional sensations. I never feel in so cheerful and happy a frame of mind, so willing to be candid, and to look upon persons and things in the most favourable light, as during a fine clear sunshiny day.

Au contraire, there have been moments in the cold, humidity, and dark gloom of winter, when I have been shocked and ashamed at perceiving my sentiments involuntarily narrowing into prejudices, and my spirits saddening in proportion. It has required a strong exertion of reason to get the better of such feelings, and even to divest myself of an idea of their being in some degree meritorious.

I now hasten to continue the narrative of our route from Laon to Cambray, which was a day's journey. The road for the first stage presented us with a welcome variety of landscape, hills, dales, copses, shady villages, and fertile fields. Never did we see such a profusion of fine apples as were growing here, on each side of the way. The peasants were gathering them as we passed, and heaps of this rosy, tempting fruit were piled up in hillocks beneath the trees from which they had just been taken. They were even strewed by thousands on the grass around, and were perpetually rolling into the road under the wheels of our carriage. Such a triumph of Pomona

it is really difficult to imagine without having seen its animating effect! We stopt to purchase some, and found them truly delicious; spirited, juicy, and possessing all the acid sweetness of champaigne. We remarked the soil in which these trees so peculiarly flourished: it consisted of a loose, light, sandy earth, with a mixture of clay; but in those parts of England where they thrive best, I understand that the soil is of a redder earth, with not nearly so large a proportion of sand. For what are called common fruits and flowers I have ever entertained a preference, and for the latter I have almost a passion. The richest collection of rare exotics do not make the same agreeable and soothing impression upon my imagination as the unpretending garden which my mother formerly cultivated in Surrey, or that of a dear and excellent friend, in which from childhood I have ever delighted, and where the common flowers of each season, fruits, vegetables, herbs, and shrubs, flourish together, in defiance of the more refined arrangements of modern days. I recol-

lect the simple charms of her sitting-room windows (shadowed by the climbing honeysuckle and sweetbriar), and those of my mother's pretty doorway, half lost in a thick bower of clematis, with the liveliest feelings of pleasure, while I have totally forgotten a hundred prouder boudoirs, rich in the odours of tuberose, cape jessamine, night-blowing geraniums, and other splendid extravagancies.

The country for the last stage before we reached St. Quentin (a strong-built large town) was very fast relapsing into the baldness of that which had so lately annoyed us; but the peasantry were generally much better looking, cleaner, and altogether gayer in their appearance. This place is in the direct road from Paris to Brussels. We arrived at Cambray to supper, slept, and breakfasted there the next morning, when we proceeded towards the coast. The inn was not very comfortable, although we had the best apartments in the house. It was a very striking and singular spectacle to behold, as we now did, English sentinels on duty at the drawbridges of this town, and

an encampment of the same troops just beneath its walls. How would John Bull have writhed and raged with shame and grief, if the scene had been exhibited *vice versa* in our own country? Can we then (with any pretence to candour and justice) affect to wonder at the deep-felt disgust and dislike of the French towards us?

We saw the fine regiments of our foot guards, and the 95th, or sharp-shooters, here. All the men looked clean, bright, and cheerful, and most of them were decorated with Waterloo medals. Our hearts sensibly warmed at sight of the well-remembered countenance of our countrymen, and (without any degree of unjust partiality) we could not but be forcibly struck with the superiority of appearance and deportment displayed by our English officers, when we compared them with all the French whom we had had an opportunity of observing. There is, I think (generally speaking), a greater suavity and benevolence in the manners of a Frenchman of birth and education; there is a higher degree of polish in his address; but in point of personal appearance I must

decidedly award the preference to our manly, graceful, dignified countrymen. An English gentleman (in the true acceptation of the word) is the flower of the world. I do not mean to discuss at length, the different moral virtues and mental perfections of either nation. I have neither time nor sufficient experience and information for such a task; but of this I am convinced, "that the head and heart of our countrymen (taking their fairest specimens) may sustain a comparison with those of any other race of men upon this habitable globe, and fail not to come forth with honour and credit from the investigation." Of the *bourgeoisie* of each country I cannot pretend to judge; but with respect to the unsophisticated peasantry, I feel by no means clear that the superiority lies on our side. We were informed that a great many of the English soldiers at Cambray, and elsewhere, had taken wives from among the *paysannes*, but that the *petites bourgeoises* did not listen so favourably to their vows. Every where we had the gratification of hearing praises of the orderly, quiet, and

moderate behaviour of the British regiments.

The country beyond this town, for a considerable distance, was uninteresting, and the lesser towns and villages were very ugly. What was wanting in trees seemed to be made up in windmills, which spread their long arms abroad in every direction. Had Don Quixote been alive, and travelling this road, he would have found himself in the predicament of poor Arlechino, *dans l'embarras des richesses.*

We now passed through Douay, a clean, gay-looking, strong-built town. It was more than usually alive, from the circumstance of a fair which was going on in the market-place. Among the different articles exposed for sale, I was struck by the cotton handkerchiefs worn by the *paysannes.* Their richness and beauty of colour were very remarkable, the dyes being brilliant beyond any that we possess, and the patterns very fanciful and pretty. Here the women adopt the same picturesque double gold drops in the ears, as those of Calais; wearing likewise richly-worked heavy crosses upon the

bosom, and long loose cloaks, made of coloured linen or black silk, frilled round, with a very deep hood. Two pretty little girls, from twelve to thirteen years of age, had a highly graceful effect, as they passed through the crowd, in white gauze or muslin veils, extremely transparent, and reaching to the ground, thrown carelessly over their heads. They appeared like young sylphs, flitting in all their purity among the gayer, yet grosser, figures which surrounded them.

We arrived in very good time at Lille (frequently spelt Lisle), and entered through a most beautiful gateway of Tuscan architecture. This town is extensive, well built, lively, and interesting: there are excellent shops, with signs of the most fanciful and ingenious devices, like those of Paris. This place is reckoned impregnable, and the citadel is of wonderful strength; being the masterpiece of Vauban, the celebrated engineer. Our inn (*l'hotel de Bourbon*) was very comfortable in every respect, except that we were bitten by bugs. They, however, are so common in various parts of the continent that the traveller must

make up his mind to bear with them as things of course. We were amused by the humour of a *valet de place* here, who was also hair-dresser and barber: he was a true disciple of the renowned Vicar of Bray, having squared his politics according to every change in the government, and contrived to thrive equally under all. He assured us (as if he had been enumerating his virtues) that *Vive la liberté! vive Napoleon!* or *vivent les Bourbons!* was all the same thing to him; and he had constantly held himself in readiness to call out for each, provided they left heads enough for him to find hair to friz, and beards to mow. His countenance made us laugh the moment he appeared, being the counterpart of Liston's, with that peculiar expression of *niaiserie* which is so irresistibly ludicrous in him. It was no wonder that we were amazed by the number of windmills in the environs of this town; for we learnt that there were no less than two hundred used in making oil, &c.

We quitted Lille the next morning, and in changing horses at Bailleul we discovered that the cap and linchpin of the

axletree had fallen off. They were found about a quarter of a mile behind us; and it was very extraordinary that this accident did not occasion our overturn, as the wheel had really no support. The country now began to improve in point of trees and verdure, but still wore an air of formality. A disagreeable *patois* is spoken here.

The approach to Cassel was very pretty; the trees gradually lost their prim regularity, and formed a rich wood, which entirely covered a high hill, called Mont Cassel. It is the only one in the Netherlands, and commands a most extensive view: no less than twenty-two fortified towns may be discerned from it. Most of the cottages in these environs are thatched, and resemble those in England, each having a little garden (inclosed by neat hedges) full of vegetables. From the summit of the above-mentioned hill, we were much pleased by a prospect of great fertility, and some beauty. Seen from this distance, the artificial mode of planting the trees was not distinguished, and they had a very luxuriant

woody effect altogether. Just at the entrance of Cassel is a churchyard, in which we observed a tall crucifix, with a wooden image of our Saviour, larger than life, painted flesh colour, and having a stream of blood flowing from the side (made of a long strip of wire, standing far out in a curve from the body), and which was caught in a cup by another clumsy image (Dutch built) representing a cherubim. The latter was suspended in the air, by some contrivance (not discoverable at that distance), so as to appear flying. Nothing could well be more absurd, or in a worse taste!

We dined and slept at St. Omer, a large town. We found at the inn (*l'ancienne Poste*) very comfortable accommodations; but it was full of English officers, who had a mess there, and in consequence we could not get a morsel to eat, or a creature to attend upon us, till these *messieurs* were first served. They were assembled there in readiness for a ball, which was to take place somewhere in the town, at night.

Suffering under the sharpest pangs of hunger, we felt the warmth of our feelings

towards our compatriots rather decreasing; but we recovered our nationality after dinner. The next morning we went on to Calais. It was rather a pretty drive the first two stages; the country woody, and the villages much neater than usual. No costume, however, made its appearance (except the long ear-ring and cross), neither could we observe any beauty.

We breakfasted this morning at the small post-house of Ardres. The old dame there told us that the behaviour of the British troops had been most exemplary, and that they would be missed and regretted by some among the natives.

We were now in Picardy, which we understood was more infested with beggars than most other provinces. Some half starved children ran after the carriage, screaming the popular air of *Vive Henri Quatre*. We gave them a sous or two, purely for the sake of that *père de son peuple*, whose memory is yet green in their hearts. It is in comparing his species of greatness with that of Napoleon, that I am most forcibly impressed with the

inferiority of the latter. The union of talent and benevolence in a sovereign (like that of judgment and imagination in an author) seems almost indispensable; and, at all events, there can be no perfection of character without it. How awfully requisite are both these qualities in the head of an absolute monarchy, and how devoutly to be wished for, even under the less extensively important influence which (like our own) is limited by the laws of the constitution. Those persons, who, from a timid sort of morality, would exalt mere goodness, in opposition to superior talent, seem to me to be thereby counteracting the influence of the very principle upon which they profess to act. Those, on the other hand, who adopt the contrary mode of reasoning are yet worse, for they assert an opinion which is in direct defiance of humanity, morality, and religion. Comparing Napoleon with some of his crowned cotemporaries, I must confess that my admiration of him alarmingly increases; but place him by the side of *Henri quatre*, and he sinks at once. Madame de Stael has beautifully and justly

expressed my own sentiments; I must indulge myself in quoting her eloquent language. Speaking of another political tyrant, (Cardinal Richelieu) she remarks, " On a beaucoup vanté le talent de ce ministre, parce qu'il a maintenu la grandeur politique de la France; et sous ce rapport, on ne sçauroit lui réfuser des talens superieurs! Mais *Henri quatre* atteignoit au même but, en gouvernant par des principes de justice et de verité! Le génie se manifeste non seulement dans le triomphe qu'on remporte, mais dans les moyens qu'on a pris pour l'obtenir."

Upon approaching Calais, we felt our courage quail beneath the idea of the passage to Dover, which was now so near at hand; but as it never answers any rational purpose to dwell upon disagreeables which are inevitable, and as this transient purgatory was the only means of attaining the paradise of English comforts that awaited us on the other side of the water, we made up our minds, and prepared for our fate with becoming resolution. We were very fortunate in arriving at Quil-

liac's early in the day, as we had an opportunity of taking possession of a most comfortable suite of apartments, which would not have fallen to our share, half an hour later; for the concourse of equipages which soon followed ours into the inn-yard was quite astonishing. Quilliac's is a magnificent hotel, and seems to be organized in a manner that does credit to the head of the master. They make up from a hundred and fifty to a hundred and sixty beds, and the day of our arrival, they were serving up little separate dinners to a hundred and forty persons, exclusive of servants. Yet the attendance was by no means hurried, or our comforts of any sort diminished, upon that account: every waiter and *fille de chambre* seemed to know their particular walk, nor could we observe any awkward scrambling or jostling among them.

Determined not again to encounter the annoyance of a crowded packet, we desired inquiries to be made for any family of respectability, who might wish to share a private one with us: fortune befriended

us, for we soon beheld some English friends drive into the court, who agreed to join forces, and accordingly we took the Antigone (Capitaine Margollé), between us. She was accounted the best sailer in the harbour, and we found the truth of her reputation confirmed the next morning, when at nine o'clock we all embarked. She brought us into Dover before several other packets, which had sailed from Calais three hours previous to ourselves; but the winds were nevertheless against us, as we were becalmed for seven hours, and the passage lasted altogether ten. I was the only person on board who suffered much; but I speedily forgot all my wretchedness, when I found myself happily landed at Dover, and seated by an English fireside.

We left that place the next day (October 8th), and felt that however we might justly admire foreign countries, our native land possessed a charm above all others, for the hearts of its children. We were delighted by the richness of the woods, and the smiling fertility of the landscape between Canterbury and Sittingbourne, and

also by the peculiar air of neatness and cleanliness displayed in every cottage and house, both in the towns and villages: their superiority in these respects to those of France was very apparent; but I could not help being struck by the different costume, countenance and air of the lower classes of my countrywomen, from what I had been used to behold for the last few weeks among the daughters of the continent. The former certainly did (since the truth must be told) appear what is called dowdy and heavy, and the general expression of face was somewhat sullen, in comparison. I also greatly missed the brilliant dark eye, and the charming shadowy eyelash, which is generally to be met with abroad.

We were once more gratified by the pre-eminent swiftness, ease, and dexterity of our English mode of posting; the horses really seemed to fly, and their spruce effect, together with that of their drivers, contrasted favourably with those we had left on the other side the channel.

Passing through Rochester, to Dartford, the river Thames presented a most im-

posing spectacle, being covered with innumerable vessels in full sail, bound for London. A foreigner must have been impressed with a superb idea of our commercial wealth and glory.

At length we reached home late in the evening, and, full of grateful pleasure for all we had enjoyed during our absence from it, returned to the worship of our Penates with all the fervour and sincerity of true hearted, though not wrong headed, Britons.

NOTES.

Note (A.) page 109, line 13.

Aromatic plants.

NEAR the summits of these mountains, and in the highest region of vegetation, is found the *gennipi*, a plant of the camomile genus, and which, next to the *sang du bouquetin*, or wild goat (which, as an inhabitant of these places, though now a very rare one, is worthy of mention), is the most powerful sudorific, and of high estimation in the treatment of pleurisy.

Note (B.) page 127, line 21.

The Devil's Bridge—Pont du Diable.

We cannot too much admire the boldness and skill with which this extraordinary work has been achieved in such a country, and one knows not in what age. The marvellous histories believed concerning it by the credulous peasantry are scarcely to be wondered at. Suffice it to say, that its dimensions are a single arch of twenty-four feet in the span, fourteen wide, and seventy-two above the surface of the stream; but in this circumstance alone (considered without reference to the wild sublimity of the surrounding scenery), there is nothing extraordinary to English eyes, who may view the whole width

of the Thames at London embraced by three arches of such stupendous dimensions.

Note (C.) page 181, line 17.

Mont Cenis.

Upon the plain of Mont Cenis are found large masses of the gypsum, or alabaster, from which the plaster of Paris is made. The more sheltered parts are bright with the flowers of the *rhododendron ferrugineum*, which I have in another part of my work described. Quantities of the beautiful little blue butterfly, called the argus, are seen here, and (though not so common) that fine fly, named *l'Apollon des Alpes*. Besides the great wild goat (*le bouquetin*), there are in these mountains the chamois, with the marmottes, which require bold and active chasseurs to be got at: they are shot by single ball. The whistling sort of cry of the marmotte resembles that of some birds of prey. It is the signal they give upon being alarmed. When fat, they are considered as rather delicate food. We saw one unfortunate little animal of this species in a tame state, belonging to a peasant boy, who had taught it to shoulder a stick like a firelock, and to twirl itself about in a manner difficult to describe, that he called dancing. He sung at the same time, to animate the poor creature's reluctant exertions, a little *patois* song, in which the words *dansez a madama* were frequently repeated. The tune haunted me for some time afterwards, and was really not inharmonious.

Note (D.) page 159, line 2.

Consists in their vineyards.

There is something awfully striking in the sudden de-

vastation occasioned by the summer storms, too frequent in these climates. In the same garden where at noon you had been walking under the shade of pergolas (i. e. latticed frames of wood, the roofs of which were fretted with innumerable and rich clusters of grapes) surrounded by fig and peach trees full of fruit, you would often find in the evening the whole ground strewed with broken branches, their fruit quite crushed, and hardly a leaf left upon them.

Note (E.) page 231, line 19.

Ague and fever.

We were induced, by the opinion of several persons to whom we related this indisposition, to believe that it was most probably brought on by the sudden transition from the intense heat of the shores of the Lago Maggiore to the equally intolerable cold of the Simplon. Mr. B. was not provided with that additional clothing which might have obviated the ill effects of the latter. The complaint, however, went off very quickly in the subsequent health-inspiring air of Switzerland.

Note (F.) page 237, line 8.

Mont St. Bernard.

Before Bonaparte formed his magnificent passage across the Simplon, one of the principal roads from Switzerland into Italy lay over this grand mountain. Our line of road did not permit us to visit it, which we much regretted. It was always highly interesting, from the histories, both ancient and modern, which belong to it. By this route it is supposed that Hannibal led his army

over the Alps; not by softening the rocks with vinegar, but by refreshing his fatigued troops by a mixture of it with water. He is said also to have founded here a splendid temple, dedicated to Jupiter. It is certain that several remains of antiquity, medals, inscriptions, sacrificial instruments, &c. have been found here, and are preserved in the museum at Turin. That the modern Hannibal, with or without vinegar, led his army over the St. Bernard, we too well know. Of the baths of Loëesche, in the Upper Valais, we also heard much; but of these, as well as the Grand St. Bernard, I can only speak from the description of others. Notwithstanding the difficult roads which lead to the baths, they are much frequented, and are, we were told, justly celebrated for their salutary effects. It must be truly curious to see water too hot to bear the hand in, of the temperature of 43 degrees of Reaumur (boiling water being 80), springing from the earth in the midst of this icy country; a phenomenon, however, with which those travellers who have frequented still colder parts of the world are perfectly well acquainted. This water has the peculiar quality of restoring faded flowers to life and freshness, and of preserving them so for some time, when one would rather imagine that it would boil them. I do not here mean to offer a poetical allusion to female beauty, but merely to relate a literal fact. The mode of bathing is too singular not to mention, although I cannot say much of its delicacy. There are four square open divisions, in which twenty or thirty persons of both sexes (attired, as properly as may be, in flannel dresses) bathe all together. They sit very comfortably for half an hour, with a small desk before each, upon which they have their books, and little planks are

seen floating on the water, full of holes, in which fragrant flowers and branches of verdure are inserted.

Note (G.) page 238, line 12.

A celebrated waterfall—Cascade of the Pissé Vache.

There are several of the same name in Switzerland; but this, I believe, is reckoned the most remarkable. In the neighbourhood of these mountains, one sees with pleasure the industry of man repaid by considerable fertility. The cottages are comfortable, and surrounded with orchards of various fruit-trees. The natural and ungrafted cherry, called *mérise*, is much cultivated in these parts. It is from this fruit that the famed *kirschenwasser*, or cherry-water, is made, and which is not only an agreeable cordial, but a valuable medicine among the peasantry, subsisting, as they do, so much upon a crude and milky diet, not easy of digestion. It was offered to Mr. B. during his illness, by a rustic host, with strong commendations.

Note (H.) page 268, line 17.

Glaciers.

The height of these glaciers, at their utmost point, is 9268 feet above the level of the sea. Voltaire might well say,

> "Ces monts sourcilleux,
> Qui pressent les enfers, et qui fendent les cieux."

But there is another point of view in which the natural philosopher will contemplate these stupendous mountains with admiration and gratitude: I mean as being the im-

mense and inexhaustible reservoirs of those springs and rivers which make so essential a part in the beautiful and beneficial economy of nature. In these particular regions will be found the sources of the Rhone, the Rhine, and the Tessin, with a multitude of other rivers; and some idea of the enormous quantity of water that they produce may be formed from the known fact, that the magnificent lake of Geneva (measuring above twenty-six square leagues) is raised ten feet and a half, by the mere melting of the snows during the summer. Strawberries of the finest flavour may be gathered almost at the very edge of the ice, and the adjoining woods are full of wild flowers.

Note (I.) page 271, line 14.

Mines of gold, silver, and lead.

It has been thought by some, that it is not so much from the poverty of the state as from a moral policy that the exploration of these dangerous productions has been purposely discouraged. This is the nobler reason of the two. Haller (the favourite poet of the Swiss) in his poem on the Alps, exclaims, "The shepherd of the Alps sees these treasures flow beneath his feet—what an example to mankind! he lets them flow on." And he feels a security in the rude simplicity of his country, that holds out nothing to tempt the invasion of avarice or ambition—

"Tout son front hérissé, n'offre aux desirs de l'homme
Rien qui puisse tenter l'avarice de Rome."

Crebillon, dans Rhadamiste.

Note (J.) page 273, line 11.

For which this place is celebrated.

Among other interesting objects to be seen here are the cabinets of natural history of Monsieur de Saussure, so well known for his scientific and enterprising researches, and of Monsieur de Luc. Petrifactions of the *oursis*, or sea hedgehog, and of the *corni d'ammon*, are preserved in this collection, which were found in the Alps of Savoy, 7844 feet above the level of the sea.

Note (K.) page 275, line 12.

Powerless and inadequate.

It will not, I am sure, be unacceptable to the reader if I here transcribe part of the beautiful description to which I have alluded. Speaking (in Letter 23) of the exhilarating but soothing effect of the mountain air, he says—" Il semble qu'en s'elevant au-dessûs du sejour des hommes, on y laisse tous les sentimens bas et terrestres; et qu'à mesure qu'on approche des regions ethereés, l'ame contracte quelque chose de leur inalterable pureté: on y est grave sans melancholie, paisible sans indolence, content d'être et de penser. Les plaisirs y sont moins ardens, les passions plus modereés. Tous les desirs trop vifs, s'emoussent; ils perdent cette point aigue qui les rendent douloureux; il ne laissent au fond du cœur qu'une emotion legère et douce, et c'est ainsi qu'un heureux climat, fait servir à la felicité de l'homme, les passions qui font ailleurs son tourment." Without being so unfortunate as to possess Rousseau's irritable temper and fiery passions, any person of sensibility must

be forcibly struck by the truth of these remarks, in passing through the same scenes.

Note (L.) page 291, line 21.

Lake of Morat.

This lake in severe winters freezes sufficiently to bear the heaviest loads. There is a popular and vulgar idea in the country, that whoever falls into this lake can no more be recovered; but another quality attached to it (of rather superior probability) is, that its fish are of so excellent a nature, as to sell, in time of Lent, at two *creutzers* a pound dearer than those of any other. One cannot see without surprise, and even a degree of indignant concern, that the ancient chapel, containing the bones of the Bourguignons, slain by the Swiss (then the allies of Louis XI.) in 1476, should be no longer in existence. These remains of mortality were, when we beheld them, thrown upon the ground, totally unsheltered from the air, in a most careless and irreverent manner. Formerly (I have heard) the inhabitants of Morat used to celebrate the anniversary of this national triumph with feast and song. Voltaire, in his "Mélange de Poesies," alludes to this triumph of liberty in some truly elevated lines.

Note (M.) page 293, line 2.

Tan-coloured wood.

This is the cleft fir of which the cottages here are constructed. They have galleries running round the outsides, protected by the projecting roofs. Sometimes thatch is used; but in the more mountainous parts of the country

they are tiled (if I may be allowed the expression) with pieces of slit wood, which are kept firm by the weight of large stones lying upon them: the whole having a most picturesque appearance. The wide projection of these roofs not only secures their galleries from the snows, but affords convenient shelter for their fire-wood and various other articles. A granary is sometimes built over the dwelling-rooms at the top of these houses, which is rendered attainable by means of a sort of bridge (moveable, I rather think), upon which we ourselves witnessed the singular spectacle of a cart and horses conveying a load of grain to this exalted store-chamber. These wooden fabrics, although one would not suppose so, are warmer than those of brick or stone; but then, in case of fire, its ravage is dreadful, from the quantity of turpentine contained in the fir planks.

Note (N.) page 295, line 24.

The Alps.

The Alps of Switzerland are certainly the highest points of Europe. But however elevated these mountains may be, and removed as they now are, a hundred leagues from the sea, there can be no doubt of their having once been covered by its waters. This is clearly demonstrated by the fossile maritime remains which are found in some of their highest parts, as well as by those of shells, fishes, and animals, now only existing in other quarters of the globe. What astonishing changes the surface of our earth has undergone in periods anterior to the Mosaic history, may be contemplated from the cir-

cumstance of the petrified trunk of the palm-tree, and the bones of elephants, being found in Siberia.

Note (O.) page 308, line 1.

William Tell.

Although the limited time for our tour did not permit us to visit either the Lac de Thoun, or the village of Kussnacht, both of them consecrated in the eyes of the Swiss, by the chapels built there in memory of Guillaume Tell, travellers must not leave Switzerland without some mention of this renowned patriot. It was at the latter place that the tyrant Ghessler fell by his hand. There is (we were told) a tolerably painted representation of the occurrence on the walls of the chapel, and under it the following inscription in German verse, the French translation of which is this:

" Ici a eté tué par Tell, l'orgueilleux Ghessler. Ici est le berceau de la noble liberté des Suisses, 1307. Combien durerâ t'elle? Encore long tems, pourvu que nous ressemblions à nos ancêtres."

Note (P.) page 215, line 13.

The rhododendron.

This is the *rhododendron ferrugineum*, which is not much cultivated in our gardens.

Note (Q.) page 216, line 18.

Over the doors.

What a stupendous conception must the reader form to himself of this range of mountains, when I tell him,

that the ascent and descent make together forty-two miles.

Note (R.) page 312, line 25.

Soleure.

Near Soleure is the hermitage of St. Frêne. No traveller, I am assured, should miss seeing this beautiful and romantic spot. That we unfortunately did so was owing only to our not having been previously aware of its existence.

Note (S.) page 332, line 12.

Avenue as usual.

I ought (in justice) to have recollected, when I exclaimed so much against them, that in forming these roads, convenience, not taste, was consulted. No one can be more grateful to the powers of convenience than myself; but it is difficult to reconcile a lover of the picturesque to so cruel a divorce between the *utile et dolce.*

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

00083647

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 21 October, 2015